PICTORIAL REVIEW

The HOLIDAY NUMBER

JANUARY 1924
FIFTEEN CENTS

The HUMAN SIDE OF THE POPE
A remarkable first-hand study of His Holiness —
By GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

MUST A WOMAN MAKE SACRIFICES FOR A CAREER?
Read "Seven Times Seven"
By
MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

ANTIOCH, AN ADVENTURE IN EDUCATION
By
IDA CLYDE CLARKE

Stories and Features by
Agnes C. Laut
Nora Waln
Wallace Irwin
Marian Spitzer
and others

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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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(Registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

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The HIGH COST *of* WASTING

AN EDITORIAL BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

WE ARE a nation of wasters. We waste our time and our energy and our talents and our money, and, above all, we waste our power.

We have enough organizations and enough professional reformers and enough people with the instinct for reform to clean up the country generally, if we really wanted to do it.

But the trouble is we are not interested in concrete reforms. We don't want to see the end. We seem to be afraid of finishing things. We like the all-day-sucker variety of reform. We will work in a frenzy of zeal for anything that is intangible and afar off. Such loose terms as "Americanism" and "welfare" are music to our ears, and we simply adore the very thought of "standardization." Many of our great "movements" sweep majestically on toward nothing. Yet in spite of this we fall into line quite readily with every new idea that is suggested.

Why, even beds are about to lose their individuality, for we are talking about "standardizing" them! Perhaps you do not know about the Division of Simplified Practise of the United States Department of Commerce? But there is where this latest "movement" started. Some creative mind in that department abhors the thought of beds appearing in uncouth and irregular sizes, with trick mattresses having a proclivity to slide to the floor in hours of deepest sleep.

Yes, beds simply must be standardized. And so the United States Government is co-operating in a plan to keep the bed within certain circumscribed bounds. "Up to this time," we are told gravely, "the half-size bed was anything from a park bench upward, so far as standards went."

Now, as soon as we get the beds standardized, can't we start in and do some real job? Can't we eliminate some of the waste at Washington and elsewhere?

And won't the Division of Simplified Practise help us? The very name of the division sounds so promising!

Waste and the Wasters

IT IS said that enormous quantities of valuable machinery, vitally needed for road-building in the various States, are rotting and rusting in open storage on the Mexican border because war contracts stipulated that this machinery should be used for war purposes only.

It is charged that 11,000 typewriters, many of them in their original crates, have been tossed into great junk heaps in wooden shacks in Potomac Park, Washington, D. C., where they are rusting and rotting away, because contracts provided that they must not be sold within five years after the War! Now, of course, they are obsolete.

It is charged that a piece of property worth $79,000,000 was sold to junk-dealers for $3,500,000, altho the machinery alone in this plant, even if sold for junk, would have brought at least $6,000,000, while its current value as machinery was $15,000,000.

Now, these things have been told to us by our own Select Investigating Committee of Congress. Are we going to be insensible to this situation? Are we going to allow this committee to spend our money to find out these things, and then ignore their findings?

Lo, the Poor Laborer!

A NUMBER of things must be awry, or we average people would not have so much trouble making ends meet. Nobody seems to know what the trouble really is, but the *Manufacturers News* recently published some rather startling figures on the cost of labor in large cities in comparison with certain farm products. Here they are:

A man gets $18 a day, or the equivalent of 18 bushels of wheat, for laying 800 bricks. It takes 17½ bushels of corn, a year's receipts from half an acre, to pay a bricklayer for one day. (Bricklayers in Waukegan, Ill., were receiving as much as $146 a week in September.)

It takes 63½ dozen, or 762, eggs to pay a plasterer for one day of eight hours' work. In New York city, plasterers are getting $119 a week, including double rates for Saturday afternoons and Sundays.

It takes 23 chickens, weighing 3 pounds each, to pay a painter for one day in New York.

It takes 42 pounds of butter, or the output from 14 cows, fed and milked for 24 hours, to pay a plumber $14 a day.

It takes a hog weighing 175 pounds, representing eight months' feeding and care, to pay a carpenter $14 for one day's work. Is there any wonder that there is a shortage of homes?

Men have written volumes on economics. They say we women are economically illiterate. But what do we really need to know beyond the figures given above to convince us that things are fatally out of joint? This is a lesson in economics that a child can understand.

Wives and Their Work

MISS MARGARET FEDDE, head of the Department of Home Economics in the University of Nebraska, says that the work of the average farmer's wife in that State is worth $4,004 a year. And this is the way by which she arrives at her estimate:

Planning and serving the meals, cooking, $10 a week	$520.00
Washing and ironing, two days a week, at $2.50 a day	260.00
Cleaning, scrubbing, and general care of the house, two days a week, at $2.50 a day	260.00
Sewing and mending for herself, husband, and children, two days a week, at $3 a day	312.00
Care of children and sick, $25 a week	1,300.00
Assisting hired man, helping with the milking, care of milk, poultry, etc., $20 a week	1,040.00
Miscellaneous, $6 a week	312.00
Total	$4,004.00

When she gave out these figures Miss Fedde started something. We had at last succeeded in getting the census-taker to take us housekeepers out of the "no occupation" column, but nobody had sat down and figured out what the wives' bill against the husbands would be, until Miss Fedde came along and told us about farm-women in her State.

Mr. M. S. Rivenburg, head of the Agricultural Bureau of New York, said: "Of course, this estimate is entirely academic. It would be impossible for any farmer to pay such a sum without going into bankruptcy"—which fact of itself would not seem to prove that Miss Fedde's figures were wrong.

Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw is chairman of the Food Demand and Supply Committee of the New York State League of Women Voters. "If farm-women work thirteen hours a day in Nebraska," she said, "they work sixteen hours in New York. They would regard thirteen hours as easy. In addition to the usual household labor performed without any labor-saving devices, they help with much of the work about the farm. The last thing the farmer thinks of providing is improvements for the home. Running water is put into the barn before it is put into the kitchen, and the farmer has all the latest farming implements before the woman of the house has any labor-saving devices. 'A right smart woman,' from the farmer's point of view, is the one who can do the work of three people and live through it."

But the wife is a partner in the business, and she won't strike even if the work is hard and the hours long. What she wants and what she undoubtedly deserves is the introduction of labor-saving devices in her home. Her kitchen should be remodeled so that she will not have to walk miles to perform the simplest daily tasks.

Waste, waste, waste! Are we ever going to try to stop it?

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The Personality of the Pope Studied at First Hand

THIS PICTURE, SIGNED BY POPE PIUS XI. FOR PICTORIAL REVIEW, IS HIS FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH

HIS HOLINESS PIVS XI

By Genevieve Parkhurst

IN THE city of Rome, on one of its seven hills, surrounded by high walls and cut off by a mighty destiny from common gathering-places, lives a great man—a man of peace and prayer—a man of simplicity and solitude—a man whose word has power with a larger and more faithful following than any monarch of the past or present. And yet he is a man about whose personality, because of the glamour of his mysterious aloofness, little is known.

I speak of Pius XI., the reigning Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church.

When I was in Rome this last Summer, often, as I went about the hopeless, gigantic task of trying to see it all in a day, my mind was turned toward the lonely dweller within the Vatican walls. Every place I went there was evidence of his power and his strength. I saw it in the ruined tombs of the pagan Kings on the Appian Way. I saw it in the dark underground of the catacombs, where the faithful still congregate to worship and to pray over the tombs, and before the altars where for three centuries Christian saints and Pontiffs lived and died so that the word of Christ might be kept alive. I saw it in the white army of 20,000 little girls in their communion dresses and veils who marched one Sunday down from the ruins of the Palatine over the same way that the Cæsars were carried 1,800 years ago when there were Christians to be martyred for their pleasure, and into the Colosseum, where, from an altar built for the day upon the very stones where the lions once had torn and tortured the early saints of the church, these young crusaders in a faith now grown old received the sacrament for the first time. I saw it in the 60,000 priests and theological students whose picturesque frocks and hats give flavor to the street life of Rome. I saw it, above all, in the reverence with which the Roman people to a dot—man, woman, child—spoke his name. "Il pape" (pronounced "papa"), they call him in subdued, softened voices and with a fervid light in their eyes.

As I saw I wondered what sort of man it was who sat on the throne within those turreted walls mellowed by time to the tones of a golden moth's wing. Religious symbol tho he might be in the eyes of many, I was sure that he must have personality and attainments, or the mantle of great power would not have fallen upon him.

And so I set about to discover the kind of man Pope Pius XI. is—his parentage, his life as a boy, the impelling characteristics which have made him the Pontiff of close to three hundred million faithful who accord him infallible spiritual authority.

It was a daring quest, I was told—and unheard of. Scarcely any one with whom I spoke had ever really thought of the Pope as a person. By persistent endeavor I was able at last not only to get close glimpses of the Holy Father in audience and at service in St. Peter's and the Hall of the Consistory, but to speak with those who have some personal contact with him, and from them to glean that Cardinal Achille Ratti did not become Pope Pius XI. by political accident, but because his profound intelligence suggested him to the Electoral College of Cardinals as the kind of ruler needed in this turbulent era.

A Scholar of Infinite Erudition

MY FIRST impression of the Holy Father, as he walked around the large audience-chamber, blessing the faithful who kneelt at his feet, was that of a successful financier. His keen, aquiline nose, firm chin, and peculiar appearance of well-being which manifests itself in soft contours, are characteristic of our more sagacious and able American bankers.

Had it not been for his white robes and cap and the jeweled cross which hung on a heavy gold chain from his neck, he might have passed for one of many men who daily ride in luxuriously appointed limousines to their offices in Wall Street.

A closer view, as he stood over me that day, and later when I was permitted a few words with him in ante camera, strengthened this impression, even tho his eyes bore that detached remoteness with which those who live in contemplation of the abstract must look out upon the visible world.

Those who had known him before he was made Pope and afterward, told me that my deductions were correct; that tho he is a scholar of infinite erudition and has lived much with his books, mingling little with men, he has shown, even in the short time he has been Pontiff, unusual business acumen. At the time he ascended to the papacy, because of the War and obsolete business traditions, the Vatican's treasury was dismally depleted. Upon this discovery he conferred quickly with his Cardinals, demanding a complete detailed financial statement.

Giving it careful study, he appointed a special finance committee of the most astute men of the Consistory—Cardinals Gasparri, Merry del Val, Sbarretti, and de Lai—prelates who have shown high administrative ability during several pontifical régimes.

Then from the pontifical chair an edict of strictest economy was issued. All superfluous expense was forbidden. Into the private life of his own apartments, which, under Pope Benedict, an aristocrat of many generations and therefore untutored in privation, were appointed and administered luxuriously, the reign of frugality began. Instead of the uniformed men-in-waiting who had always administered the papal household, a new precedent was established in Linda, who had served the Ratti family well for fifty years. Linda might be of any age from sixty to eighty. Gray, austere, forbidding, her life is consecrated to her church and its ruler. She is a common type in the old families of Italy—a retainer, adopted early into the home as general manager of its affairs.

When young Achille Ratti was ordained into the priesthood and appointed to his first parish, Linda, filled with a zeal for service, made things hum about his mother's household, until she was allowed to take over the dominion of the young priest's home. Through the years she has marketed, cooked, and cleaned for him, looking after him as his mother might have done. And the light that burns through this painstaking devotion is that of religious fervor for one who is carrying the gospel and husbanding the cause of her true faith. With Linda her faith is her life.

When Cardinal Ratti was elevated to the papacy, life grew dark for Linda. Tradition forbade the tread of woman's feet on the inner walks of the Vatican. But the new Pontiff was a man of his own way—and he would not be vexed by unwarranted interference with his established mechanics of living. He demanded no luxuries from life. He wanted quiet and solitude.

When the question of his domestic régime was taken up he insisted that Linda should be its directing spirit. And what change she has wrought in the luxurious principles of

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CHALIAPIN — Victor Artist

The same high standard which Chaliapin maintains in his public performances, he also demands for his record "appearances"—and his interpretations are given adequate expression only through the medium of the Victrola and Victor Records. Among the fourteen records he has made are:

	Double-faced	
Song of the Volga Boatmen The Prophet	6058	$2.00
Two Grenadiers Midnight Review	6057	2.00

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JERITZA —Victor Artist

One of the greatest artists in the world today—and her Victor Records are equally great. To hear Jeritza on the Victrola is both to appreciate her art and to know why she chose the Victor to reproduce it. Her repertoire includes:

	Double-faced	
Lohengrin—Elsas Traum Tannhäuser—Elisabeths Gebet	6172	$2.00
Tosca—Vissi d'arte Cavalleria Rusticana—Voi lo sapete	687	1.50

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SCOTTI —Victor Artist

Scotti's reputation as one of the most gifted artists of the Metropolitan Opera Company is amply attested by his Victor Records. They are Scotti to the very life—approved by Scotti himself. Some of his nineteen records are listed below:

	Double-faced	
Don Giovanni—Serenata (2) Falstaff—Quand' ero paggio	6283	$2.00
Otello—Brindisi Maria, Mari		
Pagliacci—Prologo Forza del Destino—Solenne in quest' ora (with Caruso)	6282	2.00
Bohême—Ah, Mimi, tu piu (with Caruso)	8000	2.50

Victrola No. 400
Spring motor, $250
Electric, $290
Mahogany
Other styles $25 to $1500

Because the Victor Company was the first to offer the public high-class music by great artists, many people suppose it long ago secured control by contract of the best talent.

This is not the fact.

With but few exceptions, Victor contracts with artists are for short periods and in most cases they have been renewed several times. Less than half a dozen life contracts have been made and all at the earnest request of the artists.

Victor Quality is no idle slogan.

To be sure of Victor Products, see the following trade-marks —under the lid of every instrument and on the label of every record.

Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.

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Lake Placid, one of the most famous summer and winter resorts on the American continent, is a charming village in the heart of the Adirondack Mountains in Northern New York State. In winter, it is the scene of many championship skating and ski-jumping contests, and in summer, of tennis and golf tournaments.

Lake Placid and Cheyenne have one choice in common

TWO thousand miles separate Lake Placid, in the beautiful Adirondacks, from Cheyenne, in the shadow of the Laramie Range of the Rockies.

But ask the women of these two different and distantly separated towns what soap they use for their laundry and household work, and more will say, "P and G The White Naphtha Soap" than any other.

For P and G is the largest selling laundry and household soap in Lake Placid and Cheyenne, just as it is in the United States as a whole.

The distinction of this remarkable soap is well deserved.

P and G is unique

P and G is a *white* soap, and fastidious women prefer a white soap because whiteness is a symbol of cleanliness.

P and G makes a quick, rich lather in water of any temperature.

P and G is endowed with certain properties which remove soil quickly, with little or no rubbing or boiling, yet do not harm colors or fabrics—P and G acts on *dirt*—not on the clothes themselves!

P and G rinses out quickly and thoroughly, too, leaving no unsightly soap particles, no tell-tale soapy tinge, no soapy odor.

P and G makes white clothes snowy white and preserves colored clothes in all their original freshness.

When women can get *all* these qualities in *one* soap, is it any wonder that this soap should out-sell every other soap?

Whether you have your washing done, or do it yourself, you will serve the best interests of yourself, your clothes and your laundress, by selecting P and G The White Naphtha Soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Wyoming State Capitol
Cheyenne

"Frontier Days" at Cheyenne!

Once a year the greatest steer-ropers, bronco-busters, bull-doggers, the handsomest cowpunchers, the fairest cow-girls, the wildest horses, all gather in this town at an altitude of 6000 feet, to compete for silver-mounted saddles and such. The rest of the time, Cheyenne is a settled, prosperous city of 15,000 inhabitants, where the Governor and Legislature carry on the business of the State of Wyoming.

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What Must a Woman Sacrifice to Be Successful in a Professional Career? Miss Daviess Answers the Question in Her Autobiography

SEVEN TIMES SEVEN

By

MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

Illustrations by George Wright

COMPLETE IN FIVE NUMBERS
PART ONE

"'YES'M, MISS LEONORA, I'LL GO ANYWHERES WITH YOU, BUT I NEVER COOKED A WHITE FOLKS' MEAL IN ALL MY LIFE,' SHE ANSWERED"

WISDOM is the radium which the upper and nether millstones grind out of the years, fat and lean, of human existence, and at least some of the precious particles, which can be used to illumine and cure, are crushed out of each and every one of us. And what do we do with it? Do we use it to smear on sign-posts to guide our fellow travelers over the high-calling, dangerous peaks and past the joyous or deadly morasses of ordinary life? Do we turn its rays on carking, festering tragedies or ironic or jocund comedies to burn and heal them? Do we write it into formulas to make the combustions of human happiness? We do not. We take the priceless grains, sink them into our own vitals, and have them buried as deeply as possible with us in our graves.

Something must be done to preserve and record the world's precious human documents and make them available for use in solving the problems concerning the fundamental essentials of food, shelter, mating, and religion.

The most of us who secrete these wizard radium-sparks do it because we are selfish, but there are also many who are too inarticulate to reveal themselves, even if they would, and to put into words the tragedies or comedies which have cut and pressed and wrung the treasure out of their daily lives. They do not know how to say:

"Avoid that road; there I stumbled. Don't drink that cup. I have tasted the dregs under the brim. Don't eat white bread alone; eat some black, even if you must moisten it with tears."

They stand dumb and stricken and are unable to call out from the bleachers or to coach from the side-lines. But there are others of us who have made the telling of the tale our life-work! We, who know how to use words as weapons or plowshares or pruning-hooks or paint-brushes, are we going to dip into our breasts and spread our glittering wisdom on the wall for him who runs to read and profit by, no matter how it hurts? I am!

And the first offering I want to make is one that will convince because it carries its sincerity branded upon its forehead. In January, 1919, I was hard hit with articular rheumatism and month by month grew worse in spite of the fact that I tottered from specialist to specialist supported by trained nurses and despairing, devoted friends. After more than a year's fruitless quest for relief I climbed upon an operating-table and gave up the worst appendix ever held in captivity and allied powers which had run amuck. Then I stretched me back in a dentist's chair and parted with a large majority of my teeth and also let go two tonsil suspects—all without marked or immediate results. Day after day, week after week, month after month I grew stiffer and weaker and more rigid, until in August, 1920, I thought I saw my end—an end of absolute helplessness.

It was then that I decided to quit the haunts of men and, like a wounded rabbit, crawl away into a thicket and fight it out for life or death. With my last remnant of strength I made them carry me out to my Sweetbriar Farm and lay me on my old mahogany four-post bed, whose shelter my mother and grandmother and great-grandmother had in turn sought to produce their young, as well as die.

My housemother Bernice, who had been running Sweetbriar Farm for me for the years I had spent in more or less riotous living in the outside world, received me in tender arms, stripped the shoes and stockings from my aching and crooked feet, the coat from my stiff and bent arms, slipped the cruel binding skirt from my bowed back, and I've never been tortured with them since. My five-year-old goddaughter stood by, and during the process wiped the sweat of pain from my brow with the sleeve of her blue-gingham rompers, and put warm, wet, baby lips against my cheeks and chin and even the tip of my nose.

"Now you've come home can't you teach me to skip?" she asked, in the midst of the painful undressing, with perfect faith in her huge green-blue eyes, which are smugged around with black lashes.

"You bet I can," I answered as Housemother Bernice tied my dressing-gown sash and eased me onto my side against a pillow whose feathers she had culled from all the other pillows in the house and especially prepared for my stiffened shoulders.

That even a five-year-old human being should ask skipping lessons from such a broken reed as I gave me both mirth and courage. And I want to add that, lying flat on my back, unable to raise myself an inch, lift my hand to my face, or turn my head to the right or left, I did teach her to skip by crooning in skipping cadences and skipping the two comparatively limber fingers of my left hand on the breast of my jacket. I couldn't turn enough to watch her, but when I at last heard the tiny feet "get it" there was a regular rough-house celebration, my part of which was pressing my chin, which was practically the only unrheumatic part of my body, down into her heavingly triumphant little breast while she "bear-hugged" me with rapture, toned down with greatest caution.

Then out there under my huge elm roof tree and wisteria-vine the march of the days went by, and they seemed relentlessly to take with them, bit by bit, my strength and to leave me, bit by bit, increased contortion.

All that could be done for me was done. Alene, a soft-voiced, gentle negro girl, helped Housemother Bernice to nurse me. Goddaughter literally stood by me all day and cautiously crept in under my sheets to go to sleep by me at night, from which shelter she had to be skilfully extracted by her mother lest she waken and weep at the separation. Good old black Aunt Fanny cooked me everything she could find that I might like and slipped in to bestow upon me such hoodoo remedies for "miseries" as a polished buckeye to put under my pillow and something sticky and odoriferous to spread on a piece of cloth and plaster the soles of my feet.

Housefather Charlie brought in birds and squirrels and fat young chickens to make me broth, and milked with his own hands every three hours to supply me milk hot from the cow. My neighbors came in buggies and brakes and flivvers with fresh eggs, butter, frying-chickens, squirrels, squabs, and suckling pigs' feet, and my friends from town motored out in big cars with fruit and flowers and books and magazines; and to each and every one of them I made the same answer through gritted teeth but with a smile that was easy because of gratitude for the gift of their affections.

"I'm really a lot better—just seem prostrated from the operations," I assured them all.

Then I'd try to relax a little so that they would not see how rigid I was under my blanket, and to ask gossiping questions and laugh so that I could send them on their way rejoicing that I was soon to be up and out in the running with them. Uncle Joe was completely prostrated with hay-asthma and could not come to see me. He is more than uncle and foster-father to me. His soul is the direct ancestor of mine, and his affection would have found me out in my lying about my condition. And I think Housemother

Concerning "Seven Times Seven"

IT TAKES courage to dip a brush into the pigment of one's soul and spread the naked colors on a broad canvas for others to stare at. Miss Daviess has done this and in doing it has evolved a rare human document in her autobiography. Follow the author of "The Melting of Molly," "Over Paradise Ridge," and many other stories, through her Kentucky childhood, her life in the Latin Quarter of Paris, her escapades in Rome and Venice, her thrilling love affairs, and the joys and sorrows of the work and play of a woman of achievement. Every episode of this story is as gripping as the most stirring five-reel feature.

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Bernice suspected that I was slipping, tho she never admitted it, and always cheerfully insisted that I would take a turn for the better and get well.

Finally on the sixteenth of September—I must always remember the day—I reached my limit and laid my plans to step over the line.

For three days I had scarcely been able to move at all, hand or foot, and the grim, clutching, poisonous pain was creeping into my back. I knew that that meant absolute helplessness soon, and what I had planned to do I must do quickly while I could.

For three months I had harbored a resolution and carried on a plot. I had laid aside my pride and begged for a narcotic to help me bear the pain. My doctor had doled it out to me with deep lines of anxiety in his face. And with each gift he commanded me to use only one tablet as a last resort. I had promised to obey him, and asked Housemother Bernice, who bought and kept the tablets for me, for only one about twice a week. Each time I made the demand I had asked them to lay the precious tablet on the medicine-table by my bed and let me take it by myself after everything was quiet.

"RIDING A CRAZY PIG, WHICH PLUNGED WITH ME BESTRIDE IT, INTO A POND, THEREBY ALMOST BRINGING ME TO DROWNING"

And then I had stolen them from myself! I had not taken them at all, no matter how bad the pain, but I had put them in the back of an old silver locket I had brought from Paris with me and which I kept under my pillow, alleging a sentimental reason for wanting it there. I even went so far as to show young Alene the faded photograph of the Man I had kept there for years, back of which I was caching my weapon of the last resort.

By this source of stealth and deception I had accumulated in three months a considerable dose of the drug. Once or twice the pain had been so severe that I had almost weakened and taken a tablet, but I had fought myself and they had gone into the locket.

When the morning of September twenty-fifth came I found that all the power of motion that was left to me was a little in my right hand and arm. Housemother Bernice had to lift my milk to my lips. Very calmly I decided that now I could consider myself at liberty to go behind the great veil. My usefulness was over, and I had no one for whom I cared enough to allow to assume me as a burden.

ALL of my affairs I had put in order before my appendix adventure, and I knew that there was enough money in the bank to meet all the expenses of my departure, and my will, which gave him Sweetbriar, was in Uncle Joe's hands. Furthermore, I felt sure that nobody would ever know that I had completed life for myself deliberately, because nobody knew that I had the drug. I determined to ask Housemother Bernice for the last pellet she had in keeping for me, and with it take all the rest. Then I felt sure I would seem to die naturally of heart-failure with nobody to blame.

And as I had planned so I accomplished. Housemother Bernice got me settled for the night, put the pellet out on my table beside a glass of water and my electric torch, tooksleeping, snuggling Goddaughter from beside me, cautioned Alene in her cot in the next room to be watchful, and left me.

Then began a long hour of waiting until they were all sound asleep so that if my breathing became alarming they would not hear me and come to snatch me back. It was a wonderful hour in which I seemed to be free of all life's problems and cares and on the verge of escaping into new and wonderful interests and endeavors. I had not one particle of fear or regret or self-pity, but was intensely interested in the adventure I was about to undertake. I gave a contented, congratulatory thought to all who loved me and would escape having to watch me being tortured, perhaps for years. It was a mass-thought and was given to no particular person or persons.

And what is still more important in my mind is that my conscience registered no twinge of protest. What I was preparing to do seemed the best, courageous, and only thing to do, and so it seems to me, even to this good day. I was in full possession of my Christ consciousness and fellowship, and felt a distinct sense of Divine understanding and sympathy for my situation and acquiescence in my solution. So becalmed and content I bided my hour. If my brain were functioning in any unbalanced or abnormal way I did not detect it then, nor am I able to now in retrospection. To me I seemed to feel just about as I had felt several times when I had finished a novel and got all ready to start the next day up to New York to arrange for its publication—a feeling of accomplishment and expectant adventure.

At last I knew from Alene's deep breathing and a hearty snore that came from Housefather Charlie across the court that they were all asleep. I had told Housemother Bernice that I could reach the glass of water placed not twelve inches away, and take the tablet, but I was not sure that I could. And besides reaching for the water and that one tablet I had to get the locket from under my pillow, open it, and get out the other tablets. It must have taken me a half-hour to accomplish this, and it gave me such agony that I almost had to give it up.

First I struggled with the torch and finally pressed it between my teeth and the pillow in such a way as to light it. Then with the little strength I had left in my right arm and hand, using my chin to help, I got the locket from under the pillow up onto my breast. There I finally succeeded in opening it with my teeth and thumb and forefinger and got the white grains in my palm. My hand would not go up to my mouth but would go across me, so I laid the pellets on the pillow and then fought until I turned my head enough on my almost rigid neck to lick them in—all but one—and then I gave out. I could not get the water; I had to swallow them, as bitter as gall, without water as I lay panting with the awful effort I had made.

For what seemed a long time I lay completely exhausted, and then a heavenly ease came stealthily over my rigid body and I felt myself softening all over. I turned and with the greatest ease lifted to my mouth the glass, drank the water, and with it took the final pellet. I moved my legs and turned on my side with delicious freedom. My last conscious thought was that in heaven it would be all safe for me to move and move and keep moving.

After a time I had a fleeting moment of semiconsciousness in which I now recall that I saw a great luminous veil through which I made out the black silhouettes of two men, and I heard my father's voice distinctly, tho I could not tell what he said, my father who had been dead forty-one years. Then the veil became an opaque wall, and on it was flashed for a second the tender, smiling face of Housemother Bernice and baby Goddaughter's sturdy back. Then another delicious turn of my body and—oblivion.

When I awoke the next morning the sun was shining across the floor from my open door, which led down onto the stone court; a brisk little fire was burning in the old graystone chimney, and the baby's dew-wet shoes were drying beside the blaze. The odor of frying bacon was mingling with the cedar-chip smoke from my fireplace, and out in the kitchen Aunt Fanny was intoning the weird negro spiritual by which she usually concocted corn-meal muffins. Goddaughter, in clean and much-bepatched rompers, stood at my pillow eager to speak her new morning "prayer-piece" which I had taught her in the week past. It was the world's greatest poem, written by a sheep-raiser called David:

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.
Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

It was rendered with due and reverent emphasis. Its effect was distinctly tonic.

To this day I do not understand what happened or didn't happen, and after my doctor has read these pages perhaps I will get the courage to ask him. But however he diagnoses the situation I know that the writing of these pages is the work which I was sent back to accomplish. Yes, human documents, no matter how humble, are needed to compile safe and sane race formulas.

As I lay and looked at my world restored to me, suddenly in the twinkling of an eye, everything that had ever happened to me was unreeled by my memory and I saw it all in a perfectly new proportion. It was then that I observed that I had a residue of radium in my hand, ground from the ore of my life, and I knew that I had been turned back to use it for all it was worth. I accepted the command.

FROM that day, September twenty-fifth, until now, November tenth, I have day by day got back a little of myself. Some mornings I have found that an ankle could turn and others that a knee might bend if coaxed with due fortitude. My fingers can cling again to my glass of milk and my left elbow crooks, so that I can almost return in kind the embraces of Goddaughter.

But last Monday, the sixth, was the day of days! Alene and Housemother Bernice helped me up on my feet, and with Goddaughter backing before me, holding the ends of the girdle of my dressing-gown in her hands like leading-strings, they helped me with my cane over to my big carefully cushioned chair in between the fireplace and the window and rolled a table, with my typewriter upon it, across my knees. The first day I stiffly picked out the first paragraph, but each day I have improved so that I have got thus far using two fingers on my left hand, one on my right, and my right thumb. Quite enough to help me say what I feel I must. Perhaps what I have to tell is of no value. That is to be decided.

To me it seems only reverential for an autobiography to make its obeisance to its ancestors before coming down to center-stage. As a devout believer that heredity goes at least fifty-fifty with environment in the molding of a personality, I hereby make my courtesy to my family tree.

To me my ancestral fig-vine is interesting because its branches intertwine so that I am kin in several ways, and it has no root or rootlet that was not planted in this continent earlier than the day of the Declaration of American Independence. The whole lot of us were landed here for America's birthday celebration, and we've only married into families of cocelebrators. If there is such a thing as a real American, I am it, molded from French, Scotch, English, and Irish metals. Remember I have declared as valuable like reactions in the lives of any man on any street, or of any woman at any window, and thus I absolve myself of an undue valuation of myself in supposing that anybody would want to read about what I have been and have done in my near half-century of life. Further I acknowledge that I realize that only if I speak the truth will my data be worth registering.

I become a document, and I offer myself for and beg a sympathetic perusal.

"MR. BOB WAS ANGRY AT HIS FIANCÉE. AND HAD PICKED ON ME AS HIS QUEEN OF LOVE AND BEAUTY TO PUNISH HER"

IN HARRODSBURG, Ky., at one o'clock on Thanksgiving morning, 1872, I broke from my mother's custody and was born into this world in the midst of a terrific snow-storm. I gave only one hour's notice of my intended advent, and arrived,

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"'NOW YOU'VE COME HOME CAN'T YOU TEACH ME TO SKIP?' SHE ASKED. THAT EVEN A FIVE-YEAR-OLD HUMAN BEING SHOULD ASK SKIPPING LESSONS FROM SUCH A BROKEN REED AS I GAVE ME BOTH MIRTH AND COURAGE"

I have heard, both in good order and in good temper. On my natal day I had as my guests four grandparents and, the only fourteen hours old, I sat at the feast a few minutes—in the arms of my paternal grandmother, whose full name, Maria Thompson Daviess, I had just had bestowed upon me, Little Sister being called Emmeline Hamilton after the maternal grandmother.

Because my mother had very nearly lost her life at the birth of Little Sister, eighteen months older than I, her father and mother had come all the way from Tennessee, part of the journey by stage-coach, to be on hand if I threatened any damage. I must have felt the restraint of their presence, for I allowed my mother to spend the day before my birth helping my negro mammy, Kitty, prepare the feast of the four grandparents for the national holiday, and she had gone happily and cheerily to bed only to be summoned from deep slumber to give me birth. In less than three hours she was back in that same deep slumber with me safely cached on a pillow beside her.

"Dat child am going to travel fast and far," I hear that Mammy Kitty whispered to Grandmother Hamilton as she shooed the family off to bed and prepared to pallet herself at our feet before the booming fire.

AND while I rest there beside my mother, I want to review the three-fourths of a year I had spent with her before the day of my birth, because I feel that they were pregnant months for me as well as for her.

Little Sister, asleep in her crib beside mother and me, had been conceived, bourn, and brought to birth at Hayfields, the thousand-acre Bluegrass Farm belonging to my Daviess grandparents, in the midst of bustle and hurry, work and play, love and laughter, mint juleps and barbecue, music and revelry, with guests going and coming; the usual grinding of the machinery of a household made up in great part of pleasure-loving, socially important young people.

My mother was beautiful and interesting and was in constant demand by her young brothers and sisters-in-law as a confidante, chaperone, and sentimental first aid. Naturally when I notified her of my decision to take up life in her world she was aghast at the idea of properly caring for another infant in such colorful surroundings.

She confided her dismay to my father and thereby achieved a result, a report of which ought to encourage the hearts of young wives to trust safely in those of their husbands. That evening after a supper-party of thirty-five, at which the Governor of Kentucky and his staff were among the guests, my father took her out under the April moon and presented her with a legal document in a long envelop. Straining her eyes in the dim light, she partly read and partly was told that it was a deed to a little dormer-windowed old brick cottage that crouched in a clump of trees on the side of a hill at the corner where Hayfields jutted into the town. I feel certain that I leaped with her joy; and that moonlit deed has been one of the fundamental constructive influences of my life. I was born of a home-maker in action and I have ever struggled to follow my embryonic bias.

A week from the day of the presentation, the seventeenth of April, she moved herself, bag, trunk, and baby, in under her own vine and roof-tree: literally, for beside the straight old brick pavement that led to the prim, side-light, fan-paned transomed door of the cottage towered two sugar-maple trees which stretched sheltering arms over the steep, wide-shingled roof with its dormer-windows and jutting red-brick chimney. And over the latticed back porch sprawled a giant grape-vine, red and fragrantly budded the night of our arrival.

There on the side of that hill for seven months before my birth my mother and I toiled by day and planned by night over the making of a home. We had trees pruned and fertilized, even moved a few; we trimmed up and fed with cow-chips and leaf-mold two huge rose-bushes, which in June rewarded our nourishing with literally hundreds of blush roses that perfumed half the county. We planted long rows of peonies with faith in their promise of a next year's blooming. We made a sunken garden by the south living-room window, and in it laid off geranium- and heliotrope-beds, to be bordered with gray dusty-miller and sweet-grass, and we sowed row on row of mignonette.

And when we sat down on the front steps to rest on a night about the middle of October, we realized that we had spent almost the entire family living-bank-account outdoors, and that I, at my birth, would have to be wrapped in Little Sister's left-over rabbit-skins, while the living-room must go without a carpet or curtains and be made lovely by sheer wit.

We took a lot of junk Grandmother Daviess lent us, some paint, Mammy Kitty's husband's elbow-grease, bright-colored rags for woven rugs requisitioned from left-over clothes of the gay Hayfields aunts, geraniums and ivy in painted cans, and with the same enthusiasm we had expended on the outside we made a very lovely place of the inside home.

"I HAVE JUST UTTERED THE WORD 'DEVIL,' AND TO THIS DAY I CAN FEEL THE ELECTRICITY IN THE AIR"

This inside stuff had to be carried on in between getting the garden and lawn into Winter quarters, and it was just about in order when I decided it was time for me to show my face. I know now positively that all those happy, hard-working, outdoor creative months my mother spent while sheltering and growing me gave me exactly forty-six years of superabundant health and happiness. I was a certain result from a chartered cause. My illness is an accident.

To-morrow is Thanksgiving day and my forty-eighth birthday. In eighteen days I have written nearly four thousand words, almost two hundred words a day. My usual rate is eight thousand a week, or an average of a thousand a day when I am writing a book. I am working at one-fifth capacity. That is not so bad. My hands are much less stiff and I can now balance myself on my feet and totter alone with my stick from bed to chair, but it is an agony. I'll never be fleet again, but it is gravely glorious to me that my mind is seemingly more limber than it ever was before. I feel sure that my hands will soon supple up enough to go the pace with it, and I have never written with my feet, tho I may have "put my foot in it" by some of the things I have written. God-daughter has given me a beguiling cap of lace and ribbon, which she continually perks up and admires, bestowing a kiss with each perk. I'm glad my crookedness is not repulsive in any way. I also sing praises that Housemother Bernice and chocolate Alene keep me as dainty and fragrant as a traditional rose.

And as I opened my eyes on well-ordered and beautifully simple material surroundings I found the personnel of my small world equally well chosen and organized.

When my mother left Hayfields my grandfather offered her the choice of over sixty thoroughbred horses for a team to draw the carriage he wanted to give her. Much to his disgust she chose gentle, old, mongrel Jude, whom she had observed so patiently haul spring-water to the kitchen reservoir, and a low-swung, wide-seated buggy. My mother was going in for child-culture and she knew she must have hoofs she could trust. My grandmother in turn offered her the choice of her well-trained servants, all of whom had been Daviess slaves, then about twelve years freed. Instead of taking an accomplished cook and housemaid she chose Kitty—a handsome yellow woman, about thirty years old, with a silent, steady husband and two yellow piccaninny girls aged ten and twelve years respectively—who had been the house washwoman all her life. With my mother and Mammy Kitty it was a case of genuine affection, founded on mutual admiration and respect, and it lasted them their lifetimes, growing with their years, and I am sure it is growing.

"Yes'm, Miss Leonora, I'll go anywheres with you, but I never cooked a white folks' meal in all my life," she answered when the question was put to her.

"Neither did I," my mother assured her, "but we are both the daughters of cooks and I have all my mother's and Mother Daviess's recipes written down in a book. Let's try it."

"Yes'm, I will—and de Lord'll pertect Mass' Johnnie!" she answered.

"I'm game—come on with us, Kitty, and help raise babies and geraniums," my father urged her.

And she came with us—for life.

The third Summer of their partnership my mother took, at the Mercer County Fair, premiums for quince preserves, beaten biscuits, baked ham, lemon pie, chicken croquettes, chocolate-cake, and lye-soap, all manufactured by Mammy Kitty and herself by rule out of the ancestral manuscript recipe-book, which I keep in my strong box to this day.

Kitty's husband, Shedrack, proved a faithful plodder in garden and lawn, and the two piccaninny girls, Sallie and Lute, fetched and carried and minded and played with the babies under the watchful eye of their mother in a way that made them of real value.

A year and a half after my advent Small Brother was added to the family circle and closed its circumference.

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"THE PRINCESS STRUCK THE TREMBLING CREATURE A BLOW ON ITS FLANK. IT BOUNDED IN MID-AIR AND FLED STRAIGHT FOR THE TENT OF THE SLEEPING ROMAN GENERAL"

Ardath, the Field of Flowers

The second in the series of five stories of the romance of early Christianity

By Agnes C. Laut

Illustrations by Remington Schuyler Decorations by Henry C. Pitz

THREE women sat cooped in the great fortress of Machærus, east of the Dead Sea, peeved that a war for world-power had interfered with their own personal plans and petty intrigues. The rose-tinted mountains of Moab rose far to the east tier on tier above the desert, dyed in a mystic fire of cloud and light that might have been the abode of gods from eternity. North and south you could have dropped a pebble from the turret, where the women sat, down precipice sheer as a wall twenty-five hundred feet. West the clouds boiled a silver sea far below the fort bastion on the blue and green of deep translucent waters. These waters are to-day known as the Dead Sea. At that time they were called the Asphaltites owing to the pungent, burnt odor of petroleum and sulfur that came up from their hot springs.

Safe as an eagle's nest above the storm-clouds perched the fort on the mountain height, where rulers' wives and daughters were housed from stress of war and raid; but angry as an eagle's young were the strident voices of these pampered favorites of harem and court that the blood of men flowing deep as the horses' bridles over at the siege of Jerusalem should be keeping these caged birds from the garden of joy in life.

The elder woman rose petulantly and stood at the deep casement of the window in the open turret, where the breeze came up from the silver clouds lying below on the sea. By the uncertain feeling out of her hands for the stone wall it was apparent she was almost blind. Her hair lay lustrous black on her brow, but here and there a silver line showed she was past middle age, and the slight film across the pupils of her black eyes betrayed the cataract obscuring light.

"A curse on these seditious Judeans," she protested, tapping her sandaled foot impatiently on the stone floor. "Rome gave them the best government they have ever had—justice, safety, forums, aqueducts, theaters, low taxes; and what have they returned to Rome for protection from enemies east and west? Rebellion for seventy years! First, Herod the Great slew some brats in Bethlehem; and he must needs go mad with jealousy and strangle his Jewess wife, and be haunted ever after by her pale ghost in this accursed fort! Then because I chose to love the Second Herod instead of his brother Philip, to whom I was sold as child, I must be taunted as a sinner of the streets by the little Hermit, John; and my Lord Herod must turn soft because he loved the ragged madman's rough, honest ways. Honest? I call it insolence and would have torn his tongue out if I could! What right have raving fanatics to pry open private lives? I got him prisoned in the dungeon here for two full years before I caught my Lord Herod in his cups and settled the Hermit's mad impudence with the headsman's sword——!"

The other two women, who were yet in the flush of first youth, rose and joined the elder in the open window of the turret. One was short with crafty, laughing eyes and full voluptuous, inviting lips and the air of insolence in her beauty that could challenge life. The other was tall and slender with eyes that dreamed, but what or how they dreamed no soul outside her own deep thoughts could know.

"Then, Aunt," pleaded the slenderer of the two, throwing an

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arm tenderly around the blind woman, "with your mad Hermit dead, why rage and bruise yourself against the past?"

"Little, soft, dreaming fool!" The blind woman petulantly threw the girl's arm from her waist. "Have you forgotten when my Lord Herod's first wife—that discarded rag of treachery who could not hold the love I won—went back to her father, the King of Arabia, and roused all the tribes to attack us here, we lost? We lost, and I was blamed, and my Lord was banished first to the barbarians of the Danube and then to the savages of Spain, to whom I must go unless you can snare Titus, the Emperor's son, over in the siege of Jerusalem there. Only you can save the last of Herod's line—Bernice."

The younger woman designated Bernice gazed deep in the silver clouds boiling above the Dead Sea.

"Much chance I have to snare Titus shut up here away from the warriors of Jerusalem; but if we Herod women must be played as pawns to win kingdoms, let us play pawn for the biggest prize of all—Rome."

The elder had placed her elbows on the casement of the window and sank her face in her hands.

"If you were not such a little fool of dreams, Niece Bernice, you would never have left Jerusalem. You would have stayed on in the Temple Herod built, paying your vows if you had to cling to the altar-horns! You were wife of Herod Third; and who did more for the Judeans? Free feasts, free games—you remember Cæsarea; and all because your Lord let the Jews stone James, that zealot of the Nazarene; know you what the populace say? They say their God, whom no one has ever seen, slew your husband in his coat of silver mail!"

"I thank their God for that," absently answered Bernice. "Herod Third was too old. You chose your Herod. I was sold to mine."

The other younger woman with the insolent, voluptuous lips laughed.

"Because you had fallen in love with the little blue-eyed slave Onesimus, whom Felix and Festus rescued from the robber bands of Galilee."

"That slur sounds not well from you, Sister Drusilla! You, yourself, married freed slave. Have you forgotten Felix was freed slave?" asked the slanderer of the sisters.

Drusilla of the voluptuous lips laughed. "No; nor have I forgotten he is the only one of all the Herod husbands who left his wife safe with wealth in times of peril. He rose to be ruler under Rome——"

"And drove the Jews to insurrection by his thefts and taxes to give you wealth," interrupted Bernice.

The elder woman whirled on them with the fires of fury in her blind eyes. "Peace to your sparrow chatter—fools—fools—fools! What do you know of love, or constancy? You barter love and time for gain as gamblers throw their dice! My Lord Herod and I bartered all for love—and lost—and love as ever! And he is far among the savages of Spain and I am caged here to wait the fortune of war at Jerusalem! And time is short, and I grow old, and does his love grow cold?

"You read his letter brought by the post this day, how he longs to hold me in his arms once more! Nightly I have prayed to Astarte and Venus and Astoreth for my love to descend to him in far-off Spain down the beams of the starlight, or moonlight, to hold him forever to me true! Instead of answer to my prayers—what? This accursed fort haunted by the spirits of the dead! 'Twas here the spirit of Mariamne, whom Herod the Great strangled, came haunting him till he went mad. 'Tis here where we are shut up prisoners of the past, beating our weak women hands 'gainst the fetters of fate, the ghosts of our past come haunting us! I tell you fools that in the dark I can dream I am not blind, but when I pray for my Lord's love to come and wrap me in his arms, when it is dark and I can forget I am blind—what comes? What comes—I say? I could be a lioness to fight for my cubs, as all the Herod women ever are; but when I pray for forgetfulness, what comes—I say?"

"Dear Aunt Herodias," gently expostulated the younger Bernice. "These are not wise words. Our weak hands only bruise when we batter fate."

"Fool—your course is not yet run—dreaming of a blue-eyed slave, when you should be in Jerusalem mending all our fortunes by marrying Titus, the Emperor's son!"

The two drew back from the violence of the elder woman standing in the open-windowed turret.

"Herodias will be maniac unless we send her to her husband in Spain," whispered Sister Drusilla.

"Maniac," repeated the blind woman in hollow scorn. "So you would be, if nightly when you prayed for love there came rolling over the stone floor the bloody head of that wild Hermit beheaded in the cellar here. If I could but tear those scales from my eyes and prove it is not true; but can a blind lioness fight——?"

"Let us go to the garden—we only anger her. She will rave to exhaustion till she gets some sleep and dreams she sees the head again," murmured Drusilla. "I could wish we were out of the haunted fortress here. It is ill-fated! Do you go to Jerusalem and get the Emperor's permission for us to leave for Rome——"

"I will do that, Sister Drusilla; but do not anger her by making light of her mad love for Herod. No Herod woman dare grow afraid. Our past is a black back wall! Our future is blacker if Jerusalem falls and Judea is ruled direct from Rome. Our brother Agrippa will be deposed. He is last of our line. Everything hangs on winning Titus's favor; and with the road to Jericho blocked black by troops it is easier to say 'Go to Jerusalem' than go! Unless a caravan comes this way from the east bound for the sea which I can join disguised, how can we escape the Roman guards set to watch the gates?"

They descended the stone stairs of the turret in thoughtful silence and emerged in the great garden of the fort. A broad-walled parapet ran around the edge of the sheer precipice on which the fort was perched above the cloudy sea. Only one side gave exit, or approach—a narrow causeway to the east, with drop straight as the wall on either side, leading out to the rose-tinted mountains of Moab, tier on tier above the desert, dyed in a mystic fire of cloud and light.

An old Idumean guard sat in the shade under the arched gate to the causeway. He took his helmet off and yawned drearily. His beard had grizzled gray and his thatch of close-cropped curly hair had whitened with age. As the two sisters approached, walking along the wall of the parapet, and came under the shade of the arch, he rose stiffly and saluted.

"How are the roads to Jerusalem, old Julius?" asked Drusilla, throwing her purple-silk cloak back over her shoulder so her bare arms shone jeweled with bracelets.

"Blocked, blocked, good ladies," returned the old Idumean wearily. "Dreary task this, your Highness, guarding sibyls who could bewitch all Rome's Generals if they escaped down to Jerusalem."

"What is that hammering we hear below the fog of clouds?" asked Bernice, trying to penetrate the import of his answer.

"Camel bells of some caravan coming up the causeway, or clanking of the forges down at Jericho making war-engines for the siege."

"Are there many refugees in the caves between here and the Jordan, Julius?" pressed Bernice.

"Too many, and yet more robbers in those rocky dens for a Princess to pass that way," the old Idumean answered.

"Why should a Princess want to pass that way, old Julius?" smiled Drusilla of the voluptuous lips.

"Because Titus, the Emperor's son, is at the end of yon road." He pointed down the precipice path toward Jericho beyond the Jordan.

Drusilla laughed again. Bernice strolled through the arched gateway and gazed past the rose mist of light and clouds above the desert mountains.

"Are there ghosts in the dungeons beneath the fort, dear Julius?" pressed Drusilla.

"None that I know, but spears and swords to

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"'WHAT IS—THIS THING YOU CALL SIN, MY ONESIMUS? IS IT SIN FOR ME TO LOVE YOU AS I DO?'"

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"Things never changed since the time of the gods; The flowing of water, the way of love"

"'WE WILL NOT TALK ABOUT THE CHILDREN. THEY BELONG TO ME AND MY FAMILY. YOU MAY GO WHEN YOU WISH, IF THAT IS YOUR PLEASURE,' HE ANSWERED COOLLY"

BEYOND THE ORCHID DOOR

BY NORA WALN

ILLUSTRATED BY GERTRUDE KAY

KUAN YIN! Thou of the all-seeing eyes who hast the power to search the hearts of men, looking into my sinful heart, be merciful. Grant, in answer to my prayers, peace and health and prosperity to my unworthy household."

A woman kowtowed three times before the great bronze figure of the God of Mercy, touching her forehead against the place on the prayer-bench where it was worn smooth from long use. Then she rose from her knees and turned to make way for the worshiper next behind her. A second and then a third woman came forward in turn from the group; each lighted long red tapers and left them burning before the god, made their prayer for mercy, knelt in obeisance, and passed on to the next idol.

With gentle hands an ancient gray-robed priest marshaled the waiting throng that there might be no pushing. One at a time they came forward, dropping their offerings into the money-box, making their prayers, kowtowing before the image. There were women clad in rich silks, whose candles were placed in their hands by servants, and women so poor that their coats of blue-cotton cloth were in tatters. Several thousand strong they filled the temple and pressed against the entrance-doors where the great urns of burning incense stood. Here and there in the crowd was an occasional man, but the majority of those who prayed were women.

Into the high-vaulted temple came the discordant wrangle of voices from the courtyards where, as usual on worship days, had sprung a mart of trade. At regular intervals a young priest let his mallet fall upon the great drum that stood beside him. At the first note the temple was filled with a roar like the break of a storm-tossed sea against a rocky coast, the second note was a sharp clap of thunder, and the third as soft as a Summer breeze that whispers through a grove of pines. An expression of divine content settled upon the face of the priest, making it almost ethereal each time he had completed this act in warning to the people and in communion with the gods.

Mary Condon, watching him with rapt wonder, felt a firm touch upon her elbow and knew that it was her turn to take her place among the worshipers. For the first time in the ten years that she had been a member of a Chinese household she had consented to take a part in the observance of the service through which the other women sought to secure peace and happiness for their common family. She felt herself reaching out yearningly to some power greater than that within herself for comfort and help in the problem which surrounded her daily life.

In her university days she had depended upon reason for the solving of the problems of her life, smiling tolerantly at the rites of the Christian church where her mother and father attended Sunday service and into which she had been taken when a small girl. During her first years in China love for her husband had filled her life, and only when she found that love gone had she turned for companionship and understanding to the church where the people of her own race worshiped. She had been taken in and made a member on the books of the church register.

It was four years since she had turned away from the church doors. Whispers had reached her ears from the lips of the women of her country whom she had thought to find and make her friends; little things which burned into more of insult than she could stand; a dividing-line that was as sharply drawn as a color-line had been placed between her and the others because she was married to an Oriental man.

She trembled as the candles were placed in her hands; lighting three, she put the wire holders, that stood in a row, upon the altar. Mary, to-day more strongly than ever before, felt the great gap that lay between her life now and the Pennsylvania home where she had lived until ten years ago. Her mother-in-law took her hand as she rose from the prayer-bench where she had kowtowed to the idol. She was one with the other women into whose life she had entered when she had married a university classmate and returned to dwell in the land whence he had come. Within the orchid door which divided the women's compartment of the old-fashioned Chinese dwelling from the outer courtyards, she was no longer an interloper, but with them. The old mother was well pleased.

THE other women of the household followed Mary at prayers in accordance with their rank in the family. An amah carried the necessary supplies of candles and incense in a basket on her arm, supplying each woman in turn. Then when they had all worshiped the amah made her prayers. Thus they passed from idol to idol, leaving offerings before the God of Happy Children, the God of Abundant Harvest, the God of War, the God of Health. Each of the women burned long tapers before the Goddess of One Hundred Sons, and in the great bronze urn beside this temple the youngest bride of the household burned a paper image in offering and left a little shoe upon the altar.

"I am made glad, my daughter, that you have added your prayers to ours this time of the New-year Festival. Peaceful accord and united hearts in our dwelling will not fail to bring their reward," the mother of the household said to Mary as they passed through the crowded courtyards where venders were busily plying their trade.

MERCHANTS had raised temporary booths and there, to catch the eye of the worshipers, had placed everything that fancy could suggest: combs of tortoise shell for the hair, patterns of lace and of silk, embroideries in every color of the rainbow, little dogs, toys, baubles of colored glass, fiddles and horns, images for offering to the gods, candles and incense, potted plants, foodstuffs to tempt the appetite, and little tables at which to sit and sip fragrant cups of tea.

Among the throng pressed professional beggars exposing their sores to the pitying gaze of the worshipers. At the very entrance-gate a man beat the bleeding stump of his

"'BUT TIME HEALS THE HEARTS OF WOMEN WHO LEARN THAT ALL THINGS PASS,' LEI-DA QUOTED"

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leg against the stones; beside him a woman crouched with two babes that tugged at her withered breasts. The women of the Wong household threw a handful of coins to the beggars, stepped into their waiting motor, and rode quickly away.

The car sped smoothly through the streets of Peking. Mary's four-year-old daughter nodded drowsily against her knee, and the grandmother reached over and patted the sleepy curly-head. The child sat up with a start when they bumped over the incline at the entrance-gate to their compound. To the left of the entrance court-yard were the men's quarters. From the garden within drifted a song. Mary, now familiar with the Mandarin words, caught the lilt of it. It was a part of the old legend which Wong Lee had chanted to her on the college campus the evening of their graduation day. As she helped her mother-in-law from the car and turned toward the door that led into the women's apartments the old words in the same gay voice drifted to her.

Things never changed since the time of the gods;
The flowing of water, the way of love.

Her husband had returned from his political mission to Mukden.

SIX little separate houses, each with an upcurved roof, surrounded the courtyard and comprised the women's quarters. The thin walls of paper and the paper doors and windows permitted the sounds of voices to circulate about the courtyard and into the apartment beyond where the children of the family had their rooms with the amahs.

Two little houses, with a door cut between, had been given to Mary when she insisted that her children should be near her. She went into the inner room where the amah was already taking off the festival clothes of the little girl who had been with them at the temple and dressing her in a pair of blue rompers. The two older children, a boy of six and a girl of nine, were urging the amah to hurry as it was past the usual time for the noonday meal and they were hungry.

They ran toward their mother when they saw her and begged her to eat her dinner with them in the children's courtyard. Mary smilingly gave her consent as she drew them both close to her. She had heard the voices of strangers in the men's courtyard and so knew that she would not be wanted there. Already the women were making plans to have their food served in the women's dining-room, where they always ate when there were men guests in the house.

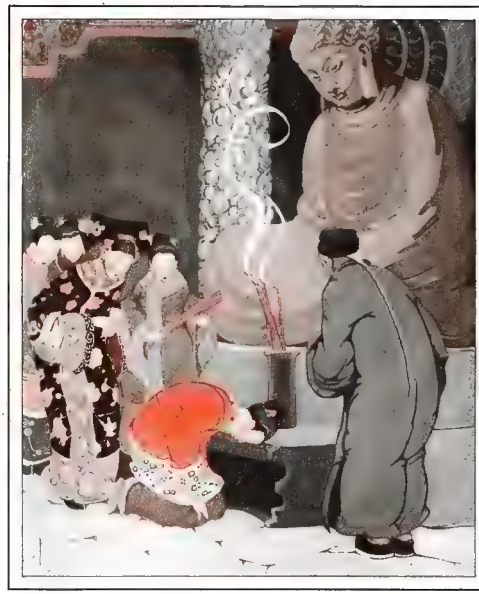
Mary and the children went into the room where the long table was laid with bowls and chop-sticks and little covered cups of tea. A place was made for her, and she sat between her two youngest, with the older girl just beyond the baby. Each child had its accustomed place. Gathered about the board were fifteen children of the household, for the children of the servants ate with the others, but sat below them at the table.

She looked along the board at the chubby, healthy children, who set to eating without uttering a word save to call for more food when a bowl was emptied. They gobbled—there was no other word for it. Chop-sticks stuffed their little mouths with one big bite before the last one had been swallowed. Mary turned her attention to her own children. They were gorging their lunch with a rapidity that equaled that of the others. The baby's smooth cheeks were puffed out like a squirrel's with a pouch full of nuts. Her son of six had emptied his last dish of rice and meat with three gulps. He held out his empty bowl and signified by a grunt that he wanted it refilled; his mouth was too full to form words. Her slender daughter of nine was sucking up with a loud intaking of breath the liquid food which remained in her container. She finished with a smacking of her lips in appreciation of the taste.

Mary was helpless to do anything then. The entire group of fifteen children were eating in the same way, and she knew that in the women's dining-room, and the men's dining-room beyond where guests were being entertained, and in the dining-rooms all over China people were showing their appreciation of the food they ate by smacking their lips just as her daughter had done. It filled her with disgust as sharp as in the early days. She would not have her children growing up in this way. She would talk to them immediately after dinner; but a sense of the hopelessness of trying to teach them to be different from their little cousins came to her even as she made the resolve.

She knew that even now the children had something of the problem which was hers because she was a foreigner, an alien among her husband's people. She knew that her children were looked down upon by the relatives of the family because their inheritance of Celestial ancestry was not pure. Only a few days ago the baby had come sobbing into her arms saying that the others had called her a "foreign devil."

Before Mary left the table Lei-da, the older woman, whom Mary had found in the dwelling when she was brought from America a young bride ten years earlier, came and chatted with the children, then she walked back to the courtyard with Mary. At the doorway of her little house Lei-da asked the younger woman to enter on pretense that she had a new embroidery pattern to show her.



"'KUAN YIN! THOU OF THE ALL-SEEING EYES, WHO HAST THE POWER TO SEARCH THE HEARTS OF MEN, LOOKING INTO MY SINFUL HEART, BE MERCIFUL!'"

When the door was safely closed she took the American woman's hand gently in hers; her face was perfectly calm, her voice low and even as usual, but Mary knew that Lei-da was agitated, moved by some strong emotion.

"You must not let it hurt you too badly," the other woman, who held the position of first wife, said gently. "The master has brought a little dancing girl home from Mukden. She has been given to him by the man whom he went to see on business. She is entertaining the men while they sip their wine. The amah carried the word to the table while we were having dinner. I wanted to tell you first."

MARY thanked her. "It does not matter," she said briefly.

"All acts of men have their beginning and their end," Lei-da quoted. "But time heals the hearts of women who learn that all things pass."

Mary smiled ironically at the woman who sought to comfort her. Life had played a curious twist. Lei-da was the woman whom Mary, the bride courted in the Western way and married in the university chapel, had found in the Peking home of her husband when she had come there to dwell.

Wong Lee had explained to his Western wife, in a way which aroused her pity for him, that he had been betrothed and married, according to Chinese custom, by arrangement of their families, a few days before he went to America.

He had left the explanation until he had been called north to take his place as the head of the household upon the death of his father. It had come as a shock to Mary, but she had resolved to understand, and she had known from the very first day she entered the dwelling that the homely, ignorant woman was not a rival for her husband's favor. In the ten years that they had lived beneath the same roof she had come to look upon Lei-da as a friend. And to-day Lei-da was attempting to break the news to her gently that Wong had brought home a third woman.

The days in which Mary had first entered the Wong family compound had been days in which her one desire was to live for her husband. She had striven to serve him with her love as she felt no Chinese woman could have done. It was in the first year of the republic. Wong Lee was devoting himself to politics. They had long talks over the subjects which they had studied at the university together and over the future of their common country. Wong Lee had spent the major part of his five years abroad studying political economy. He was warm in his appreciation of the fundamentals of the American republic, but he felt that in all the governments of the world there were flaws that could be avoided in the making of the Constitution of the Chinese Republic.

Mary had married Wong Lee despite the protests of her parents and her friends. His love, she believed, was large enough to remove all the artificial barriers of race. Mary in her infatuation had not questioned her own ability to interpret the differences in character which separated her in understanding from Wong Lee. She had turned a deaf ear when a friend, born in China, had attempted to tell her of the magnitude of the task she was so blithely undertaking. She had confided these warnings to Wong Lee and had laughed in protest when he had said that perhaps the sacrifice she was to make in leaving her people for a strange land was more than he could ask her to make.

Then his Orientalism had fascinated her. The first half-year when they lived in Shanghai had been the happiest days of her life. When they came north to Peking the strangeness of the household she had entered did not trouble Mary. The quaint care with which the customs were observed and the following of generation-old household habits had charmed her. The pretty phrases of the courtyard, the long quiet hours with the women during the days when she waited for the coming of her first child, filled her with content. She was a novelty to the others. They were interested in every article of her dress, her jewels, set so much more simply than theirs, her hair arrangement, her pictures of her home and home friends. Immediately upon her arrival she had begun to study Mandarin, and her interest and delight in their language pleased the other women.

SHE could not have told when her close companionship with her husband began to slip away. He was busy with affairs outside the home; she was held within its walls. She never quite forgot the eagerness with which the other women awaited the arrival of her child and their loud disappointment because the baby was a girl. They had turned away from the infant indifferently.

It was when the child was a year old that Mary, feeling lonely for women of her own race, first reached out for friends among the foreign community. She was young and shy. Her husband knew foreign families, but not in a social way; he was busy and could not help her to make friends. In his heart he felt that there was no real reason why she should desire them. She had met with rebuffs, which sent her back to the protection of the courtyard. Then she had turned her attention to really making a place for herself among the other women.

The family was a large one, for the wives of three brothers and their children lived within the dwelling, as well as the families of the servants. The mother made all of the household plans; the responsibility for seeing that tasks were fulfilled was delegated to the younger women of the house. Each took turns at being responsible for the food of the household, the laundry, the attending to the candles that must burn before the family altar, the replenishing of the supplies of clothes for the children, the arrangement of the flowers, and like duties. The tasks revolved weekly. Mary asked for her share in them and learned to be a part of the household.

Her second baby, a boy, was received with elaborate welcome. He was the first grandson, the only boy of his generation, and the clan gathered with much feasting and merrymaking to celebrate his first monthly birthday. He was showered with gifts that made his wardrobe appear like that of a little king as compared to the clothing of his two-year-old sister. Mary was made to feel much less an alien. Three years later a little girl was born, a child with soft, curly hair and big brown eyes fringed with long lashes like Mary's own. She was a favorite from the first minute that her fingers clutched the hand of her old grandmother.

"It does not matter," Mary had responded dryly to Lei-da when the latter told her that her husband had brought home a third woman to the compound.

In some intangible way her companionship with her husband was gone. It had slipped away slowly but surely. Shut within the walls, her interests had been narrowed.

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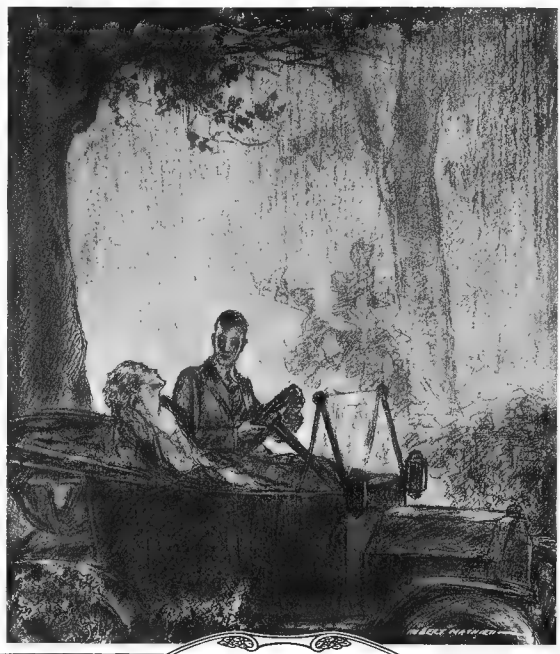
Illustrations by Hubert Mathieu



"'I AIN'T MUCH OF A PILLOW, I RECKON,' HE BLURTED. 'WHO EVER TOLD YOU THAT!' SHE ASKED. THROUGH HIS ROUGH COAT SHE HAD RAISED BARE ARMS TO ARRANGE HER HAIR, AND SHE SHOWED HER DIMPLES IN A SMILE"

COMPLETE IN FOUR NUMBERS: PART TWO

To-morrow's Bread

Candy Holtz Finds That Fate Has Cast Him Among the Ducks That Paddle on the Edge of the Ditch While Peacocks Strut on the Lawn

BY WALLACE IRWIN

THE rock quarry was grandiose Under lowering skies it could be Dantesque, but when the sun was high and clear it suggested some rather shallow, rather symmetrical gulf in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Gang after gang of petty criminals had been higgling away at the ledges for a quarter of a century, and by dint of hammer and drill had worked out a square crater with ever-widening walls; these walls were painted in stripes by their own mineral pigments—a layer of bright iron-red, a layer of gray, a layer of blue, the hard gray color of the Grandad Ledge. From a lip of the crater where a jimber-jawed guard, a Winchester across his knees, tilted his chair against a tree and spat tobacco-juice into the gulf, the quarry's floor offered many targets. The workhouse gang moved slowly, and altho distance reduced each member to midget size, the guard could have nipped off any one of them had occasion risen.

Every morning, at the guard's signal, Admah joined the line and marched to the ancient rock-pile. The tinny taste of prison coffee was in his mouth, a physical sign of his mental distress. More than disgrace or the chafing against captivity homesickness tormented him. In spite of his wasteful dream of high seas, coral islands, and India's opal domes, never before had he been away from home for more than a night. And he hadn't let his mother know.

He leaned against a great block of stone around which the recent blast had thrown fragments and splinters. In workhouse overalls he and Elmer looked as tho they might have been there always. A half-hundred colored prisoners, similarly clad, sang, shouted, joked, and whistled at their work along the high rock wall, their behavior contrasting with that of the white gang, which held moodily apart. But two generations removed from slavery, chains and an armed guard were of little consequence to the negroes. Their fine bronze shoulders powdered with stone-dust, they seemed to work to music, everything in rhythm. One-two-three-four their nicely timed mallets would come down on an iron wedge, splitting a great block along the grain. And if one of them faltered or missed a beat there would come a mellow bawl from some friendly critic, "Git in tune, niggah!"

It was the twenty-ninth day of hard labor. In the drowsy pause after noon dinner Admah and Elmer sat at the shady angle of a brick wall and discussed socialism, each according to his lights. There were several representatives of the I. W. W. in the white gang, but Elmer avoided them with all the snobbery which a Fabian shows toward an advanced Red.

"Sure, the system's all on the blink," Elmer confided to his chum. Elmer's socialism was of his own manufacture. "It's all wrong. Nobody tries to deny that. The capitalist gets a hammer-lock on the workin' classes, and to the mat they go. Not a chance for the featherweight. Some big bloat of a millionaire steals the water-front and goes to Congress. Two poor shrimps like you and me steal a ride on one of his boats and go to the workhouse."

"What you goin' to do about it?" drawled Admah, who had heard all this before and was trying to think out a way of meeting his mother.

"Not a thing. All these rummies yellin' their heads off about burnin' down the Keokuk Chamber of Commerce because it's capitalistic give me a pain. They haven't got the ideer at all. Now let me tell you something." He poked a finger into Admah's ribs. "D'you know how to beat the game? Be a capitalist see? Go in for the kale with both feet. Hook up with the heavy-weights who wear side-runners on their faces and spats and high silk kellies. That's my program. Get the dough."

"It's mine too," agreed Admah a little weakly. In the rough, tough language of stage and track Elmer was voicing the ambition which had led Admah so badly to the verge of manhood.

"Now you're shoutin'!" cried Elmer. The keenness of his look indicated that his lecture had been but a preface. "Look here, young son. I got a proposition." He thrust a thumb into the place where his waistcoat pocket had been.

"What's that?" asked Admah, eager yet afraid.

"Listen to me. Your old lady's in a rut, see? Stirrin' up two dozen pep'mints in a dish-pan, and sellin' six bags at a time. Now, here's my ideer—"

"Startin' a store?"

THE STORY SO FAR

WHILE Admah Holtz helps his mother and brother Jo eke out a living at Dutch Hill by selling peppermint candies at the car-barns and Miss Martincastle's school, the Peake children of the "aristocracy" romp in Helicon Park. Their paths cross and recross many times from the age of eight to eighteen, when Admah finds that his boyhood is gone, leaving him little besides a sore back and blistered palms, while the Peake children taste luxury.

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"And sellin' molasses and coal-oil to a bunch of jay-hawkers? Wake up, Cuba! What I want to do is to put some brains into the candy business. I know where there's an old lunch-wagon down by the K. & G. yards. All it needs is a wheel or two and some grease and a coat o' paint. We can buy 'er on the instalment plan, five dollars down and five a month. I know a sign-painter, and we can stretch a canvas sign all along the front: 'Home Sweet Pep'mints.' How does that listen to you?"

"Fine. But we ain't either of us got any money."

"You're a capitalist, I don't think! What's the matter with your old lady?"

"Ma?" The thought was awe-inspiring. "She won't give me the time o' day when I get back home and tell her where I've been."

"Just you leave her to me," vaunted Elmer, his thumb seeking the vanished pocket. "Give me twenny minutes and I'll have 'er feedin' out of my hand. I never saw a woman yet——"

The one o'clock whistle blew. The workhouse gang came shuffling into line.

MID-AFTERNOON of the next day Admah and his partner got off at the car-barns and sauntered together up Dutch Hill. A month's absence had changed everything for Admah. The car-barns, the soap-factory, the Fort itself seemed to have shrunk in scale. He felt that he had been gone a long time, had visited foreign ports, and had grown a little gray.

Elmer had been talking steadily ever since they had resumed their own clothes and caught the trolley to town. As he talked the future grew—from a dissolute lunch-wagon they had expanded into a glistening store-front on Grand Avenue with fancy fruits in the window and a real onyx soda-fountain running all along the north side. His sanguine gabble helped Admah; the unchecked flow of optimism heartened him, gave him courage to face ma and have it out with her.

But he halted by the little spindly lamp-post at the corner. It wouldn't do to break Elmer on ma all at once. Elmer wouldn't look respectable to ma; and his talk would scandalize her until she understood him. Since he had gone back to the tight plaid suit he looked a little worse than before. Early hours and regular labor had agreed with him; he had put on weight, and the cut of his trousers had not allowed for that. His high dirty collar looked dudish. Ma detested dudes.

"Look here, Elm," suggested Admah diplomatically, "suppose you hang around here, and I'll go in——"

"And I'll pick the pieces when you come out, huh?"

"No. But I'll smooth her down a little, then you can come in and fix her up about the lunch-wagon."

"You're the doctor," replied the man of affairs, and stuck another cigaret into the corner of his mouth.

Admah left his confederate and sauntered up to the little candy-house with its faded orange boards and dull-red trimmings. It had lost its tidy look. Some neighborhood boy had thrown an old tin pail into the front garden which stared dustily. The geraniums were dry, going to seed miserably; the magnolia's leaves were bronze with dirt; ma's patch of lawn had turned the color of the powdery weeds on the Fort's dry brow. The shades were down in the two front windows; the door was locked.

In quite a panic Admah ran around the house. Everything locked, all the shades down. He pounded idiotically on the back door, rattling the knob until it came loose in his hands. Ma was away. Of course she would be. She had gone out selling candy, and Jo was at the works as usual. That was it. But the place looked so ramshackle, so down at heel, as if no one had been living there for a long time. A mop that stood at a corner of the stoop attracted his attention. It was as dry as the geraniums. No one had used it for a week or more. Ma was gone.

"Well, so you've come back!"

Admah turned sharply and saw Mrs. Stek, an old, haggard, mean caricature of Mabel, staring over the fence.

"Where's ma?" he asked breathlessly.

"It's time you were askin' that question," drawled Mrs. Stek. "You've made right smart o' trouble for yo' ma, and that's a fact. But let it be a jedgment on her. She had little enough charity for me an' mine in time o' trouble an' distress. An' now when her own boys has turned agin 'er——"

"Where's ma?" he repeated sullenly, tempted to fall upon the woman and rend her.

"In the County Hospital, where she should 'a' been long ago. Last week we found her with lung-fever, wanderin' on the Fort. Said she was lookin' for yer pa. Not that I hold much agin 'er. She's had her burdens. With such a pair——"

"Where's Jo?" he asked, too stunned to catch the full import of that awful story.

"Jo? Oh, he's long gone. It was him that busted her, I reckon. When she l'arned that he'd backslid his religion and ran away to marry that Irish gal——"

He found himself covering his ears, rushing away from the woman's horrid gabble. He ran clumsily like a wounded man, hastened by the silly idea that running would do some good. It would take him to the County Hospital in time to help, to straighten things out, to be of use. He had killed his mother. Killed her, that was it. With his own unfeeling hands. Still he could fix everything if he got there in time.

But running did no good.

"She's been asking for you," said the nurse in a stereotyped tone as she led him through the ward.

They had drawn a screen in front of the woman's bed that her dying might be a little private. Embarrassed by all this official cleanliness, Admah stood in his rough clothes and gazed at the skeleton face on the pillow. Thin gray hair was combed straight back, showing skin stretched tight over a narrow skull. There was dignity in the hooked nose and sharply closed lips. The knotty hands on the white coverlid twisted in and out, in and out, unable to still the motions of work.

Admah gazed in bleak wonder, bathed in silence. It was a noisy public ward; two aisles beyond a thin-voiced woman was laughing shrilly at one of her own jokes; an old man, sitting up in bed, was coughing like a sick horse. Nurses and interns moved casually about, their cheerful gossip unrestrained. Yet to Admah all the world seemed still. It was like a great church in which she lay, carved in alabaster. But it couldn't be his mother. He couldn't fancy her so helpless, doing nothing for herself, even giving trouble to other people.

"Ma!" He whispered it, leaning close.

Eyelids so thin that the eyes themselves seemed to be showing through, fluttered slightly, then slowly they opened.

"So you done came home?" she asked in a voice so natural that he almost believed she was in her old health, just shamming sickness to amuse her baby.

"Ma, I came as fast as I could." He spoke rapidly to steady his tone. "I couldn't let you know where I was. But I came as fast as I could."

"I know you did." Something in her throat seemed to thicken, and her words grew indistinct. "I been powerful hard to git along with sometimes, I reckon. I ain't always been the sort of mother——"

"You have, Ma! Oh, you have!" Losing his shame in the presence of the stark white nurse, he fell on his knees and drew one of the gnarled hands to his breast. Never in all his clumsy, incoherent life had he shown her so much tenderness. "Ma, dear! I ain't never done anythin' I should."

Even in her dying breath she said a dry thing. "You're powerful like yo' pa, Ad." And then she softened it with, "I reckon I was mighty fond of him."

He mumbled thickly, asking her to forgive him; poor Admah never had the words he wanted.

"That's all over," she told him with one of her queer smiles. "But now that I got to go, son, I want you to promise me this—I want you——" A deep, terrible cough seemed to tear her from head to feet; the nurse laid a spoon to her lips, and she went on, "I want you to promise—you wasn't born to be pore trash, Admah. You got somethin' better. I never give you no book-l'arnin', Ad. But I always wanted you——"

"I'll be a man, Ma," he whispered. "I won't go this way any longer. I'll make you proud of me, Ma."

"I reckon so." It came like a sigh.

"You believe me, don't you, Ma? Honest to God——"

But the nurse had brushed him aside, and, leaning over the white bed, had slowly raised one of the sick woman's fallen lids.

"You'd better go out for a while," she said coolly.

Almost the first thing Admah recognized when he went down the front steps, feeling his way like a sleep-walker, was a young man in a petunia-colored waistcoat, who sprang toward him and held him tight across the shoulders.

"You need a bracer, boy," he said. "Shuffle along to the corner and I'll throw a slug o' rye under your belt."

FINALLY they wandered to the river-front and sat again among the chicken-crates. The unaccustomed drink had had little effect on Admah's heavy heart; his partner crouched beside him, saying little, smoking much. Still tied to Wharf One, the old *Senator Clay* swam obesely, awaiting some unusual event. Through dull ears Admah could hear the roustabouts chaffing, then on an upper deck a band struck up a lively tune. "Miss Mahtincastle school gwine on a picnic up rivvuh," an African voice was explaining to Elmer.

Between the slats of their death-houses chickens cackled sociably, rearing their heads through the cracks, sunning

"HIS INNER SELF SAID, 'WELL, I'LL BE DURNED!' BUT THE OUTER ADMAH, PROUDLY CONSCIOUS OF INNESS STREET'S BATTERY OF HIDDEN EYES, CARRIED IT OFF WITH A FLOURISH"

young combs in the light of their last terrestrial day. Then a long line of schoolgirls, marching two by two, appeared at the end of Grand Avenue and came toward old *Senator Clay's* receptive gangplank. Two by two, bubbling with fun, they wound their way into the boat.

Two girls of eleven, in the rear of the line, chose to linger on the dock and inspect the chicken-crates. The taller of the two, who was dark and scrawny, stuck her fingers through the bars and tickled the wings of a young pullet, sending the entire coopful into hysterics.

"Come awn!" drawled the smaller girl. "You oughtn't to touch those nasty animals. I wouldn't touch them for the world."

And as tho she had spoken for Admah's benefit she raised her eyes to his. They were heavenly eyes, shot with hazel beams; and their look seemed to draw the heart out of a man.

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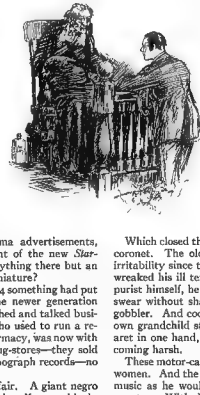
WHEN the noble Marques Carlos Domingo de San Pilar squandered a few months of his time to follow Miss Flora Lee Peake from Paris to America he was kind to all the reporters and was complimentary, if not exactly accurate, in his observations on the lady's native town. To representatives of the *Star-Eagle*, the *Union-Democrat*, and the *Evening Democrat* he expressed the opinion that he had at last met the thing for which he had pined since early youth—the ideal American city; so what you call hustling with men who must be very powerful and courageous to make these soul-stirring sounds of iron everywhere; and such striking, primitive art on all the bill-boards to remind the stranger of America's Indian origin. And the ladies! So beautiful ah! The loveliest ladies of Spain look very pale by comparison.



When Jimmy Wilder, the celebrated city editor of the *Evening Democrat*, heard this last observation he made a long, accurate shot at the office spittoon and remarked:

"I reckon he's refurrin' to the colored population."

An example of Europe's oldest and least progressive aristocracy, the Marquis was forgivable for his misjudgment of an American caste which for two hundred years had held itself high as had his own. He came upon Grand Avenue with its overhead trolleys, automobile crush, bargain shirt sales, fidgety electric cinema advertisements, enormous baseball score-board in front of the new *Star-Eagle* building; how was he to see anything there but an aspect of New York or Chicago in miniature?

In his decade between 1904 and 1914 something had put hurry into Southern legs. Men of the newer generation no longer dined at midday; they lunched and talked business over their food. Mr. Tardeau, who used to run a reliable if jumbled little prescription pharmacy, was now with his son proprietor of three yellow drug-stores—they sold alarm-clocks, theater tickets, and phonograph records—no prescriptions.

Grand Avenue was dramatic like a fair. A giant negro paced the sidewalk in a plum-colored uniform goldenly lettered "Dr. Grimm, the Painless Dentist." And on an edge of the shopping section a bargain candy-store with a vermilion front showed a silver-plated taffy-puller in action below the sign "Candy Holtz."

The elders of Satsuma, playing bridge behind closed shutters, grumbled to their hearts' content and attributed the change to a Yankee invasion. Their younger men were away in offices and automobiles, feverishly adjusting their lives to the changed condition which they knew—or the more intelligent of them knew—was not merely a Yankee invasion but an aspect of the industrial wave which was sweeping the country. Boom was in the air. Men boasted of their speedy motor-cars, women of the cocktails they could hold without showing it.

Altho San Pilar was too fine a gentleman to speak disparagingly of the things that were his host's, it is conceivable that his sparse blond eyebrows might have lifted a hairbreadth at sight of the Peake mansion which Americans in Paris had described as the finest in its town. Stately and proud it stood upon its well-kept lawn, the dingy coloring of its stonework giving it a patina of age. So far so good, according to the European standard. But what of the intrusive sign "St. Agnes Home" under the cornice of a balconied mansion across the street? Or of a larger house, two doors beyond, being scientifically wrecked by an army of sweating negroes? Or of an ugly square-topped sky-scraper cutting off the light to the south? Or of the sprawling jerry-built structure where sign-painters were outlining the word "Garage"?

If all these things were confusing to San Pilar's conventional mind, once inside the old Peake house he was at ease The height of the rooms, the polished wood and glass gave him assurances of a princely opulence which he associated with America. The flagrant black walnut, the funereal mantels, the majolica umbrella-stands offended his taste—but what would you have in a land of amusing savages? This Flora Lee was adorable in her home, where she ruled an innumerable retinue of blacks—a snow queen among attendant gnomes.

The coming of San Pilar provoked much argument. Among those pleasantly affected by the news the second Mrs. Garnett Peake stood at the fore. Garnett had married her in 1906, when he found her, a pretty divorcée, somewhere on the edge of Satsuma. Slightly inferior, according to the Peake standards, she had never taken complete command of the big house in Inness Street. By 1914 she had grown fat, and Garnett's constant nagging had reduced her to a jelly-like state of pacifism: She was all aflutter at the thought of entertaining a Marquis, and she had the temerity to suggest—in the presence of Garnett and the withering Judge—that Flora Lee's alliance with a noble house would, in a way, have its social advantages.

"There are five of us already in the *Almanach de Gotha*," quoth Garnett, standing stiffly before a cold fireplace in his father's library.

"Six," creaked the Judge, looking sourly up from his chessmen. "Six. That is, if you count Cousin Laura, who married that Italian scoundrel and starved to death at Nice."

Which closed the argument as to Flora Lee's designs on a coronet. The old gentleman had been showing signs of irritability since the Taft inauguration, and of late he had wreaked his ill temper upon the modern young lady. No purist himself, he was unable to see her smoke or hear her swear without shaking his wattles like an ancient turkey gobbler. And cocktails! More than once he had seen his own grandchild standing in an open drawing-room, a cigaret in one hand, a glass in the other. Her voice was becoming harsh.

These motor-cars were playing the very devil with young women. And the way they danced! Such dances and such music as he would not have permitted out in the negro quarter. With Margaret now it was different, tho he wasn't sure he liked her way any better. Flora Lee had been engaged a dozen times and been all the livelier for it. But that Carter boy; he'd been hanging around Margaret now for seven or eight years. Who were the Carters, pray, to expect the Peakes to wait on them? It was affecting Margaret's health. He'd have to speak to her about young Carter.

SO HE mused over his white and red chessmen, setting them out fussily with his shaking hands. The room had grown unpleasantly quiet. What were people scheming against him now? He glared around to see his daughter-in-law—the new one with the insipid laugh—reading quietly by the lamp. Standing stiff and dull under the spirited portrait of General Horatio Peake on his coal-black charger, Garnett looked bored as he always did on the evenings he stayed at home. Rather a small Peake, thought the Judge in a rare moment of disloyalty to the institution. Then sharply, gallantly:

"Well, Garny! Are we playing to-night?"

The Peakes were prompt with their hospitality. The exalted Spaniard was given the state chamber which, during her lifetime, had belonged to Grandmother Peake. Zeno Washington, a nimble young mulatto with the worldliness of a Pullman porter, appeared to "wait on" the affable young Marquis. It was a splendid occasion for Zeno, who was all but overcome by the variety of masculine garments which he unpacked and hung in Grandmother Peake's enormous closet. Opening bag after bag, he hoped breathlessly to come upon a golden crown or a scepter or a velvet robe with ermine edges. The absence of these identifying articles dampened Zeno's ardor for a time. But the Marquis had a way with him that banished all misgiving.

Seated in front of a gigantic mirror, San Pilar surrendered his patrician chin to the blandishments of Zeno's razor. A blond Castilian was the Marquis, with a saber slash across his cheek and a thin, rather arrogant nose. He was small and military; to the superficial observer he would have passed for a German. Indeed, he had gained his scar in a Heidelberg dueling corps—the *Union-Democrat* had published the latter information exclusively. The newspaper reporters had told many things about the little man; but it was for Zeno, the valet, to learn his graciousness and his charm.

SAN PILAR'S conversation proved upon analysis to be little more than a series of pleasant and naive questionings. He wanted to know if the negroes lived in tribes that some of them should be so much lighter and handsomer than others. He wanted to know if ice-cream soda—he pronounced it "eyes-crimusda"—could be obtained in the best houses of the town. Then, casually, he asked about the Peakes. Did the name imply nobility in a great commonwealth like America?

The last question offered a golden opportunity to Zeno's descriptive powers. He gave an impression of vast real-estate holdings, such as the Duke of Westminster enjoys in the heart of London. Jedge Peake, sah? Zeno reckoned he owned everything from the K. & G. depot down to the river, throwing in the railroad, the slaughter-house, and the Newberry Lumber Yards. The Peakes had been quality ever since Columbus discovered America, and Jedge Peake could be king, Zeno reckoned, if he wasn't too old to take the nomination. Everybody took off his hat to the Peakes, including the Mayor. Yes, sah, Mist' Marquis, ain't that the truth?

Another thing the Marquis wanted to know. America was so gigantic, he prefaced almost apologetically, that it was impossible for a foreigner to understand some things. But this splendid house—in Europe it would be standing among other palaces. But in America it seemed not so. This mansion, for instance, stood in the midst of charitable institutions, what you call sky-scrapers and various shopping enterprises. Why should that be?

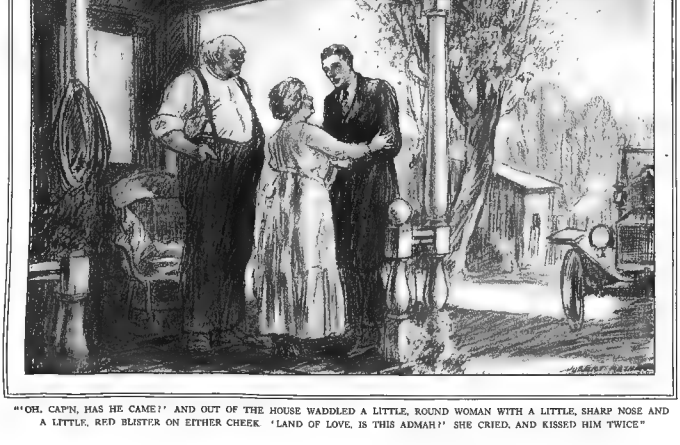
And here again, as he applied a hot towel to San Pilar's chin, was Zeno's chance. Jedge Peake was a proud ge'l'man. Yes, sah. Proudest ge'l'man in America. He wasn't goin' to let the Republican party and Yankee white trash shove him off Inness Street. No, sah, Mist' Marquis. Only las' week 'long come a Yankee an' offuh six million dollahs fo' the very lot on which this house is standin' now, sah. But the Jedge he ain't the sellin' kind This house has been standin' here most five hund'ud years, and the Jedge 'spect to die here and have his funeral down Inness Street; respectable like all the Peakes done befo'.

All of this was comprehensible to San Pilar, who appreciated conservatism and pride of race. While Zeno eased him into his dress coat he gazed curiously up at the oval portrait of Grandmother Peake. It hung just above the walnut carving of corn and grapes which centered the bed's headpiece.

"She was a queen," murmured the Marquis, saluting one of his kind.

"Yes, sah," agreed Zeno, a matter of course.

He was a modern negro, school-trained and inclined, among his friends, to boast of his political and social rights. But instinctively he held the Peakes in reverential awe. They were to him a standard of greatness; all the mythical estates which he had just described, dwelt in his imagination, an ideal of what the Peakes should be. His pride in them was nothing less than his pride in himself. He had boasted magnificently for



"'OH, CAP'N, HAS HE CAME?' AND OUT OF THE HOUSE WADDLED A LITTLE, ROUND WOMAN WITH A LITTLE, SHARP NOSE AND A LITTLE, RED BLISTER ON EITHER CHEEK 'LAND OF LOVE, IS THIS ADMAH?' SHE CRIED, AND KISSED HIM TWICE"

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fear that this arrogant stranger, coming to his home town, should dare to look down on *Zeno's* pantheon.

And for the same reason there were several things he did not mention. He failed to explain that he, Zeno, had been hired to come in, just as half the other servants had been hired to come in, during San Pilar's stay. He failed to mention that the servants were gossiping of unpaid butchers' bills while the ovens were choked with festival meats. Or that Mr. Garnett had been heard quarreling with his second wife because she refused him more money from her own estate. Nor did he give the true reason why the fine old mansion stood isolate among shops, boarding-houses, and public institutions. He had lied like a gentleman.

Meanwhile the Marques Carlos Domingo de San Pilar descended to the first dinner dance of his season in that generous Southern city. Laughing voices coming from the wide drawing-room below apprized him that guests had arrived and that he was as usual a little late.

"Bunny, you little old slow poke!"

A beautiful comet rushed at him just as he rounded the newel-post. Bunny! She always had names for things, and she would call him that, the little savage!

"Adorable!" he whispered; but Flora Lee drew back her sweetly modeled head; hazel eyes teased him, and a red mouth with a little crease in its lower lip invited him, yet warned him away. Between Carlos and Flora Lee kissing was over for the time. He hadn't asked her father, as a suitor should, and she had passed the point of trifling.

"Ah, but it has been such a long time—" he was persevering when she hooked her naked arm in his and led him forward.

"Foolish one, you've got more time than brains. Now come in and show your pretty tricks. All the world's waiting for you——"

"I was waiting for you, Flora Lee!"

"*Flatteur!*" she whispered, and squeezed his arm by way of atonement.

A wave of emotion seemed to sweep him forward, quite at the mercy of this North-American girl who enjoyed a freedom, permitted intimacies unheard of among unmarried ladies of his world. In their early philanderings back in Paris he had remained sane enough to consider her estates in the New World. To-night he was beyond such calculations. He was recklessly in love for the first time, perhaps, in seven years.

The Peakes had never been more lavish in their decorations. Under garlands of red roses, hanging from chandeliers to cornices, dozens of pretty girls stood in the tight sheath-gowns of that Winter's fashion. Eyes shining, lips busy with affable nonsense, they held the attention of young cavaliers much as their grandmothers had done in the days when the Peake drawing-room had been Georgian in its style and grace of manner. To Judge Peake these young people were of a rough and rowdy breed; but his presence lent a certain stateliness as he went among them to-night, a distinguished, withered old fellow who had offered hospitality in this house for nearly fifty years. To the Marquis of San Pilar he gave his fine, wrinkled hand with a "Glad to see you here, sir," and the two of them exchanged a look of understanding. Whatever their difference in breeding, they were men of the same caste.

"Oh, Roland! Rol!" Flora Lee was signaling to a tallish young man. "He's the big brother," she whispered to San Pilar. "He's only been married six months, and it's turned him into a regular murdering bore. Rol, come here."

The murdering bore shook hands with the imported Marquis. San Pilar appraised him rapidly. He wore the same mark of race that they all had, but it had diminished into little more than a family resemblance. A stranger, the Spaniard had noticed this peculiarity. Grandfather, son, grandson—Peakes on a diminishing scale. Was it true, he asked himself, that these North-Americans lacked vigor of blood to maintain their families through many generations?

Another round of cocktails and Bunny—Flora Lee insisted on that name—was making boon companions of them all. A man of the world, quick on his feet, he could adjust himself instantly to the Faubourg St. Germain or the Bal Tabarin. The chatter and coquetry of the younger fry amused him. Flora Lee, her deathless animation inspired and shimmering, had gathered her usual group of young men. The Judge and Garnett and the second Mrs. Peake had joined a circle of the elders under the central chandelier, and the old gentleman was grimly hiding his disapproval of his youngest grandchild smoking a cigaret and calling to Harris for another cocktail.

"Where's Margaret?" he asked of his daughter-in-law.

"Oh—she's late—I'm sure I don't know."

"Remarkable!" muttered the old gentleman. Margaret was seldom late. If it had been Flora Lee, now——

"SHE RECEIVED HIS COMPLIMENTS WITH A SMALL, SECRETIVE SMILE. HE JUDGED HER TO BE SARCASTIC. SAN PILAR SHOULD HAVE KNOWN, FOR HE HAD STUDIED MANY WOMEN"

JUST then the Marquis of San Pilar raised his eyes to see another Flora Lee, grown a little taller, a little older, a little more serious, standing on the threshold of the wide door. She lacked some of the sparkle and the devilry of Flora Lee, just as her hair was less lustrous, her skin less transparent. But she had fine eyes. The Peakes' distinguished guest was presented to her, and she received his compliments with a small, secretive smile; her manner, altho excellent, was rather cold. He judged her to be sarcastic. San Pilar should have known, for he had studied many women. She lingered just an instant, then crossed the room to where her stepmother stood.

"Miss Nellie"—she began—she had never learned to call her "Mother" as Flora Lee did so glibly—"can't you change my place or let me stay out?"

"Margaret, *darling!*" This in a worried stage whisper.

"Jeff Carter can't come. He's just telephoned. Something about business in Baltimore."

"How horrid of him!" began Mrs. Peake, then more practically, "Hebe Savage has just telephoned too. That makes it even. Tell Harris, won't you, honey?"

Out in the dining-room Margaret retained her smile; she was even jolly with Harris, whom she regarded more as an old friend than an old servant. But it wouldn't do to give the negroes even a hint of what was brewing. She loved them and she knew their very human faults.

"Close ranks, Harris—two of us have dropped out," she commanded merrily. "And do let's hurry or the cocktails'll play out."

"Yas'm, Miss Mahgaret. And which cards, please, mussa move?"

"Oh, just shuffle mine over to Miss Hebe Savage's place. She isn't coming. And take off these two plates."

Not a word about Jeff Carter. Miss Margaret chose to sit beside Mr. Jimmy Wilder—if the move signified anything more than that, old Harris was not the one to betray it. For he was a gentleman too; he had Livingstone blood in his veins. So it was nicely arranged, the matter of plates. On the way back to the drawing-room Margaret encountered a servant with a few untouched cocktails on his tray. She took one and drank it hastily.

"James, your arm!" she cried, seeking out the *Evening Democrat's* famous city editor just as the guests were filing in to dinner.

"The Lord sent manna!" he murmured reverentially, patting one of her hands. "It was rumored or alleged that I had to sit next to Miss Hebe Savage, but——"

"I don't believe anything that comes out of the *Democrat* office any more, either morning or evening."

"We're yeller as a houn'-dawg, I'll cheerfully admit. But here's one piece of solemn truth we're goin' to print in a three-column spread on the front page to-morrow mawnin'."

"Something diabolical, I'll bet."

"You're in the wrong department, Miss Mahgaret. Somethin' heavenly. How Mr. James Wilder, Esquire, a microbe, was permitted an entire evenin' of unbroken bliss, sittin' on a golden cloud swappin' opinions with an angel——"

"Pull out my chair, microbe. Arfd, Jimmy, you're such a sweet fool. Give me some nuts and I'll love you to distraction."

"I wish you meant that."

There was no comedy in that last remark. It came from his throat, a still, hurt sound. She looked curiously around at his small, maimed face. It was usually convivial, and to-night Jimmy had been drinking too much. She was sorry for him; just for an instant she forgot to be sorry for herself. She had always liked Jimmy. He had brains and wit. He was a character. But the thought of his being in love with her came as something of a shock. He was so out of her zone.

"I wish I did, Jimmy," she heard herself saying, and she wanted to cry with a sudden pity for the poor things of earth, weak-winged creatures forever singed in vain fires.

The dinner was spread on a series of long tables, joined and extending into the large room beyond. It was a handsome dinner, quite up to the Peake standard. The banks of roses, the sparkling glassware, the handsome service did honor to the fine Spanish gentleman who sat next Mrs. Garnett, exerting a charm which concealed the fact that he thought her conversation infantile.

The Sycamore Club Set, the noisy youngsters of Satsuma, were a little quelled by the old-fashioned formality that Judge Peake always managed to lend to his occasions. As to the Judge, he was in an unusually genial

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mood; his Roman nose reddened markedly before sound Burgundy changed for dry champagne.

The dinner, indeed, was up to the Peake standard. But there was a difference which six persons perhaps might have noticed. Harris, the butler, was bound to know it. Jimmy Wilder observed it almost as soon as he had taken his place at table. Miss Sunshine Buckner, who seldom allowed ill news to slip by without a sniff from her queer little nose, got wind of it and made a note for the next meeting of the All Souls' Sewing Circle. Then there was Flora Lee.

Her languid gaze, always dreaming upon some project of her own, wandered across the table. Where were the gold-service plates? Certainly they should be out for a dinner like this. They were ceremonial dishes. But what had become of them? A sudden, disturbing thought caused her to bite her lip, then laugh more boisterously than ever into the ear of her most humorous ex-fiancé, the funny Len Hawley, who sat at her right.

But Margaret wasn't noticing small things that night. She took more champagne than she was used to and went on recklessly with Jimmy Wilder, never a close second in a contest of words. Through it all she was holding herself to one fixed purpose. Don't let them know. Be a sport. See it through. Don't let anybody know.

After dessert a strange orchestra appeared: four negroes with stringed instruments and a fifth who made queer hollow music by blowing into the mouth of a stone jug. This was the "jug band," and its members, when not in the workhouse, furnished music for such parties as preferred the new things to the smooth, old-fashioned waltz. While the ladies of a more dignified age retired to the blue room and the Judge led his intimates toward coffee in the library, the jug band's preliminary toot sent young couples twisting and capering through the astonished drawing-room.

"Come on, Mahgaret," invited Jimmy Wilder, extending an arm to receive her.

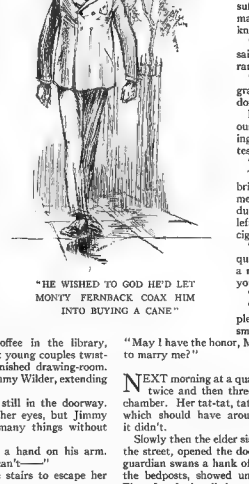
But Margaret Peake stood very still in the doorway. She tried to keep the pain out of her eyes, but Jimmy must have known. He knew so many things without being told.

"Jimmy, dear," she said, laying a hand on his arm. "You'll forgive me, won't you? I can't——"

And she was gone, flying up the stairs to escape her shameful tears.

While the Sycamore Club Set danced like negroes in the drawing-room, two fine gentlemen of two worlds sat in the library playing the game of chess. Judge Peake's silvery head and San Pilar's were close together across a handsomely enameled chess-table.

In a far corner Dr. Furniss and Dr. Wiggin, equally mellowed with wine, were holding their semiannual quarrel. Both of them had fattened enormously in the last five years, as they sat together like a pair of casks. Garnett Peake had, as usual, arranged his game of bridge. And in spite of the African hullabaloo in the drawing-room and the clatter of gossiping matrons in the blue room beyond, chessmen and cards were maneuvered for advantage.



"HE WISHED TO GOD HE'D LET MONTY FERNBACK COAX HIM INTO BUYING A CANE"

SAN PILAR, who preferred cheas to cards, just as he preferred archeology to horse-racing, delighted in the old gentleman's handling of his pieces. A fine work of art, this Peake, silent and dignified and courteous. Somehow he reminded the Marquis of his father, that distinguished skeleton who had ordered Carlos Domingo out of the house because he had refused a second duel at Cannes. Somewhat more skilful at chess than his opponent, the Marquis played carelessly, his inner mind busy with ideas and impressions. There was a golden glory about this Flora Lee. She wouldn't kiss him any more. He rather thought he knew the reason why.

"Your play, sir," suggested the Judge, looking up from the board.

"Your pardon, sir," smiled the Marquis, moving a castle three squares back. Then with the resigned shrug of a good sportsman, "It was well played. I should have met your gambit with the king's bishop."

"I have no doubt, sir," replied the Judge, "that you might have had me there."

He was reaching an unsteady hand for his prize when his intention was diverted by the Spaniard's words, low and distinct:

"I ask your pardon, Monsieur. But your granddaughter——"

Judge Peake raised his eyes, filmed with age and red-rimmed; they were old eyes instinct with intelligence. "Flora Lee, you mean?"

"Flora Lee, yes. I do not know what is the custom in America. You will pardon my ignorance. I wish to ask the honor of marriage with her."

Judge Peake sat back and contemplated his antagonist.

"You mean you're in love with her?"

"Very much, Monsieur."

"She's not mine to give, sir. It's her father's affair. But I'm very fond of the child."

"She is adorable." He said this with genuine feeling. "But in my country there are certain customs—perhaps here; I do not know. The lady's personal fortune, her *dot*——"

"It has never been the custom here or anywhere else"—the old gentleman was magnificent at that moment—"to inquire into the personal fortunes of my family. She is a Peake, and that should be sufficient."

"I appreciate your sentiments," said the Marquis, outwardly quite undisturbed. He had passed the point of cool calculation. Whatever her dowry—much or nothing—he would marry her and take her back to Paris. His own fortune was sufficient. Upon that thought he made a reckless move, taking a red knight with his castle.

"I have you checkmated, sir," said the Judge, pushing a bishop in range with the white king.

"Nicely played, Monsieur. I congratulate you. And if you will pardon me——"

He arose and bowed ceremoniously while the Judge came creakingly to his feet, returning the courtesy.

"I thank you, sir, for the game."

The Marquis strolled across to the bridge-table and awaited the moment when Garnett Peake, being dummy, spread out his cards and left the table in search of a fresh cigar.

"Mr. Peake," began the Marquis, joining him, "it will take just a moment, so I shall not interrupt your game."

"Won't you have a cigar, sir?"

"No, thank you—a cigaret, if you please." He drew a long breath of smoke before the formal question, "May I have the honor, Monsieur, of asking your daughter to marry me?"

NEXT morning at a quarter of eleven Margaret knocked twice and then three times on the door of the oval chamber. Her tat-tat, tat-ta-tat was a preconcerted signal which should have aroused the sleeping beauty. But it didn't.

Slowly then the elder sister, who was already dressed for the street, opened the door and peered in. Between four guardian swans a hank of hair, as golden as the wings on the bedposts, showed under an indefinite pile of linen. Flora Lee had pulled a pillow over her head to shut out the hubbub of workaday Inness Street. Left to herself, she might have slept all day. But strangely enough, the presence in the doorway intruded into her somnolent state, for suddenly Flora Lee threw the pillow aside and sat up, rubbing her eyes and blinking like a surprized baby. Then, seeing her sister, she moaned once and cuddled back on her pillows.

"It's nearly eleven o'clock," said Margaret.

"Is it?" droned Flora Lee, her heavy eyes opening in mild interest.

"Lunch is at one at the Sycamore Club," persisted Margaret. "You've got to pick up the Haights and the Newberrys and you ought to give yourself three-quarters of an hour——"

"Schedule fiend!" drawled the little sister. "Why didn't Linda knock before?"

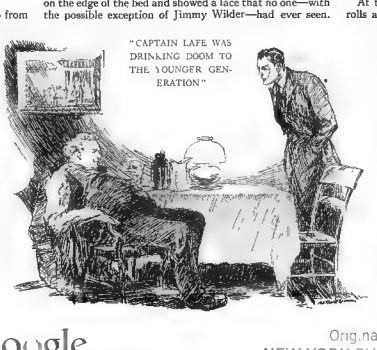
"She did. And you've got to go round to the Country Club to pick up the Marquis——"

"Oh, gracious—the Marquis! Mahgaret, darlin', you go get him, won't you?"

"He's your beau, not mine," she laughed. There was acrimony in that laugh, something so unlike the old obliging Margaret that Flora Lee must have noticed it, for she sat bolt upright, wide awake this time.

"Peg," she said, "what's eatin' you nowadays?"

"Yes—what is?" asked Margaret softly. She sat supinely on the edge of the bed and showed a face that no one—with the possible exception of Jimmy Wilder—had ever seen.



"CAPTAIN LAFE WAS DRINKING DOOM TO THE YOUNGER GENERATION"

"You must have found an awful sudden beau last night," drawled Flora Lee. "Who was he and where was the cozy corner? Nobody saw hide or hair of you after ten o'clock."

"I went to my room," said Margaret, and her lips tightened.

"To your *room?*"

"Flora Lee—" There were no tears in her eyes, but they were wide and hurt as she blurted passionately, "I couldn't be with all those people. I couldn't bear the sight of them. If I'd listened to another word——"

"Peg!" Flora Lee brushed a curl from eyes that showed affection and amusement. "You big goosey-gander! You weren't mooning because Jeff Carter didn't come?"

"He rang me up and declined at the very last minute."

"What of it? You wouldn't send him to jail for that?"

"He's been like that about everything lately. I never want to hear the telephone ring any more. One thing or the other. Always something to take him away at the last minute. It's not only with me. He's been refusing to go anywhere. Just the same way—at the last minute."

BECAUSE there had always been a reserve between them Flora Lee did not ask a very natural question: "Who is the other girl?" Instead she spatted her sister roughly on the shoulder.

"Brace up, foolish! I got over that sort of trash when I was twelve years old."

"I'll never get over it," said Margaret, and it must have been a blow to family pride to have a Peake bowed so low. "We've been engaged over nine years. When we were just children he asked me—right in front of our house there—" The memory came with a gush of tears, and the girl whom the town called cold sat with covered eyes, crying out her misery.

"Fudge!" cried Flora Lee a little shrilly, altho she had come to her knees and had taken poor Margaret's head in her arms. "What's a man or two—or three or four? I've kicked better ones than Jeff Carter out overnight and been engaged again before breakfast. Here are the cuffs of 'em, darlin'. And there's not one of 'em worth crying over. That's been your trouble, Peg. You've stuck to one so long all the rest have faded away. Every girl ought to have two or three at least to fall back on. Come on, Peg! I know six perfectly good beaus I can get you before Friday night."

But if Margaret heard she did not answer. Drying her eyes bravely, she gazed drearily around the lovely, frivolous room, which was cluttered with stockings, underwear, hairpins, novels, just as it had been when her mother occupied it. "It's the humiliation," she whispered at last.

"Of being *jilted?*" On the last word Flora Lee's voice broke into a harsh laugh. "Don't you think I've ever been jilted? Twice, at least. It's a game, Peg, and you've got to be a good loser. Laugh it off. That's all it is—a joke. Jeff'll come around again, crawlin'. But listen to me, honey. Don't you give him the time of day. Have your card so full he can't have even the eleventh extra. I never did like that Carter boy. His ears stick out. What time is it now, hon?"

From her angle Margaret could see the big clock in the hall, whose hands she read aloud, "Six minutes of eleven."

"Oh, gracious!" exclaimed Flora Lee, beginning to braid her bright hair as a preliminary to her bath. "I *have* got to rush or Bunny'll get so mad he'll forget he's asked me to be a Marquesa."

"Has he really—" Margaret was surprized out of her obsession.

"Officially. So darned officially that he almost wore out the English dictionary findin' stylish words. Poor Bunny! First he asked grandad. You know how grandad acts when you ask him *anything*. The chief o' the Peakes passed the buck to daddy—and you know how daddy likes to agree with everybody. So I'm ticketed for a weddin' after Bunny goes home and busts the news to the King of Spain."

"I'm so glad!" said Margaret, and gave her sister the appropriate kiss. She was glad for Flora Lee and glad for her father; for the younger daughter had worried the house of Peake.

"Well, Bunny's a high-toned personage back home," drawled Flora Peake. "And he's promised to take me to court—the King's his thirty-second cousin. And think of having a house in Paris and another in Madrid and another at Cannes! How *could* I help being happy, Peg?"

"I know you will be," said Margaret, but there was no warmth in her tone.

At that instant old Linda came in with coffee and hot rolls and little sausages on a tray. Under her arm she carried the morning papers, which she dropped in her effort to adjust the breakfast on a cluttered gilt table.

"Is congratulatin' in ohdah, Miss Flo Lee?" she asked, breathless with the big news.

"I reckon so," said the fiancée, and kissed old Linda on both her cheeks. It was a ceremonial kiss, such as the Romanofs tendered their serfs upon occasions.

"Well," said Margaret at the door—and outwardly she had become as self-possessed as was her habit—"I'll see you at the Sycamore Club. And *for* Heaven's sake be on time!"

"Buck up," chimed her sister from her golden barge. To this Margaret made no reply. But the look she threw over her shoulder was quick, brave, and terribly wounded.

As the door closed Flora Lee unfolded the morning papers, idly planning to look at the society page and see who was in town. The *Union-Democrat* stared at her with conservative columns of news about strikes and party platforms and local politics. The *Union-Democrat* was a gentleman, but a very dull one. The

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Star-Eagle was more sprightly. It was a noisy mucker, enterprising and vulgar, but there was a boisterous air about its illustrated sheets that attracted Flora Lee. She paused at the front page, gazed swiftly across its charming accounts of horrors and scandals, then laid it down with an abruptness that almost upset her coffee. Puckering her fine little face to a look that was as serious as it could assume, she picked the paper up again and read:

JEFFERSON STURGIS CARTER, JR., ELOPES

Romance of Society Man and Music Hall Singer Ends in Night Marriage

BEAUTIFUL WISTERIA GARDENS GIRL BECOMES BRIDE OF OLD FAMILY SCION

Edgewater J. P. Ties Knot

Flora Lee skimmed a vivid paragraph, mentioning Young Lochinvar, Cupid and Psyche, Henry VIII., and other figures of the impetuous ages. Jefferson Sturgis Carter, Jr., and a pretty girl in a big hat occupied center page.

"Mahgaret! Mahgaret! Oh, Peg!" Flora Lee leaped out of bed and called down the stairway. But the front door had already slammed. She ran to the window and raised the sash—a breach of custom in the Peake household. Leaning out, she saw Margaret as she opened the gate. "Peg!" she called. "Come back, honey!"

Her sister looked up, smiled, and turned back.

While Margaret waited indifferently for Harris to open the door Flora Lee waited anxiously up-stairs. This wouldn't be easy. But she couldn't let any one else do it. Poor Peg!

AT NOON that day Admah Holtz sat in the Hamilton Grill and spread out a copy of the *Star-Eagle* which he had bought at the cigar-counter. Lunch at the Hamilton was an innovation for Candy Holtz and a part of his expanding program. Jo, who still stuck to the New York Dairy Kitchen, preached against this new extravagance. Marriage, three children, and an easy-payment house in the Maxwell Addition had brought out all of Jo's cheeseparing tendencies. He had graven the motto "Look Out" on his rather pallid shield. But for Admah contacts and appearances were valuable. Candy Holtz was in town, his sign was up, and the town should know it. His ready-made clothing, of the style then passing out of vogue, expressed the will to power. Every morning his knobby buttoned shoes were shined at Bob's before they directed their owner toward The Empire Parlor, where the chin and neck of Holtz were shaved punctiliously.

So at the Hamilton Grill that noon, having ordered lamb stew Parisienne, braized sweet potatoes, and a seidel of dark beer, Admah opened the *Star-Eagle* and pretended to read. Actually he was listening for scraps of conversation falling from the lips of two important merchants at the next table. Candy Holtz. He distinctly heard his name. Turning his quick gray eyes, always a little wistful under their shaggy brows, he spied out the two middle-aged successful men who had spoken his name in public. Mr. Gratz, the clothier, and Mr. Cummins, who owned the second largest jewelry-store on Grand Avenue. But if Candy Holtz was their topic they were not taking him any too seriously. Satirical smiles sat on those two hard mouths. Oh, well, thought Admah with all the sarcastic philosophy his business ventures had taught him, one knock's worth two boosts. And he was letting the world know that Candy Holtz was on the map.

After that he resumed his *Star-Eagle*, in earnest this time. Absent-mindedly at first he gazed on the two pictures at center page; then came a shock. Mabel Stek and Jefferson Sturgis Carter, Jr. Mabel Stek! The picture, which might have been taken some years before, was recognizable, tho the artist had touched up her lips until they seemed to be bursting like overripe fruit. The account of the elopement occupied the right-hand column, double-leaded, as tho the escapade were of international importance. Miss Stek was variously described as charming, seductive, beautiful, talented. Mr. Carter was a "scion"—whatever that might have been—of one of the State's oldest and most aristocratic families; a family second in importance only to the Peakes, with whom young Carter, so it was understood, had been slated to form an alliance.

But Jeff had a mind of his own, declared the free-born *Star-Eagle*, and as soon as he saw the talented Miss Stek leading her pony ballet at the Wisteria Gardens he threw his family pride to the winds and swore that he would wed none other. The *Star-Eagle* mentioned young Carter's democracy in much the tone one would use in referring to the same lovable quality in the Prince of Wales. Jefferson S. Carter, Sr., had refused to be interviewed. Which was as much as to say that J. S. Carter, Sr., was sadly lacking in democracy, and it served him jolly well right to have his only son elope with the queen of the Wisteria Gardens.

If the two settled gentlemen at the next table had laughed at Candy Holtz it was now Candy Holtz's turn to laugh at the world's moralities. There was no spite in his chuckle, for he had retained his fondness for the Dutch Hill girl who had first worked magic in his heart. Strangely enough she had given him an impulse for the little culture he had picked up, much as a tramp picks cast-off roses from the sidewalk. But the sarcasm of it! Mabel Stek "gone wrong" according to the vernacular, an object of popular derision—not for a hundred years could Admah forget those beastly night-sounds through the thin partition when Pa Stek had cast her out with a vile word—that far the tale was scarlet with its moral. Be good. Stay home. Cultivate domestic virtues.

But what of Mabel's story carried on into another chapter? Leader of the Wisteria's famous pony ballet, Mabel had shaken a "scion" out of his settled snobbery. A kick of the leg, a turn of the eye, and the plum had fallen into her lap. She had taken a beau away from one of the beautiful Peake sisters—the *Star-Eagle* implied plainly enough. The ancient barriers of caste were broken and Unvirtue had triumphed.

Such thoughts revolving in his active brain, Admah finished his lamb stew and his coffee and his cut of pie. Then, because it was his habit to examine the baseball scores, both local and national, he opened the paper again, and again his eye was distracted by a picture. The picture of a girl holding a bouquet of roses against a lacy gown which she had worn as bridesmaid at somebody's wedding. Certainly she was very beautiful, even in the reproduction; her oval, impertinent, arrogant little face sent forth a challenge from the printed page. "Miss Flora Lee Peake," said the boxed-in text below, "daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Garnett Peake. It is rumored that her engagement to the Marquis of San Pilar will be announced to-day at a Sycamore Club luncheon."

This last illustrated item acted as a check upon the cynic philosophy which the news of Mabel Stek had inspired. If the old caste barriers were breaking down, as young Carter's runaway match would lead the reader to suspect, what of this foreigner with numerous handles to his name who had come all the way from Spain to give his titles to the pick of local society? Elmer Hemingway—who had sold out his interest in the candy business two years before and started for the Philippines to invest in a gold-mine—would have dismissed the Marquis with a volley of home-made socialism. Admah had heard San Pilar discussed pro and con around the pool-tables of the Live Wires Club; several of the members had been sergeants and gunners' mates during the Spanish war, and these were prompt to classify the distinguished visitor as a Spiggoty. Spiggoties weren't fit to associate with white girls, they explained between rounds of Kelly pool. Spiggoties spent all their time playing the ponies and beating their wives. Just look at the Spiggoties at Manila.

Admah paid his lunch-check and went out for his hat, enjoying an elation in the region of his own local pride. He was glad that Mabel had done so well and shown the world a few tricks it didn't know. And he was glad that the European nobility had recognized the Peakes. Gosh, he thought, that little queen holding the bunch of roses must be the very baby I saw christened the day I stood by the church with the candy-basket!

As he went around the corner to take his car from its parking-place he was under the spell of a dream, unusual to the man of action that Admah had become.

He had been away from the store all morning, pursuing an enterprise of his own in the young, flourishing town which had sprung up across the river after the new K. & G. bridge was built. The sight of his new store always affected Admah headily. On a good corner—the Grand Avenue shopping district was growing rapidly around it—the front glowed with the vermilion paint which he had had mixed three times to suit his eye—plenty of yellow in the red, so that folks would stop and stare at the big gold sign "Candy Holtz." To Admah that sight gave the esthetic pleasure which an artist feels when at last he finds his *métier*.

That day, as he stepped from his car and stood regarding the effect, his venturesome corner looked good to Admah Holtz. His nickel-plated electric candy-puller in the window was patiently, faithfully turning its skein of strawberry-colored taffy. A novelty in town, he had imported that candy-puller after seeing its double on the boardwalk at Atlantic City. Jo had warned him of the expense. Jo, of course, would. But the device was already paying its own rent. More than that, it was flashing a message to the passer-by, telling the world about Holtz.

Admah found Jo behind the counter weighing out taffy, which he cracked with a little silver hammer. There were three customers waiting and Jo looked peevish. Admah hurried to satisfy one with a half pound of peppermints and another with a box of Home Sweet Chocolates, which he bought in job lots from a local factory and repacked under his own label. Other customers came in and Admah attended them; without apparent effort he worked twice as fast as Jo, who prided himself on his thoroughness.

Presently there fell a lull in trade. While Jo worked fussily to satisfy an old lady who came in to find an extinct variety of lemon-drop, Charley Finch, their thin-wristed clerk, returned from lunch. Out back Admah cast a protorial eye over his force; three colored girls stood at marble-topped work-tables dropping peppermints out of little machines especially made for the work. Ma Holtz's iron spoon and pan had been relegated to the past. The marble-topped tables were standardized articles, manufactured by a confectioners' supply company in Detroit. What then had become of the gravestone upon which ma had dripped a million pep'mints? Admah knew, and Jo, of course, had found out. Protesting that it was silly hadn't weakened Admah's determination to cut on the slab her name and "Walk in the Light"; with it he marked a mound beside Pa Holtz's in a cluttered churchyard across the river. Sentimentality, you'll say. Yes, but the gilded stones that show a Pharaoh's tomb are sentimental too.

After he had made a round of the new store, exulting in the neatness and the smartness of it all, Admah came back to the counter and found Jo resting behind a copy of the *Star-Eagle*. Pale, thin, and straw-colored, Jo had already lost some of his front hair and wore a tamed, uxorious look. "Well," he drawled from behind his paper, "I see your best girl's bobbed up again."

"Forget it," Admah invited, then briskly announced, "I've looked over that Scudderville corner and guess I'll take it."

"Better look out," said Jo. Then he threw aside his paper, wrinkled his queer little forehead, and barked, "See here, Ad, when's this goin' to stop?"

"When's what goin' to stop?"

"Well, we've got this store and we're out fifteen hundred for improvements. And you're still hangin' onto them two old lunch-wagons out by the track."

"Hi, Charley!" whispered Admah to his clerk—a customer had come in. "Well," he explained to Jo, "the lunch-wagons are paid for, ain't they? And we'll have that fifteen hundred off our chests by the tenth—money in the bank, too."

"Well, we ought to let well enough alone. What's the ideer about Scudderville?"

"Start another store like this one—red front, taffy-puller in the window. Candy Holtz's sign over the door. That's the chain system we're goin' to work on—maybe all the way up river to Cincinnata."

"Better look out," moaned Jo.

"I am," replied Admah heedlessly. "But this store here is only a starter. It just shows what can be done."

"You're a single man. You can afford to gamble and blow up. I can't."

Jo owned an interest in the Candy Holtz enterprise and his opinion was to be considered. But he had cried it down so often that Admah matched his formula with another.

"Say," he said as if inspired, "d'you want to sell out your share and go on salary?"

"You know durn well that I don't," snapped Jo. "But you better look out. If you git too big for your britches you'll bust, that's all. Mark my word. And how can we make pep'mints fast enough to supply any more stores?"

ADMAH lowered his voice, for another customer had come in and was standing by the taffy-counter a few yards away.

"I'm talkin' up a contract with the Pell Steam Candy Works. They can turn out all we can use—on our order, see?"

"But we've been advertisin' home-made——"

"Sure. We'll keep the taffy-puller in the window and two or three girls out back, makin' pep'mints. Later on, maybe, I'll put the girls in the window. But the bulk of our goods can come from the Steam Works."

"The kind ma used to make?"

"Sure. 'Cept they'll look a little neater. And the Steam Works people gotta make 'em from ma's receet—exclusively for us."

"Look out," said Jo.

"I will," said Admah. "Anybody ring up?"

"There *was* somebody—let me see—" Jo considered a moment—"oh, yes! Henry Burgess called up about The Live Wires Club. He said there was goin' to be an important meetin' at four."

"Shucks!" said Admah. "I know what they're after. Been pesterin' me for a month. Hank Burgess wants to make me president."

"Well," drawled Jo, "I wouldn't run away from that if I was you."

"I can't afford it," Admah objected. "It's my reputation I'm thinkin' about."

"Reputation?" Jo's eyes grew wide.

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The Haunted House

By Faye N. Merriman

THIS is the house where love has dwelt,
The windows hollow now like empty eyes;
The climbing roses that were once your pride
Turn wan, forsaken faces to the skies.

The little marble seat where once we sat
Is like a tombstone overgrown with vines;
No whisper breaks the seal of silence set
Except the mournful murmur of the pines.

Of ruddy altar-fires there still remains
But smear of ashes on the hearthstone wide,
Gray as the secrets of this haunted house,
This haunted house where love has dwelt
and—died!

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The Flapping of Their Wings

The Self-Determination of the Uprising Generation Proves a Shocking Revelation to Theocritus Brown

By Marian Spitzer

Illustrations by Nancy Fay

"'HIS NAME IS THEOCRITUS,' GURGLED DOLLY. 'IT JUST FITS HIM. ISN'T IT PRICELESS? HE HASN'T ANY MORE DOPE ON HIMSELF THAN A BABE-IN-ARMS'"

THEOCRITUS PEABODY BROWN III. regarded himself in the mirror and sighed. Unquestionably something must be wrong with him. The reason was simple—simple to everybody but Theocritus. A shirt, for instance, upon the counter's brim, a piece of clothing was to him, and nothing more. Likewise a suit, or a hat, or a pair of shoes. Theocritus Peabody Brown III. was the salesmen's delight; they could sell him anything.

Theocritus was also the delight of some two hundred parents whose offspring were pursuing culture at the Van Houten School for Boys. When he was not listening to lackadaisical youths conjugating Latin verbs he was engaged in annotating and interpreting an ancient and musty tome called "Evidences of Horatian Influence in the Works of Christopher Marlowe." In these days of jazz and flippancy it was a shock and a joy to find a young man so passionately and single-mindedly devoted to the interests of education. As for the uprising generation he was as little aware of it as if he were living in the middle ages. This in spite of the fact that Theocritus Peabody Brown III. had but recently passed his twenty-fifth birthday.

If Theocritus had known the nature and habits of the uprising generation even one-tenth as well as he knew the nature and habits of the above-mentioned Latin verbs he would not have been in such a puzzled condition regarding his appearance.

One week ago if he had stumbled upon the notion that something was wrong with the way he looked he would not have cared. But a week ago he had gone to the home of one of his pupils, Hugh Rogers, to give that young gentleman some private instruction on the important subject of Cæsar's "Gallic Wars," and it was here that Theocritus had his first encounter with the uprising generation.

While waiting in the foyer for Hugh to appear Theocritus came face to face with the uprising generation in its quintessence. He felt immediately that this was something he had never seen before, and hoped fervently (for the first five minutes) never to see again. He saw a face with a curved red mouth and he heard a voice.

"How do, Socrates?" the voice said in a tone that was at once patronizing and curious. "You're waiting for Goopie, aren't you?"

Theocritus rose, flushed painfully, cleared his throat and said: "Good afternoon. I am waiting for Hugh Rogers, who was to take a Latin lesson this afternoon. I have already sent word to him that I am here. Please do not let me keep you."

"Oh," said the voice insolently, "you're not keeping me." And smiling, as tho at some private joke, the person in tweed riding-costume sat down on a low chair opposite and proceeded to study Theocritus in a patently amused manner. His embarrassment had almost driven him to the door when Hugh, his face showing remnants of a recent feast, appeared in the foyer.

"Afternoon, Mr. Brown," he said respectfully. "This my sister. Mr. Brown's from school; he's gonna coach me in Cæsar."

The tweed person arose, and curtsied as daintily in her rough tweed knickers as any *Janice Meredith* in billowing petticoats.

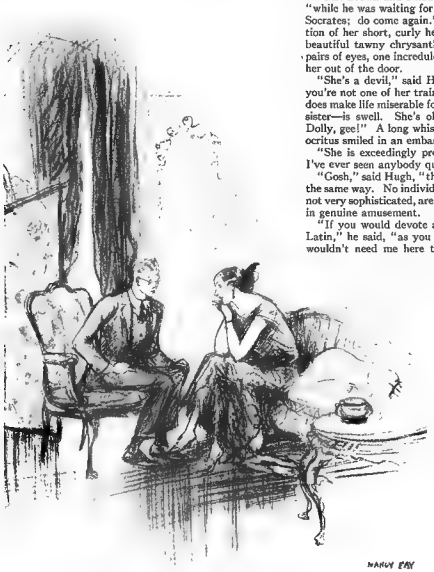
"Mr. Brown and I had quite a talk," she said sweetly, "while he was waiting for you. So glad to have met you, Socrates; do come again." And with a sweeping inclination of her short, curly head, which looked exactly like a beautiful tawny chrysanthemum, she disappeared. Two pairs of eyes, one incredulous, the other resigned, followed her out of the door.

"She's a devil," said Hugh; "you oughta be thankful you're not one of her trained seals, Mr. Brown. She sure does make life miserable for 'em. Nancy—that's my other sister—is swell. She's older and got some sense. But Dolly, gee!" A long whistle expressed his feelings. Theocritus smiled in an embarrassed way.

"She is exceedingly pretty," he said. "I don't think I've ever seen anybody quite like her before."

"Gosh," said Hugh, "that's funny! All her friends look the same way. No individuality at all. But I guess you're not very sophisticated, are you?" Theocritus smiled again, in genuine amusement.

"If you would devote as much time to acquiring your Latin," he said, "as you do to acquiring big words, you wouldn't need me here to-day." Whereupon they proceeded up the stairs to Hugh's room, and spent the rest of the afternoon with the ancients.



"'DO YOU REALIZE THAT YOU ARE ONE OF THE FUNNIEST-LOOKING MEN IN NEW YORK?' TEDDY GASPED"

It was a little before six when they concluded their struggle. Waiting for Hugh to get his hat and coat, Theocritus stood outside the library. Sounds of animated conversation and laughter came through the half-open door. Dolly was talking to a little blond girl called Jessica Jermyn, whose hair and figure and voice were very like her own. Theocritus thought of what Hugh had said, and smiled.

"His name is Theocritus," gurgled Dolly, her voice choked with laughter.

"Well," said Jessica, "what can you expect with a name like that?" Dolly nodded.

"Yes," she said, "it just fits him. Isn't it priceless? He hasn't any more dope on himself than a babe-in-arms." Theocritus, flushing deeply, looked about him helplessly; but Hugh was nowhere in sight.

"And his clothes! My *dear!* It's simply unbelievable. You'd think he'd just stepped off a train from Hicksville. I was outside while he was waiting for the kid, and I handed him the simplest sort of line. He just passed out completely. I didn't believe they came like that any more." Just then Hugh appeared with his things, and Theocritus, a puzzled and wounded expression on his face, fled.

That had been a week ago. Now it was time for Hugh's second lesson. A hundred times during the week he had been on the point of telling Hugh that he couldn't go on. But something always prevented him. That lovely, mocking face kept beckoning. He was afraid to go back, but he had to.

He looked into the mirror for the last time. Something must be wrong with him. If only he had some friend who understood these things! He wanted to change, to be more like the sort of men she knew. Dolly! She was a doll, a big, glorious, animated doll, with her curly hair and her painted mouth. She was a doll, and he wanted to play with her. He was amazed at his own thoughts. Why, he didn't know how to play. And he certainly had never experienced anything like this before.

SOON he discovered that Hugh's knowledge of Latin grammar was so negligible that he needed lessons twice a week. And somehow Dolly always seemed to be around, either just coming in or just going out. Invariably she stopped for a word or two of her curious banter. Theocritus didn't know what it was all about. He knew only, or rather sensed in a vague way, that she was ridiculing him, but altho it hurt he didn't care. She spoke to him, and that was enough. How he wished he were clever and smart-looking, like the gay youths he always saw in her train! But he was not. He could only look at her longingly.

Dolly was delighted. She'd always wanted to have an affair with a dub, she informed her sister one afternoon when Theocritus was coming, and he certainly seemed to be one.

"It's been such fun to watch him squirm," she said. "I'm going to invite him for dinner to-night. Stick around and you'll see a good show. The gang is coming over later."

Nancy Rogers smiled, a deliberate, thoughtful smile. She spoke deliberately, too, pausing perceptibly between her words.

"You probably don't realize it," she said, "but you are taking a big chance with this Brown person. His very ignorance of your system gives him an advantage. He doesn't know your rules, so he won't have to observe them. It ought to be good. The campaign starts to-night, does it? I'll be there. I can't help feeling sorry for him."

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Dinner found Nancy feeling even sorrier for Theocritus than she had anticipated. Having accepted Dolly's astonishing invitation with a tremulous mixture of delight and misgiving, he was sitting now in mute misery regarding her fervent interest in one Spike Browning, a smooth-haired, baggy-suited young man whose acquaintance with Latin grammar was slight, but who was on terms of intimacy with scandal-walkers and bootleggers. Nancy, sitting alongside of Theocritus, tried to divert him.

"Have you nearly finished your translation?" she asked. Theocritus looked at her gratefully.

"No," he said, "I haven't been able to work on it at all recently. I've been unable to keep my mind on anything. That has never happened before. I can't understand it."

Nancy smiled. What a blessed innocent he was, and what a shame to send him to the slaughter! She'd like to help him.

"I think I know why," she said in an undertone. "Has it been Dolly, do you suppose?" Theocritus turned a violent crimson, spilled some water from the glass in his hand, and proceeded to unburden his soul.

"Yes," he said, somewhat unsteadily. "I—I must confess that has been the reason. Oh, Miss Nancy. I don't know what's the matter with me. I can't sleep, I can't eat, I can't work. I'm getting so I almost hate Latin. It used to be everything in my life. I never needed any other interests. But from the first time I looked at your sister things have been different. I think she is the loveliest girl in the whole world. You can not imagine what it means to a hermit like me. I want her to like me! Isn't there any way I can make her care for me? Oh, I know it's foolish of me to talk this way to you, but I'm unhappy. And you seem so understanding and kind."

Theocritus had so abandoned himself to his confession that he did not notice how nervously he was chasing a piece of lettuce around his plate until he caught the amused eyes of Dolly and Spike Browning on him. He stopped and flushed again as Dolly spoke to him for the first time since the beginning of the meal.

"ARE you falling for Nancy's line, Socrates?" she asked gaily. "Beware of that demure stuff. It's slow poison. I can see it's fussing you already. War to the death, Nan," and she made the sign of vendetta across the table to her sister, who said nothing, and smiled her slow, contemplative smile.

"No," said Theocritus with a mighty effort at calmness, "Miss Rogers was just asking me about my work." And he turned anxiously back to Nancy, whose usually serene brown eyes were animated by a sudden determination.

"I have an idea," she said, again in a low voice, "that may help you, but we can't talk about it now. After dinner when the gang is here I'll tell you. Only you'll have to stand for some pretty stiff talk. Will you mind?" Theocritus was eager.

"Oh, no," he said. "I'd go through anything to have her look at me as she's looking at Browning now. Do you think you can teach me how to interest her?"

"Sure thing," said Nancy laconically. "You'll be up against some strong competition, tho. Still, you might have a chance, with the right guidance. It'll be a hard fight, but——"

"I'll try it," said Theocritus with determination, "if you'll help me. I must succeed; it means so much to me."

Later half a dozen duplicates of Dolly and another half dozen duplicates of Spike were dancing around the drawing-room to the newest jazz-tunes. Theocritus didn't see the yellow-haired girl for whose edification Dolly had described him, and he was glad. It was embarrassing enough as it was. Meanwhile Nancy unfolded her plan.

"I'll have to tell you what's wrong with you," she said, "before I can tell you how to make it right. Can you stand punishment?" Theocritus essayed a smile.

"Oh, yes," he said faintly.

"Well, in the first place," Nancy began briskly, "there must be something radically the matter with anybody who can go through school and college with the name Theocritus. Haven't you ever had a nickname?"

"Oh, no," he replied in scandalized tones; "my family would never permit it. My grandfather, the first Theocritus Peabody Brown, was one of the most illustrious men in Boston——"

"Bunk!" laughed Nancy. "What has that to do with you? From now on you will be known as Teddy. We'll drop the Peabody overboard with the Theocritus. Also the III. I know it's hard on the family pride, but it's all for the good of the cause. Are you game?" He was.

"ALL right, Teddy, so much for that. You're beginning to look different already. Now we'll go on to other externals before I outline the course of instruction. Do you realize that you are one of the funniest-looking men in New York?" Teddy gasped.

"Why, no!" he said. "At least I didn't until I heard Dolly say something about it. What is wrong with me?"

"Well," replied Nancy, "to put it briefly, you look like Theocritus Peabody Brown III., and to accomplish your purpose you'll have to look like Teddy Brown. Your hair is badly cut. Your coat is too tight. Your trousers are too short. Your shoes are buttoned. I'll bet you wear suspenders." A sudden blush confirmed this guess. "We'll have to change all that. You could be rather decent-looking, you know.

"I'll tell you," she went on, "Dolly's going away for two weeks. She leaves just before the Easter holidays. That'll give us ten days before she goes and the two weeks she's away. If you work hard and do as I tell you, I think we can put it over. We'll have to be careful, because we don't want her to suspect. First of all we'll go down-town and get you some new clothes. Got any money?"

"Yes," said Theocritus; "I save a large part of my salary and I have a little income from home."

"Good! Draw it all. We'll need it. Meet me tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock in the Drakeleigh lobby. We'll buy your conquering-hero armor. This is going to be good. And remember, in the meantime, be cagy. As you were! We'll spring Teddy just like Minerva, full-panoplied from the brain of Jove."

Theocritus looked at her in surprize. She knew about those things too. She was a remarkable girl. He agreed to the appointment just as Dolly, flushed from dancing, and beautiful in a wine-red dress, fluttered up to him.

"You'll have to stop that racket, Socrates," she said. "We really can't stand for it. Why don't you give some one else a chance to say something? And, anyway, isn't it awfully late for you? Little boys ought to be in bed by this time." She tossed her tawny curls and looked at Spike, who laughed appreciatively. Then he caught her

"'I'M ORGANIZING A LEAGUE FOR THE PROTECTION OF MEN, AND ONE OF THE FIRST RULES IS TO KEEP YOUR SEAT WHEN TALKING TO GIRLS'"

round the waist and they whirled off. Theocritus looked after them longingly.

"She'll never like me until I can do that," he said miserably. Nancy grinned. The prospect of Theocritus doing the camel-walk somehow seemed ridiculous

"You'll be doing that too," she told him. "Any man who can manipulate his brain as you do can certainly learn to manipulate his feet. Be patient. And don't forget to meet me to-morrow."

Four o'clock the following afternoon found the first traces of Teddy Brown walking awkwardly up and down before a mirror in a shop famed for the smartness of its masculine apparel. The young man himself could note no improvement. He told Nancy that he failed to see the superiority of a pair of trousers that were too long over a pair that were too short. And the rough tweeds that he now had on were loose and baggy and shapeless, and fell way below his ankles, almost covering the heavy pair of cordovan brogues Nancy had inflicted on him.

"Will you do as I tell you, or won't you?" Nancy asked in a tone that caused the salesman to announce to his colleagues that this guy was a henpecked husband if there ever was one. Theocritus bowed to the inevitable. The suit packed, they wandered over to the tie department, where a marvelous assortment of regimental stripes held sway. Choosing half a dozen of the most flagrantly inharmonious, Nancy added them to her purchases.

"We must get some soft collars," she told him, "very low ones. And a foolish hat. Part of your act is to look untidy and sort of half-dressed. And, by the way, while I think of it, you must never, by any means, manifest any signs of courtesy. You've simply got to be rude. If you can only succeed in outdoing their bad manners you'll be a riot. It's going to be hard, old man, but it's going to be fun."

The uniform of his emancipation completed, Theocritus, upon Nancy's instructions, retired to a barber-shop.

"UNFORTUNATELY," she said, "I can't go with you. But just tell 'em you want a Yale hair-cut. They'll know what to do." Her faith was justified. When Theocritus emerged forty-five minutes later he was a new man.

"Great!" said Nancy. "Now I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll go up to my house—everybody's out—try on the clothes, and get in a little practise." Theocritus flushed and hesitated.

"But," he said at length, "I can't do that!" Nancy giggled.

"Oh, Teddy," she said, "you must learn not to be mid-Victorian. Don't you know that most anything is proper if you want to do it? Remember that, because it is just as important as being rude. Only one thing counts—inclination. If you really want to do it, it goes."

"All right," said Teddy. "I'll put that down." And taking from his vest pocket a tiny note-book, he wrote in a minute hand:

"1—Be rude.

"2—Follow your inclination."

With a thrill of bravado Theocritus accompanied Nancy home. Dolly was out, pursuing her round of pleasure. Nancy waited in the living-room, while Theocritus donned his new suit in the guest-chamber. Then she selected the most flamboyant of the new ties, and showed him how to wear it.

"Untidy," she repeated. "The key-note of your appearance must be slouchiness." Teddy added "Be untidy" to the notes in his little book.

In the next hour she showed him how to walk and how to stand and sit and particularly how to act.

"You must be utterly indifferent," she explained. "Nothing really means anything to you. And of course you mustn't talk much. Monosyllables are most effective; they create an air of mystery about you. I think you'll be an apt pupil, Teddy. Let's adjourn for to-day. I'll let you know about future lessons. Perhaps we'll try dancing next. You get a little phonograph and I'll bring some records over to your abode. Meanwhile don't forget to look moon-calfy when Dolly's around. She mustn't suspect."

It wasn't hard for him to do that. He laid off his courage with his new clothes. When he came two days later to give Hugh a lesson he regarded Dolly with the same painful pleasure as always. He wondered how he had had so much temerity yesterday. Dolly, walking unannounced into Hugh's room, completely disrupted the study of Cæsar's "Gallic Wars."

"Hello, you two!" she said, pulling Hugh's hair and regarding Theocritus with her usual amused stare. "How's

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KATHERINE COUTANT, WHO KEEPS HOUSE FOR TWO WOMEN DOCTORS

RICHARD MILLER AND EDWARD C MORTENSEN, ANTIOCH STUDENTS, WHO ALTERNATE STUDIES WITH WORK IN A GOLF-CLUB FACTORY

MYRTLE RHINEBERG, A STUDENT WHO ALTERNATES AS A LIBRARIAN

Antioch, an Adventure in Education

By Ida Clyde Clarke

HERE is a college where a surprizing number of time-worn, dry-as-dust, shabbily genteel dogmas of education have been junked. Here, to quote Dr. Frank Crane, is "education with its feet on the ground," in truth so firmly on the ground that educators throughout the world are watching with far more than casual interest, for Antioch College, in Yellow Springs, Ohio, is solving among other problems whether college can help boys and girls to anticipate the period of "finding themselves" and go out into the world fully prepared to go to work in earnest and with very little lost motion.

The Antioch experiment is young, only three years old, but serious observers are paying careful attention to this unique adventure in an old field, for they consider it a sign that the clutch of the dead hand is loosening on our system of education. If the Antioch Plan succeeds, then we have rediscovered a principle—we have found a method of education that really educates. The least that can be said of Antioch is that it is well worth watching.

This is a place where the students, rich and poor, boy and girl alike, alternate five weeks of real work at a real job with five weeks of serious college study. And the work is not a required course ninety-five per cent. of the students are taking it. It is encouraged on the principle that education does not really educate if the process isolates the individual from reality.

The real objective of the alternating periods of work and study is not the degree of self-support that it affords, but the development of the qualities of courage, initiative, the sense of responsibility, and the ability to test and measure one's powers. Thus the period of experimentation common in the life of so many young people after they leave college is put back in the college course itself, and the student emerges from college educated for real life, having found through actual experience the work for which he is best fitted.

Antioch College has background. It was there in 1853 that Horace Mann, as president, opened the doors of one of the first co-educational institutions in this country. But it is the foreground of Antioch that most concerns us here, for in the foreground stands Arthur E Morgan, originator of the Antioch Plan, who substituted the "co-op" for the "co-ed." The students work in pairs, each in five-week shifts, and the joint holders of the jobs are "co-ops." It is a phrase to which we might as well accustom ourselves. Developed under Dean Schneider at the University of Cincinnati, and now used at several other colleges, the co-operative plan seems to have come to stay. After all, *co-operation* is an even more important thing in modern life than co-education.

Students Earn Real Salaries

AT THIS college students do not "work their way through" in the usual understanding of the phrase. They do not fire the college furnace or milk the college cows or work the college farm. Yellow Springs is within easy reach of Dayton, Springfield, Columbus, and Cincinnati, and during the past year four hundred Antioch students have worked in the great industrial and commercial establishments of that rich and progressive section. After painstaking study and investigation students are placed in positions for which they are physically, mentally, and temperamentally fitted. They earn real salaries in the usual way and are paid standard wages for their work. They work for the sake of the work itself and not for the pay-envelop only.

To understand the new Antioch one must know something of its founder, Arthur E. Morgan, for the Antioch spirit is the Morgan spirit. This man believes that young people should have the "courage to dive off the dock" and that the diving should precede the college degree. Tho president of the college, Mr. Morgan has no college degree. "I was in college six weeks," he will tell you, "after three years in high school, and there my education stopped. Or perhaps my schooling stopped and my education began."

Some day the life of Arthur Morgan should be written and placed in the hands of every young American. It is full of adventure, of high courage, of originality—full of

PRESIDENT ARTHUR E. MORGAN, AND TWO VIEWS OF ANTIOCH COLLEGE, WHERE HE IS WORKING OUT AN EXPERIMENT IN EDUCATION THAT IS ATTRACTING NATION-WIDE ATTENTION

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the things that we like to think of as best in the American character. His childhood was typically American. He was born in a small town in Ohio, and his early years were spent in St. Cloud, Minn. Instilled into him was the belief that the religion and the politics and the views of his particular family were right. Arthur Morgan was born with the faith of the pioneer, and he still has that sort of faith. He devoured the books in a little collection called a library—books left by some public-spirited man and made available to the public in a room over one of the village stores.

At the end of his high-school years in St. Cloud he was a tall, slim youth, so diffident and awkward that his parents felt that he should be shielded from the knocks of the hard-fisted old world. They wanted to "park" him in a small shop as a florist's helper. Now listen to Arthur Morgan himself: "I was not willing to accept these limitations as permanent, so I decided to dive off the dock, into situations where I would be compelled to meet and deal with real people. I left home and, making my way to the Mississippi River, I tied two logs together and floated down to Minneapolis."

Bought a Second-Hand Surveying Outfit

WHAT boy would not be thrilled and fascinated by this story? And what a privilege it is to sit by a big log fire in the Morgan living-room at Antioch and hear Mr. Morgan himself tell the boys and girls about it. "I can still remember the roar of the approaching rapids in the night," he says. "For the next three years I husked corn, milked cows, swung an ax in a lumber-camp, set type, made a collection of lichens for an Eastern university, and did many other things that developed within me the beginnings of self-reliance."

It was after these experiences that Arthur Morgan took the high dive, and this part of his story every boy and girl in America should know. His father was a land-surveyor, and for some months the son worked as his helper. With fifty dollars he had saved the young man bought a second-hand surveying outfit and started out "on his own." At night he studied engineering, but he soon realized that he didn't have enough education to do a highly technical job. Besides, he was beginning to wonder if the good jobs were so good after all. Arthur Morgan had discovered the value of observing as he lived, and at this stage of the game he observed that the field of engineering was overcrowded and that "in every great organization men were waiting for funerals among their superiors," as he expresses it. Now hear him tell it:

"I said to myself, 'Surely in such a big country as this there must be some sort of work that has been overlooked, some field where a man can make a place for himself because he has the initiative to get there first.' Turning conditions over in my own mind, I found that very little had been done in America in the study of floods and flood-control. In that field I would have a fairly even start with others in developing technical proficiency. 'I'll take that for my field,' I said, and I took it."

Now, that is the Morgan spirit, and that is the spirit that this remarkable American is infusing into the students at Antioch. He didn't come into a ready-made situation, see it, and conquer it. That would have been easy to Morgan. He used his imagination. He discovered or uncovered a situation that was not visible to the eyes of other men. He surveyed it and he took it! Could anything be more truly American than that?

Mr. Morgan is ranked as one of America's leading engineers. He has handled with success some of the water-control projects of the country, notably the Miami Conservancy project to prevent a recurrence of the terrible Dayton flood. He never thought of himself as president of a college, but as the engineer of several large flood-control projects he had employed about two thousand college graduates, and for twenty years had observed how college training failed or succeeded in preparing them for life. He has probably visited more colleges and talked with more educators than any other man except the officials of our educational foundations. About ten years ago he helped to found a progressive type of school, the Moraine Park School in Dayton. He has always been concerned with educational problems, his problem being, why more men do not make good.

One day he woke up to find he had been made a trustee of Antioch College, a fine old institution that had had an honorable, conventional career, but had drifted into the background of education. It had background and traditions—but background and traditions don't pay bills or run colleges. Mr. Morgan wasn't to be a dummy trustee. He isn't of the dummy type. One day he took Mrs Morgan along and went to look the proposition over, and, having looked it over, he said to his wife with true Morganesque philosophy, "This place is just about dead enough for me to operate on." So there's the story of how Arthur Morgan came to Antioch—or was it that Antioch came to him?

A Cross-Section of American Life

THE first year of Mr Morgan's presidency he reorganized the board of trustees, the faculty, student body, curriculum, and policies of the institution, and two hundred students were enrolled. The second year the enrolment was four hundred, and at present the student body has reached the five-hundred mark.

Nowhere can one hope to find a truer cross-section of young American life than right there at Antioch College.

Sitting next to me in the dining-room one night was a bright young woman from an Eastern city. She was high-bred, gentle, and very dainty and sweet. What was she going to do for vacation? "Oh, dance and play golf and swim," she told me with a captivating smile. "And after clerking in a department store and selling bargains it will be rather nice," she finished.

After that she made a confession. At first she abhorred the thought of clerking in a store, but it was thought that she needed contacts with people other than those with whom she had been associated all her life. She needed to widen her horizon, to broaden her view-point. That was what they told her at Antioch; and the bargain-counter of a department store is a really wonderful place for taking a course in patience and tolerance and persistence and the understanding of other human beings In fact, there is no place that gives more opportunity for observation and analysis of oneself and of other people.

At first the routine and the work and the surroundings bored her, and when night came she ached and was homesick a little. But all of a sudden, so she told me, she began to see the immense value of the experience she was getting. "I am seeing things quite differently now," she said. "At Christmas time mother sent me a fur coat, and one night I awoke suddenly and the thought popped into my mind that I would have to work three years at my present job to save enough money to buy that coat! Since then my job has seemed different, somehow. I've learned to like the other girls in the store and I'll be rather sorry when my 'co-op' comes to take my place."

That girl has undoubtedly received something from her experience in the store that she could never have learned from books or from teachers. I was particularly struck with the way in which she seemed to have applied her native intelligence to her experiences and the logical and sensible way in which she had analyzed them. She had observed, after talking to the girls, that practically none of

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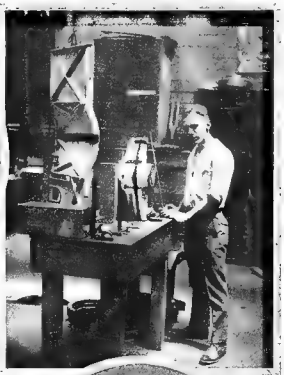
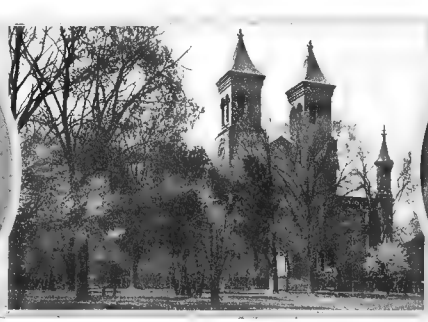
BARBARA CONROW, ONE OF THE EDITORS OF THE "ANTIOCHIAN," THE COLLEGE PAPER



(Top) ARTHUR EYRE, A STUDENT, WHO INSPECTS MACHINERY IN A MOTOR-TRUCK FACTORY

WILMA COMPTON, WHO AS PREPARATORY WORK FOR HER VOCATION TEACHES IN A COUNTRY SCHOOL

ELIZABETH DENNISON, A MEMBER OF THE BASKET-BALL TEAM



A VIEW OF THE FINE OLD BUILDING ANTIOCH HALL, A LANDMARK IN THE TOWN OF YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

KATHERINE BIAYS, A STUDENT WHO WORKS IN A DEPARTMENT STORE

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The Case of the Remarkable Husband

Another Alpin Stone Story

By

Clarence Budington Kelland

Illustrations by Edward L. Chase

"HE THREW BACK THE FOLDS WHICH CONCEALED THE FACE OF THE GIRL BEARING REFRESHMENTS. IT WAS A WHITE FACE, A WESTERN FACE"

NOTICED the parcel-post delivery come to a stop before the house of my neighbor, John Sandys, and watched with some interest an oblong, paper-wrapped box carried to his door. The box might have contained flowers, but the habits and character of Mr. Sandys made flowers incredible. He was the type of man who might send his wife a present of a sirloin steak upon her birthday or of a waffle-iron at Christmas, but for him to have sent a box of flowers casually upon no occasion whatever was unimaginable.

Alpin Stone, my adjoining neighbor—a dealer in second-hand books—and, so I have discovered, an individual well worth cultivating, was trimming the grass about a flower-bed. I called to him.

"Alpin," said I, "a parcel has just been delivered to the Sandyses. It looks like flowers."

"Then," said he, "Mrs. Sandys must have an indiscreet admirer."

"It might," said I, "contain food."

"If it came from Sandys," said he, "it might contain anything that is devoid of beauty or sentiment, and is useful."

"But," said I, "he's not such a bad chap. Seems fond of his wife, and she of him."

"A good husband and bountiful provider," said Alpin sententiously, "but as empty of imagination as a puffball is of honey."

"I'll bet you," said I, "you can not guess the contents of that box."

"Jenkins," said he with sudden weight, "I would not attempt to guess the contents of any box, whether the box were ordinary or extraordinary. Boxes are among the most interesting objects in the world. They are made to conceal. Their purpose is to hide from the eye. If a man were to write a book upon the strange and unexpected things that have been sent in boxes, it would be one of the most fascinating volumes ever printed."

At that moment Mrs. Sandys appeared in the door. Even at the distance of a hundred yards one was aware of her exceptional prettiness, even tho her features were undistinguishable. It was, I think, something in her manner of carrying herself, and the certainty that her perfection of figure deserved the finishing touch of a lovely face. I have often speculated upon the causes which brought about her marriage to John Sandys.

She stood in the door an instant, looking up and down the street; then spying Alpin and myself, ran across the porch, down the steps and toward us. She ran. Alpin Stone drew a deep breath and ran his fingers through the mop of tightly curling reddish hair, which usually he kept concealed under a derby hat. I was familiar with the whole action. It denoted sudden deep interest.

Mrs. Sandys paused before my house breathless.

"Will you come? Will you please come—quick?" she said.

"What has happened?" said I, tho Alpin already had moved toward her.

"The box. I'm afraid of the box!" Then, as we walked beside her—and her pallor and trembling made it apparent she was the victim of no ordinary fright—she said, "I don't know what it is. I never felt so before. It isn't fright exactly, but a kind of loathing. The moment I touched that box it overcame me. I *felt* that I had something horrible in my hands."

"You opened it?" Alpin asked.

"No—No!"

Alpin paused. "You say your sensation was one of loathing and horror?"

"Yes."

"Was the box light or heavy?"

"It was—it was quite heavy."

"Did it feel," asked Alpin, "alive or dead?"

"It felt," she said after a pause, "*malignant*."

"There was no mechanical ticking?"

"No."

Alpin nodded to himself. "For a moment," said he, "you felt numb, incapable of motion?"

"Yes—Yes!"

I watched him. He was breathing deeply; his eyes gleamed; he seemed to *gloat*. Suddenly he increased his pace, and his face reminded me of the victim of some evil drug, deprived for a period of its stimulation, hurrying to satisfy his unnatural appetite. He muttered to himself unintelligibly.

In Mrs. Sandys's hall he paused and said impatiently, almost petulantly, "The box! The box!"

"There." She pointed to a table in the library where rested a container some two feet long by ten inches wide and six inches deep. It was wrapped in stout Manila paper and secured intricately by a strong cord, knotted and knotted again.

We approached it. No sooner had we come within its immediate neighborhood than Mrs. Sandys covered her face with her hands and uttered a sort of moan. I, myself, was conscious of a peculiar and highly disagreeable sensation, not unlike the feeling one has in a rapidly descending elevator. It was more complicated than that, however. I felt that I *hated* that box. It seemed as if my instincts were roused against it, directing me to seize some heavy object and to batter it to fragments. And I was afraid. Alpin Stone's face mirrored some unpleasant emotion, but his lips were compressed and his brows drawn. As if by a tremendous effort of the will, he compelled himself to lay his hand on the cover of the box. He lifted it, weighed it, shook it. From the sound the box contained some heavy substance, packed loosely in paper. He set the box down—and *the movement within continued.*

Alpin turned to look at me, and nodded, as if confirming some conjecture already made.

"Wait," he said. "Don't touch it until I come back. On your life, don't untie a knot. Or better, I will carry the box into the garden. Come along."

WE WALKED through the house to the back yard, a little plot secluded by high shrubs, and Alpin placed the box on the lawn; then he walked to a young fruit-tree and ruthlessly cut a strong limb with his jack-knife—a limb with forking branches. This he trimmed meticulously until he held in his hand a stout wand, some six feet long, with a crotch at its extremity.

"Mrs. Sandys, stand at a distance, please. You, Jenkins, take that hoe and be ready."

I can not describe my sensations as Alpin busied himself with the cord which fastened that box. Safely I may assert they were among the most disquieting of my life. The cord was unfastened. Alpin stood back, and with his wand loosened the wrapping-paper, disclosing a strong box of corrugated board. He placed the tip of his wand under the cover and flipped it upward, poising tensely.

The box was filled loosely with white paper such as is used to pack fragile objects, paper cut into narrow strips and looking like white excelsior. That was all. There was no movement, nothing to warrant the dread that had overcome us all. Alpin reached forward with his wand and stirred the mass of paper!

Slowly something emerged. Something dark, sleek, loathsome reared itself from its concealment with a lithe, graceful, horrible, undulating movement, slowly swaying to and fro. I think I uttered a cry. Alpin lunged forward deftly with his wand. The box was overturned amid a disconcerting flopping and thrashing about, and then Alpin turned to me, calm restored, and said in his natural voice, "Have a look."

I ventured nearer. There, pinned to the ground, with the arms of Alpin's fork imprisoning its throat, if the thing can be said to have a throat, was a reptile which I recognized as the hooded cobra of the Dekkan Peninsula!

"Imagine," said Alpin, almost with pleasure, "a man, unsuspicious, opening that box and fumbling blindly in the loose paper to see what he had."

I could imagine it, and the thought nauseated me.

"Better take Mrs. Sandys over to your wife," he said. "Then hurry back and help with the execution."

I left Mrs. Sandys, who seemed struggling with hysteria, in the hands of my wife, a woman of stable disposition and much tact; after which I returned to Alpin Stone, and together we completed the unpleasant task of disposing of the snake. With his wand Alpin picked the now harmless reptile from the ground, replaced it in the box, and carefully wrapped it up again. During this time he had not spoken a word. Now he turned to me with the expression of one who desires to talk.

"Did you observe Mrs. Sandys closely?" he asked. "Was it your opinion she acted as one would expect a woman to act in the presence of a wholly unexpected and frightful occurrence? Or was it your opinion she showed fright without such astonishment as you would expect to find?"

I considered. "She was exceedingly upset," I said.

"Naturally," he replied shortly, "but was she astounded that any one should try to take her life by such an abhorrent means?"

"I can not say," said I.

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"Nor can I," he said, more to himself than to me. "It is of first importance. If the whole affair is incomprehensible to her, we have one species of puzzle. If she had reason to expect a murderous attack of some kind, but was only surprized and terrified at the manner of it, we have quite a different problem. What do you know of these people?"

"Very little," said I. "They have never been discursive regarding their affairs."

"They seemed congenial. Mr. Sandys, in his phlegmatic way, impressed me as being satisfied with his wife. I would not say more than that. Perhaps he is capable of affection, but to me he seems more the sort of man who would choose a wife for reasons, and then be content or dissatisfied with his judgment."

"Yes," said I, "and as for Mrs. Sandys, she appeared always solicitous for her husband's comfort. They impressed me as a decidedly humdrum couple, living contentedly in an uninteresting rut."

"I wonder," said Alpin.

"He can not have done it," said I. "It required an individual with quick imagination, picturesque imagination."

"I wonder," Alpin repeated.

Presently he spoke again. "There is this unusual feature present," he said. "Whoever planned this act wished the murder to be advertised as a murder. He wished the newspapers to carry it in their columns from coast to coast. In the case of a great majority of premeditated murders, one of the first considerations of the murderer is to conceal the fact that murder has been done—to give to the death of the victim the appearance of accident or of natural death. Here the plan seems to have been to surround the death with such grotesque methods and to make use of such a bizarre instrument that the whole affair would be given the utmost publicity. I would call this a newspaper crime."

"Perhaps," said I.

"Certainly," said he shortly.

"Hush," I said, for I saw, out of the corner of my eye, the figure of a man come round the house and pause at sight of us. I turned. It was Mr. Sandys. Mr. John Sandys was a short gentleman with wide shoulders and thick waist. His neck was unusually short, and his wide face habitually wore an expression which, to give it the best of it, was placid. I have never seen him betray interest or excitement; he merely stared at events as if they aroused in him no mental reactions whatever. He now stood staring at us without the faintest trace of surprize at finding us in occupancy of his garden.

"Good afternoon," said Alpin.

"Howdy do?" he responded.

"A frightful thing has happened," said I, with some malicious intention to shake his phlegm.

"Is that so?" he responded in exactly the tone he would have used if I had mentioned my belief that it would rain.

"An attempt," said Alpin, "has been made to murder your wife."

"Who did it?" said Mr. Sandys.

"Some one," said Alpin, "sent your wife a poisonous snake by mail."

"What kind of a snake?" asked Mr. Sandys. Then, after a moment's apparent study of the situation, "Didn't bite her, did it?"

"No."

He hesitated, as if striving to cope with the situation. "Must have kind of frightened her, I guess," he said.

"Mr. Sandys," Alpin said sternly, "do you know of any reason why your wife might fear a murderous attack?"

"Susan?" He pondered it briefly. "Why—no."

"Have you or Mrs. Sandys an enemy?"

"I s'pose," he said, "there's folks that don't like us. Everybody can't like everybody. But that ain't a reason to send snakes."

"Hardly," said Alpin dryly.

"You will notify the police at once?" said I.

"What for?" he responded with the minutest trace of irritation. "There ain't any harm done."

"Because," said I angrily, "the individual who made this attempt will try again. He must be discovered before that can happen."

"It is a matter," said Alpin in an odd tone, "for Mr. Sandys to decide." With which he turned his back squarely and walked out of the yard. Mr. Sandys, apparently, paid no attention to our going. As we crossed the street we met Mrs. Sandys returning; she walked hurriedly and passed us without token of recognition.

"Jenkins," said Alpin Stone, when we reached my piazza and dropped into chairs, "John Sandys is either a very good man or a very bad man. In either event he is a remarkable man."

"He impresses me as being a clod," said I.

AT THAT moment the newsboy threw a folded paper upon the steps. I opened it to glance at the day's news. The first item my eyes encountered was a so-called feature story in the middle of the page under the cartoon. I imagine the occurrence of the word "snake" in the headline arrested my attention. I read it hastily and passed it to Alpin.

The item, written in jocular vein, described with much detail how some person unknown had broken into the snake-house at the zoo, admitting himself by cutting the pane from a window with a diamond. There were surmises as to the purpose and alcoholic condition of the burglar; but the telling point of the narration was the fact that a certain snake, a cobra recently arrived from India, was missing. There were humorous speculations as to the purpose to which a stolen cobra might be put, but to me there was nothing laughable in the article.

"Perhaps," said Alpin, "we should not have killed the reptile. Doubtless it was a valuable specimen."

He was silent a moment, looking apprehensively from time to time toward his own house. His especial worry when engaged upon some criminal problem was lest his wife should discover his activity. Mrs. Alpin Stone regarded her husband's penchant for criminal investigation as a low habit, savoring of large feet and broad shoes and taking of snuff, which she learned was a habit common among policemen. Also she made the claim that it rendered Alpin unfit for companionship. So he was obliged to gratify his passion surreptitiously.

"We may group premeditated murders," he said, "into three general classes. Those arising from greed (perhaps a majority), those arising from some of the numerous by-products of so-called love, and those arising from the desire for vengeance. It has long been my conclusion that crimes of a fantastic nature have their origin in the last."

"Then—" said I.

"I incline to believe this was an attempted crime of vengeance."

"But what," said I, "could a pretty, commonplace little home body like Mrs. Sandys have done to call down such a horrible revenge?"

"Jenkins," he said solemnly, "there is no such thing as a commonplace home body. The mere fact of her sex invests every woman with tremendous potentialities."

"Sandys's attitude—" said I. "It is incomprehensible. Doesn't he realize? It piles the responsibility upon us, does it not? If he refuses to take action for his wife's protection, we must."

"And shall," said he. "I was about to go to the shop to consult my indexes. This is an exceptionally fascinating

"THE BUTT OF ALPIN'S AUTOMATIC FELL UPON RUTTON LAL'S ROUNDED SKULL."

set of circumstances, bizarre, exotic. It should be a matter of small labor to find the right road. But to follow it—that may prove both difficult and—hazardous."

Alpin, as you may perhaps not know, is an omnivorous reader. He buys many books for his second-hand shop, but is distressed if a purchaser carries one away. And he had, for a quarter of a century, made a study of the crimes of fiction and of fact, studiously classifying them as to their salient characteristics, and cross-indexing them, so that, given a set of facts, he can, with a reasonable degree of certainty, build up from his data the true conclusion. It is his firm belief that the invention of man is limited; that he can but repeat, and that every human action must have its counterpart in history or in imaginative writing. I may say that his theories have demonstrated themselves with astonishing success.

It was next morning before I saw him again.

"I have been," said he, "looking into the antecedents of the Sandys family." He paused. "*They have none*," he said.

"What?"

"They begin two years ago. They appeared in this city. From nowhere. Nobody introduced them. The first trace I find of Sandys is as an habitué of the Hotel Chippendale lobby. I gather it was his method of gaining a foothold—by making and studying chance acquaintances. After a period he was seen more and more with the man from whom he is now in business—the brokerage business. He bought a half interest in the firm, and the firm has been prosperous. Sandys has an excellent reputation for reliability and sound judgment. That is all."

"Astonishing," said I.

"If ever," he said, "I have found all the indications of a man hiding himself, they are here. Now, then, from whom does a man hide himself?"

"From the police," said I.

"Or," said he, "from an implacable enemy."

I was compelled to admit this addition.

"Next," said Alpin, "we know that Mrs. Sandys is the object of the vengeance—not Sandys."

"It appears so," said I.

"Have you noted," he said, with sudden change of subject characteristic of him, "the remarkable increase in the number of vanished young women for the past six months?"

"No," said I.

"It is remarkable," he said. "And the notable feature is the class of young women who vanish. In New York it is girls who shop in expensive Fifth Avenue shops, in San Francisco it is girls who live on the Hill, in Cleveland it is young women whose photographs appear in the society columns. There have been no less than seven such disappearances in six months."

"Which indicates?"

HE SHRUGGED his shoulders. "Anything you choose," he said, "but, undoubtedly, *something!* None of them have been found."

"But that has no bearing on the Sandys affair."

"I wish," he said, apparently ignoring my remark, "I knew from what part of the world Sandys came. If I knew it were Australia, matters would be simplified."

"Ask him," said I, and his only reply was an ironical smile.

He gazed off across the street a few moments, and I fancied his brain busily engaged with the affair in hand, but what was my astonishment to hear him say, with every sign of a keen interest in the subject, "I wonder how one recognizes real poetry. The borderland between the sublime and balderdash is so narrow. Drivel and loftiness run along side by side."

"I never read poetry," said I, with some displeasure.

"You should. Not so much for the poetry itself, perhaps, but for the pleasure of determining if the sentiment comes from the heart of the writer, or if he were only stringing together, with a certain degree of skill, words which seem to mean something, but are utter rot. I have often itched to try the experiment of announcing the arrival of a great Abyssinian poet, casting some adaptable negro for the part. I fancy I could set the country by the ears, and turn all the learned reviewers to bubbling over with ecstasy at a new, if semibarbaric, form of artistry. It would be an illuminating hoax."

"Meantime," said I, "Mrs. Sandys sits in danger of her life."

"I am not unmindful of Mrs. Sandys," he said with that irritating placidity which sometimes settles upon him, "but I chanced to think of this Hindu poet who has conquered our drawing-rooms and our publishers and our lecture audiences."

"What about him?" said I.

"Either," said Alpin, "his is the mind of a very sweet and deep and extraordinarily wise man, or it is the cunning of a charlatan. I have read him. Sometimes I fancy I catch glimpses of thought so profound and comforting as to be beyond the grasp of the ordinary intellect. At other times I am certain it is nothing but pseudoesoteric rot, meaningless with intent."

He irritated me with his apparent capacity to lay aside the important and compelling, to amuse himself with the insignificant. "But Mrs. Sandys," said I. "And what has Australia to do with it?"

"Come along," he said, with an air of patient tolerance, as for an insistent child.

He arose and walked across the street to the Sandys home, mounted the porch, and rang the bell. Mr. Sandys appeared and stood in the door, staring at us in his mild, vague, uninterested way.

"When do you go?" Alpin said abruptly.

"Go?" said Sandys with an air of not comprehending.

"Move on," said Alpin, "to the next stopping-place. This one, of course, has become impossible."

Mrs. Sandys appeared, her eyes flashing, her cheeks flushed to extraordinary prettiness by sudden anger. "Don't annoy Susan. Don't question him. I won't have it. Isn't it enough——"

"Quite enough," said Alpin. "I do not wish to annoy. My purpose in coming was to ask for your promise not to—disappear—for forty-eight hours. You can do so with safety, I think. I am almost willing to guarantee it."

I fancied I saw a sudden glow of hope in Mrs. Sandys's eyes. She clasped and unclasped her hands, and then one of them moved to her husband's shoulder and rested there. It was a simple gesture, but when seen together with the expression of her face it was wonderfully illuminating and beautiful. Few men are the objects of such trust and worship as Mrs. Sandys manifested for her lumpish husband, and I marveled at it.

"John," she said.

"Forty-eight hours," said Sandys unemotionally. "Why should I move on in forty-eight hours?"

"Mrs. Sandys," said Alpin, "you have been making inquiries about me. Do they warrant you in begging your husband to place some confidence in me?"

"John. *Please.*"

He did not look at her; scarcely did he look at us. He merely seemed to stand there like some immovable piece of household ware, not endowed with consciousness.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

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"Keep your skin young by keeping it active! If it shows a tendency to sallowness, use the Woodbury steam treatment given below."

A sallow skin is a skin that is *asleep*

You can awaken it!

It isn't only a rosy skin that looks young; some skins have little natural red.

But there is something fresh and living about the color of a young skin that no one ever mistakes.

Your skin will keep that fresh, brilliant look of youth just as long as the pores and blood-vessels remain in active condition; when they become sluggish and lethargic the color fades and the whole tone of the skin becomes dull and lifeless.

Keep your skin young by keeping it active! If it shows a tendency to sallowness, use this treatment and see what a revivifying effect it will have:—

ONCE or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

The other nights of the week cleanse your skin thoroughly in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

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After a few treatments this drawn feeling will disappear. You will be surprised to see how much fresher and younger your skin will begin to look.

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A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
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If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 301 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. *English Agents:* H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

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Frank Talk on the Price of Dentifrices

When you pay more than 25c for a dentifrice, does your imagination do the spending instead of your common sense?

Ask yourself what you get for what you pay above that price. Perhaps a fancy name; useless drugs; a "cure-all" theory; or possibly plain grit.

When you pay 25c for a large tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream you have bought a dentifrice that is *safe* and that cleans teeth the right way.

A safe dentifrice can do no more than clean teeth.

Colgate's is free from grit and harmful drugs. It "washes" teeth and does not scratch or scour their precious enamel. It is the safe, common sense dentifrice. A large tube, 25c.

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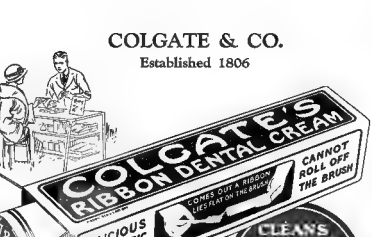
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RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
CANNOT ROLL OFF THE BRUSH
COMES OUT A RIBBON LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH
DELICIOUS ANTISEPTIC ECONOMICAL
CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY
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If your wisdom teeth could talk, they'd say "Use Colgate's"

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

The Case of the Remarkable Husband

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

"Mr. Sandys," said Alpin, "are you Canadian?"

"No."

Alpin nodded. "Nor English—I mean a former resident of the island?"

"No."

"I have always wanted," said Alpin, "to make the voyage to Australia."

Sandys waggled his head uneasily. "It must be a—long trip. I—personally I don't like long trips."

"Did you notice in the paper of this morning," asked Alpin, "that Marylin Graine, one of this season's most photographed débutantes, has disappeared?"

"No," said Sandys.

"Who is the richest man in the world?" asked Alpin.

"Why," replied Sandys after a pause, "I suppose Mr. Rockefeller."

"Wrong. It is the Maharaja of Sawnpore. Good evening. I have your promise. Do not leave this house for forty-eight hours. Admit no one but myself. Take in no parcels except from my hands. Preferably keep to the second floor and away from all windows. Good evening."

"*Well!*" said I in exasperation, when we reached my own porch again, "that was a peculiar conversation."

"Most illuminating," said Alpin. "I was sure I must be correct. The manifestations are identical." He leaned forward and touched my knee. "The names of Mr. and Mrs. Sandys must never be mentioned in this affair, Jenkins. To no living soul. Remember, we are working upon the case of the disappeared Marylin Graine. Nothing has ever happened to the Sandyses. We have no interest in them."

"But why?"

"Because something more virulent than cobras would be on the scent. Her life would be made more unendurable. If my theory is correct."

"What more virulent thing?"

"Women's tongues," said Alpin. "Come. I have secured an invitation to call upon the great Hindu poet—the Beggar of Benares."

"But I have no interest in poets."

"All the same, I imagine this one will interest you. He seems to have a great message and to be a striking personality."

"Very well, if it will please you," said I, with the air of one making a sacrifice.

"Have you," said he, "such a thing as a firearm?"

"To visit a poet?"

He smiled. "Do you remember the multiplication table?" he asked.

"Naturally."

"Bear it in mind," said he. "If I touch your arm, fix your mind upon it. Recite it to yourself as if your life depended upon it. Which it may. Concentrate upon it to the exclusion of everything else. Carry your pistol in the inside breast-pocket of your coat—on the left side."

THE taxicab stopped before the door of a brick house, set well back from the street in a profusion of trees and shrubbery. I was taken somewhat aback, for the house was upon our most élite thoroughfare, and was of no mean pretensions.

"They take boarders here?" I said protestingly.

"Boarders?" He laughed. "No, indeed. The Beggar of Benares has taken this place to house his retinue. He travels like a Mogul."

"Poetry," said I, "must be profitable merchandise in India."

"I believe," said Alpin, "that the Beggar has a patron who foots the bills, thus acquiring merit."

We traversed the long walk and presented our cards to a bearded, sandaled Hindu who performed the offices of butler. The house, I noted at once, was redolent with some pleasing, if exotic, odor, as of priceless incense burning. There was a profound quiet. The Hindu did not speak. He bowed low and motioned us with courtly gesture to follow. After crossing several rooms we entered a spacious apartment given over to the preservation of books. Cases filled with thousands of volumes erected themselves to the ceiling, and there were no windows. The light of day was admitted through the glassed apex of the ceiling, but it was now evening, and the sole illumination came from tall candles rearing themselves from Oriental candelabra. There was a faint haze of smoke—the smoke which disseminated the odor noticeable upon entering the house.

"Welcome, Friend of the Written Word," said a velvet, rich, melodious, beautiful, "and welcome to your companion."

It was then that my eyes first rested upon the face of the Beggar of Benares, and whatever lurked there of evil I entertained vanished as if before some magic of exquisite purity. It was the face of an old man who has lived beautifully; a face which spoke at once of childlike simplicity and of profound wisdom.

The Beggar sat in oriental fashion, upon a low, broad divan. His robe was white, but not so white as his beard. At his feet crouched a second Asiatic, with head bowed upon knees and face hidden as if in perpetual reverence.

"We have come," said Alpin Stone, "to drink at the fountain of your wisdom."

"The wisdom," said the Beggar gently, "of a child lost in the wilderness."

I felt a great shame, a shame for the presence of a firearm in my possession. It seemed a sacrilege. When I stole a glance at Alpin Stone his face indicated disappointment and bewilderment. Perhaps he had not expected to find such a one as the Beggar of Benares proved to be.

"Be seated," said the Beggar. "It is well to comfort the body." He spoke a word to the servitor at his feet, who arose and placed chairs for our convenience. He was a man on the outer border of middle age, given to stoutness, with an expressionless olive face and black eyes that glittered in the candle-light.

Never from the lips of man have I heard such gracious eloquence! The talk was of virtue and beauty, and of the triumphs of spirit over flesh. One listened as to a revelation. I was at peace; I was made to feel that the world was good and to perceive the feebleness of evil. Even now that the spell of this good man is distant and a memory, it rests upon me, and I am grateful for that tenuous contact with one of the world's great personalities.

"And now," said Alpin, "let us speak of men. We of the West rest under a cloud of ignorance and misconception as to you of the East. Names come to us on the wind of rumor, but they remain names. To some we must be grateful—to the Patron who sent you to us, the Maharaja of Sawnpore. Tell us of him."

The servitor at the feet of the Beggar lifted his head for an instant, and I felt the sharpness of his piercing glance

"A youth, bound to the flesh, but striving toward the heights of purity," said the Beggar. "But I thirst. Let such refreshments as are fitting be brought."

THE servitor clapped his hands; portières opened, and a slender girl, swathed to the face in white, entered bearing a tray. She moved slowly, and, if the phrase be permissible, with mechanical grace, and stood waiting. The grave of the servitor did not lower themselves, but remained fixed on Alpin Stone

"Enlighten us, Master," said Alpin, and some subtle change in his voice caused me to sit tense and apprehensive, "is not evil evoked under the shelter of virtue of blacker face than evil which stands fearless in the open?"

I looked to the Beggar. His head rested upon his breast; his eyes were closed, and his face was one of perfect peace.

"The Master sleeps," said the servitor.

"It is well," said Alpin. "He will neither see nor hear."

"It is well," replied the servitor.

"Rutton Lal," said Alpin.

"I am Rutton Lal."

"At first I was deceived. *His* goodness deceived me."

"It was well conceived," said the fat servitor, rising. He laughed with an amusement which was inexplicably repulsive to me. "See," he said. "You came to gain knowledge. Look."

With sudden gesture he threw back the folds which concealed the face of the girl bearing refreshments. It was a white face, a Western face. "Marylin Graine," said I, for her features had been made familiar in the public prints since her disappearance.

Rutton Lal spared me a glance. "You know what you know," said he, and laughed again. "Now the work of your lives is accomplished."

Suddenly Alpin clutched my arm. "The table," said he, and, remembering, I began to recite those labors of my school-days, "One times one is one, one times two is two, one times three is three. . . . But even as I counted I saw things which were not. The Beggar of Benares vanished from his seat, and in his place was a woman of gracious beauty at whose face coiled a snake, and as I watched, reciting mechanically, fighting to perceive the real from the unreal, the snake uncoiled and moved toward me. I could hear the slithering of its body upon the rugs. I tore my eyes away. Alpin stood beside me, staring, wide of eye, wavering upon his feet. I tried to cry out, but no sound came. I knew, but I do not know how I knew, that the approach of that serpent meant the approach of death, but I was powerless to move. "Six times six is thirty-six; six times seven is forty-two; six times eight—" I could not recall it. I struggled to remember the answer.

Rutton Lal came very close to Alpin Stone and laughed in his face.

"We who do the bidding of the Maharaja of Sawnpore do it well," he jeered, and suddenly stopped jeering, for Alpin no lon . r wavered on his feet, with drowsy face and half-shut eyes; Alpin's left hand clutch:d the fat olive throat, and there was the sound of a blow as the butt of Alpin's automatic fell upon the lank hair of Rutton Lal's rounded skull. The man sank to the ground.

"*Jenkins,*" said Alpin.

I clenched my hands, rubbed my eyes. The beautiful woman gave place to the sleeping Beggar; the crawling snake vanished. I felt weak, nauseated.

"He almost had me," said Alpin. He bent quickly and handcuffed the wrists of Rutton Lal. "Tie his feet," said he; "here is rope. We're not out of the house yet—nor Marylin Graine."

The girl still stood, motionless, apparently sightless, unmoved by what had passed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

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A Queer Human Kink

WHAT strange bundles of contradictions we all are! We tell each other earnestly that health is one of the most precious things in life—and yet what do we do to keep it, to protect it? It's a queer kink in human nature, isn't it, to *think* one way and *act* just the opposite!

We know so little about our health, and we imagine so much. We are like the man that Jerome K. Jerome told about in "Three Men In a Boat". Do you remember—the husky, young man who got hold of a medical book? As he read on and on he was horrified to discover that he had symptoms of every disease listed—from Ague to Zymosis—except Housemaid's Knee.

The Harm of Self-Diagnosis

You know how idle people love to talk over symptoms and recklessly recommend all sorts of cure-all remedies. Have you ever been dragged into a "piazza clinic"? Aunt Mary will tell Cousin Jane: "I think I have the same kind of trouble that Caroline has. I wish you would get me the prescription Dr. Banks gave her."

What a tremendous amount of harm is done by these attempts at self-diagnosis! Here is an example: A prominent man made up his mind that he was eating too much meat and heroically put himself on a strict diet. Sometime later, he was taken ill. His doctor astonished him by saying that while most men of his age would have benefited by doing what he had done, his case was an exception and that *lack* of meat caused the trouble.

How Long Do You Want To Live?

Just so long as you are well and happy? Good!—but suppose you keep right on living long after you have ceased to be well! Take your own family—some relative who has been a semi-invalid for years. The poor soul needs all the sympathy and love that you can give—no matter how many times you have heard the old story of aches and pains.

Look ahead a few years. You may be exactly like that—a burden to yourself and to others—unless you take steps *now* to safeguard your health and learn how to run the machine that you call your body. How much do you really know about your physical condition?

Stop right here and think about it. You would not treat your car as you treat yourself. You probably know more about the mechanism and general condition of your car than you know about your own body. You constantly test the steering gear and the brake bands. You make sure that bolts are tight. You listen to the motor for the faintest "knock". You are careful about the fuel mixture—it must not be too rich nor too lean or the engine will not pull properly.

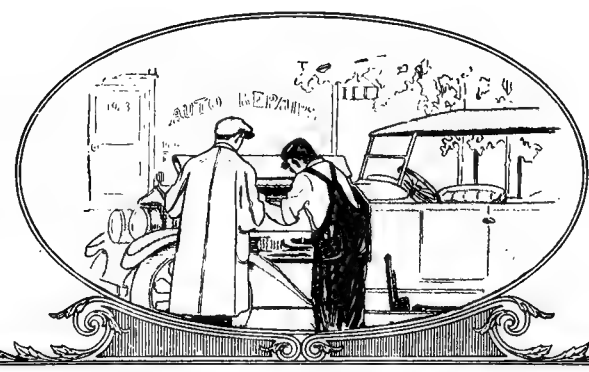
But do you know whether the food—the "fuel mixture"—that you give your own body is too rich or too lean? You can replace parts of your car that are damaged or worn-out—but you can't replace a worn-out heart, an abused stomach, an overworked liver or frayed nerves.

Years Alone Do Not Age Us

The physical changes ascribed to age may be due to poison, infection, wrong food or emotional strain, principally worry. And these things are in large degree under our own control.

Go to your wisest adviser, your own good friend, your Doctor, within the next few days, and have a *thorough* examination. If you are well, you will be glad to have his O.K. And if he finds some slight defect, be thankful that it can be corrected in time—before it becomes serious.

Begin the New Year right!



The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company believes thoroughly in the value of the annual physical examination. All of the 8,000 employees of the Home Office are carefully examined each year; also its field force of nearly 20,000 employees. These examinations are carefully followed up and those employees who show impairments receive particular attention. The result of such intensive care is very gratifying.

During the past ten years, the Company has arranged for the examination of various classes of its policyholders and is extending this privilege every year.

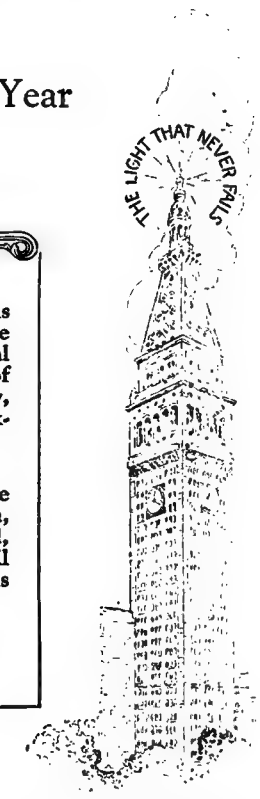
In the first 6,000 policyholders examined, a remarkable lowering of mortality occurred. Instead of 303 deaths in the five and one-half years subsequent to the examination, only 217 occurred—a saving of 28 per cent. in the expected mortality.

It is not difficult to understand why this should happen. Many of the policyholders who had been examined did not know that they were impaired. They took the advice of the physicians seriously; they followed instructions and thereby averted serious trouble.

The great waste of life that still prevails can be prevented. If people will make an annual inventory of their physical condition and will follow the advice of trained physicians and live hygienically, they will add whole years to their working lives.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail you, without charge, a booklet entitled, "An Ounce of Prevention". It will help you in guarding that most precious possession—your health.

HALEY FISKE, *President*



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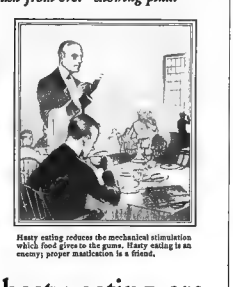
The reading of what follows will teach you the care of your gums, and may prevent your toothbrush from ever "showing pink."

The soft modern food that tastes so delicious does not give the gums the stimulation that rough, coarse food once gave.



Hasty eating reduces the mechanical stimulation which food gives to the gums. Hasty eating is an enemy; proper mastication is a friend.

Soft foods and hasty eating are weakening gums and ruining teeth

THE GREATEST DANGERS with which the teeth are threatened today are the dangers which follow in the train of a weakened gum structure.

The records of the clinics and the daily experience of the dental profession show an alarming increase in the number of tooth troubles which have their source in the *gingiva* (the gum structure) of the human mouth.

And the causes of this condition are not difficult to discover. Undoubtedly the greater nervous tension under which we live, and lack of sufficient exercise are, in many cases, contributing factors, but the source of most tooth troubles today can be traced to the modern diet.

In fact, one of the foremost consultants vouches for the statement that pyorrhea is the result of soft food and the attendant lack of stimulation to the gums. Rough, coarse food once gave work to the teeth and stimulation to the gums, but this modern food of ours does neither. (See Dr. Louis Attofy's report of researches among the Igorots.) And lacking stimulation, our gums are growing pampered and soft, just as muscles do when deprived of regular exercise.

How soft foods cause the toothbrush to "show pink"

LET'S FACE frankly the situation of your teeth and your gums. If you are an average person, you eat soft foods, with an undue amount of creamy substances and practically a total lack of roughage. Probably, too, you often eat it hastily; few people masticate their food one-tenth as much as is proper.

What is the result? Instead of stimulating the circulation of the blood in the gums, by the normal massage incident to proper mastication, gums get little or no "exercise." Pyorrhea, infected roots, diseased sockets and gingivitis are just the normal effects from the given causes.

How Ipana helps soft gums become healthy

Ipana is a tooth paste comparatively new. Yet in the short time it has been before the profession, thousands of dentists have written us that they have adopted it in their practice, and prescribe it to patients, especially when those patients show signs of congested, soft or bleeding gums.

In stubborn cases they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana *after* the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush, thus helping to restore the circulation, to relieve the congestion, and to provide the gums with that exercise that they need so badly, and which our modern food does not give them naturally. Granted enough exercise, enough stimulation, just as an athlete's muscles develop under exercise and use, the gums will grow firm and healthy.

In strengthening soft gums and in healing bleeding gums, Ipana has a very specific virtue. It contains zirasol, a positive antiseptic and germicide, and a preparation with a recognized hemostatic value. Dentists throughout the country use it after extraction to allay the bleeding of the wound, to heal infected tissue and to restore to irritated and under-nourished gums, their normal tonicity.

Send for a Trial Tube of Ipana Tooth Paste

If you desire to experience for yourself the benefits of Ipana Tooth Paste, we will gladly send you a sample size of Ipana, enough to last for ten days. You can judge from the sample, not only the healing effect of Ipana, not only its fine free-from-grit consistency, not only its remarkable cleaning power, but you can judge, too, its fine flavor and clean taste. For Ipana is a perfect proof that a tooth paste need not have an unpleasant taste, in order to be a beneficial agent.

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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The Case of the Remarkable Husband

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

"Sit down," said Alpin. "Watch the doors." He himself crouched, automatic covering the body of Rutton Lal, and so we waited. "He is the key," said Alpin. He dashed a glass of cold liquor from the girl's tray upon Rutton's face. The man stirred. He opened his eyes and closed them again. Then he struggled to sit upright.

"Rutton," said Alpin, "at the first appearance of something that doesn't exist, I shall shoot."

The Hindu shrugged his shoulders.

"You escaped from prison in Australia."

"Evidently."

"Why did you send the snake to Mrs. Sandys?"

Rutton Lal maintained a stubborn silence.

"Do you want *him* to know?" Alpin pointed to the still sleeping Beggar.

"No. No. He must not know."

"I thought so. Sublime goodness can impress even such as you. Talk, and I promise he shall not know. How is Mrs. Sandys concerned in this?"

"She was one of us."

"In Australia?"

"Yes."

"Where your business was abducting girls for your master, the Maharaja of Sawnpore?"

"Yes," very sullenly.

"She was the Mary Noyes who gave you up to the police? Why?"

"Love," said Rutton Lal with a sneer. "She loved a man."

"A good man?"

"A good man."

"Who knew her story, and her wickedness—her abandoned childhood, and the current of events which threw her into your hands?"

"Yes."

"And he persuaded her to cleanse her soul? He took his life in his hands that she might be redeemed?"

"He was a brave man," said Rutton Lal.

"Sandys?"

"Yes."

"You have hunted them down."

"For two years I have searched."

"You chose a strange means."

"A warning. The story would go far. Many would read it. Those who read would fear to do as this woman did."

Alpin nodded. "So I reasoned," said he. "And now, under shelter of the virtue of the Beggar of Benares you have entered again the business of abduction?"

"But he does not know. He does not know."

"Is there an honest man in this household?"

"All save four. It was necessary."

"Rutton Lal," said Alpin, "you will disappear. Now, while I wait, you will send your message to the intelligence of the Beggar that you have been called away, and who will take the trust of his affairs. He must not suffer."

Rutton shrugged fatalistically. He shut his eyes and remained silent a moment. "It is done," he said. "When he awakens he will know."

"I do not wish to frighten the girl. Tell her to awaken to-morrow in her own home —without memories."

"It is done," said Rutton presently.

"Come," said Alpin. He bent over and freed Rutton's feet. "There is a very modern telephone, Jenkins. Will you be so good as to notify the police, and call a taxi-cab to take Miss Graine to her home?" He turned to Rutton Lal. "Perhaps," he said, "you need refreshment. Will you choose a glass from the tray?"

"For the first time since birth," said Rutton, "I acknowledge intelligence in an Occidental. You play well to the last move." He lifted a glass to his lips, and then sat down, composing his limbs comfortably, and buried his face in his arms as he had sat when first we entered the room.

We waited. Half an hour passed in silence. Rutton Lal sat motionless; the girl stood as if carved from stone. The turbaned butler entered, paused uncertainly.

Alpin arose. "Cover Rutton Lal," he said. "There may be trickery. I doubt it, but he may hope this is not checkmate, but only mate."

He motioned the butler to follow him, and they disappeared. Almost instantly he returned with our old friends Detectives Samuels and Roush at his heels.

"Gentlemen," said he, with a note of complacence in his voice. "Miss Marylin Graine. Yonder is Rutton Lal, abductor extraordinary to His Highness the Maharaja of Sawnpore. The story will wait. Let us make haste."

Ed. Roush stooped heavily to Rutton Lal's side and placed a professional hand on his shoulder. The man did not move. Roush lifted the Oriental head; the eyes were closed; it was the face of one who has gone peacefully to sleep—but it was the sleep from which there is no awakening.

"Watch that man," said Alpin, "until he is safely buried, and then watch the grave. There is knowledge of life and death in the East which is beyond our heavier comprehension. I shall not rest in comfort until Rutton Lal has occupied an undisturbed grave for a year. Let us go."

Late that night we rapped at the Sandys door.

"It is I," said Alpin, and we were admitted.

"There is no need to move on," he said. "Rutton Lal is dead."

"You know—" For the first time Sandys exhibited strong emotion.

"The story in all its details But you need have no fear. Malicious tongues will never touch Mrs. Sandys. Now you may begin to live."

"But how?" I said. "How did you arrive at all this?"

"The index," he said. "The cobra was a favorite means of Rutton Lal. He used it twice in Australia, once in Shanghai, and nobody knows how many times in other places. It, taken with the disappearance of a number of young society women, pointed to a recurrence of the infamous Sydney exposures of two years ago. The cable told me Rutton was at large. But I admit I was shaken when I faced the Beggar of Benares. It seemed impossible evil could shelter itself under such simple virtue. Then I saw Rutton's eyes."

He turned to Mrs. Sandys. "Madam," said he, "may I congratulate you upon a husband such as few women possess?"

"I am trying," she said, with grateful tears, "to be worthy of him."

Sandys shook his powerful shoulders. It was as tho he cast from him a heavy burden. "It will be good," he said, "to be a human being again—to be myself I have stood on guard for two long years."

"Now," said Alpin Stone, "I must get home It is late and my wife will suspect I've been up to something of this sort. I'm in for stormy weather."

Antioch, an Adventure in Education

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

them were interested particularly in her job. When she asked them if they wanted to be buyers or heads of departments they had almost unanimously said, "No. There's too much responsibility."

The young men, she said, had a different attitude. Most of them were looking forward to something better, some time or other. "That's the reason, I think, that women have not been more successful," this eighteen-year-old girl told me. "They are not interested in their jobs and they lack ambition and appreciation of the opportunities the job gives them."

This girl interested me, and I asked one of the teachers about her. She made a confession too! "You know Antioch is new," she began, "and I confess that at first I wondered about the girls—just how the plan would work out for them. But I am wholly converted. When the decision was made to put this child to work in a store, with long hours and rather difficult regulations, and the necessity for living on her income in a boarding-house—well, I wondered. I felt as if a butterfly were being crushed under a wheel. But, my! look at her now. How wonderful she is and how fine her spirit! I believe in Antioch as I have never believed in it before, and I believe in it for girls as well as for boys."

Are you thinking of your girl in this girl's place? Are you wondering if you really would be willing for your girl to learn her lesson living thus hardly? Then remember this, for it is important: At Antioch no student is ever forced or coerced or persuaded to take any work unless she thinks that it is the thing she should do and wants to do. It is the opposite of anything it encourages freedom of the individual and the right of every individual to do his or her own deciding after careful analysis and thought and with the counsel and guidance of the faculty.

The evening visited Antioch I decided that "*this* freedom" is the kind of freedom that young people should have, for never have I met young people who seemed to be thinking things through more clearly or who felt more free to express themselves.

One of the vivid memories of my visit was the evening I spent at the Morgan home when Mrs. Morgan kept "open house" for the students and faculty—the big, bright living-room with its simple furnishings, the cheerful log-fire, the faces of the boys and girls as they sat there, and the remarkable spirit of democracy that pervaded the circle. The biggest subjects, psychological, economic, political, social, all were discussed with an amazing and amusing freedom by these youngsters.

One hears a great deal at Antioch about salesmanship because one of the tenets of the Morgan faith is that one of the chief functions of the teacher is salesmanship, the practice of getting the student to see the value of what is offered him. So thoroughly is the idea carried out that the Antioch students are "sold" on the value of both their jobs and their subjects of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

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She never says, "How I dread children's parties"

Wherever you go you find the woman with the gift for human relationships. The woman who wishes to share all good things with others—with husband and children; with neighbors and friends.

EVERY CHILD in the neighborhood knows her house. He has such good times in it.

She asks her children's friends to dance around the Christmas tree. Gifts for them hang on its branches.

Mother leads the Christmas party games. She prepares for her little guests delicious, new and *different* refreshments. She knows many a children's party goes merrily until the food appears. But the sight of the same old refreshments served in the same old way—that takes the joy out of the party. That is why she devotes as much thought and care to what she shall serve the children as she does to the good things she serves her older guests.

By her gracious example she teaches her boys and girls the great lesson of hospitality—that happiness is doubled when shared with friends.

It is such a mother, always ready to help the children prepare a luncheon in the kitchen, or a dance in the drawing-room, who finds herself no stranger to their pleasures when they have grown out of childhood and into youth.

Mothers everywhere who entertain young people or old will appreciate the variety and flavor of the unusual dishes in our little book, "Salads, Suppers, Picnics." We will gladly send you a copy. Merely write your name and address on a postal card.

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & COMPANY · NEW YORK

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Let the children get the benefit of the proteins, vitamines and mineral elements these fruits contain. Keep their systems regulated! They will thrive on the natural fruit-sugar, which enriches the blood, as this sugar is in the exact chemical form required for easy assimilation. Let them have BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches and Figs today, tomorrow and every day throughout the year. Your grocer has them or can get them for you.

Learn how good these fruits are! How tasty! How appetizing! Discover the deliciousness of both Peach Sauce and Fig Sauce when served for breakfast or for dessert. Add BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches and Figs to cakes, cookies, puddings and all foods; the flavor will be wonderfully improved and the nutritive value doubled.

Always demand BLUE RIBBON brand, for this brand means the finest of California peaches and figs, supreme in quality and flavor.

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Try These Recipes

FIG PUDDING

2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon soda, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon allspice, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, 1¼ cups chopped figs, ½ cup molasses, ½ cup milk, 3 tablespoons melted fat.

Mix and sift flour, soda, salt and spices. Add figs, molasses, milk, melted fat, stirring constantly. When mixed, pour into a greased mold, cover and steam at least two hours. Serve hot with hard or liquid sauce flavored with lemon.

FIG LOAF CAKE

2 cups brown sugar, 2 cups hot water, ¼ cup fat, 1½ cups chopped figs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon soda.

Mix the sugar, water, fat, figs, salt and spices and bring to the boiling point. Allow to boil five minutes. Set aside until cold and add flour and soda which have been mixed and sifted. Bake in two greased loaf pans in a slow oven 45 minutes to 1 hour.

PEACH TAPIOCA

2 cups Stewed Dried Peaches.
½ cup granulated tapioca, 4 cups milk, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 egg yolks.

Cut peaches in quarters. Cook tapioca in milk until clear, beat in egg yolks, add sugar, salt and drained peaches. Pour into a wet mold or individuals, molds, set in a cool place until firm, turn out and serve with the syrup from the peaches, sweetened to taste. Flavors or spices may be added. An especially good dish for the children.

PEACH COBBLER

3 cups Stewed Dried Peaches.
2 cups sugar, flavoring, butter, flaky pie crust.

Put sugar into a saucepan, add three cupfuls of water in which peaches were softened, boil for ten minutes and pour over softened peaches, allow to cool. Flavor to taste. Line sides of a large, deep pudding dish with pastry. Put in peaches, dot top with tiny piece of butter. Cover with pastry, brush over with beaten egg and slash the center crosswise. Bake until pastry is nicely browned. Serve hot or cold with sugar and cream.

Send for Free Recipe Book showing many ways of using these famous fruits in your menus.

Keep Your System Regulated

Antioch, an Adventure in Education

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

study, and a stimulating self-confidence is the result.

A girl went to Antioch last Fall who said she wanted to be a doctor. After a while one of the teachers said to her, "You have nothing to capitalize except your wish to be a doctor. You have no basic education for the profession, no specialized training, no experience with life that would contribute to the kind of knowledge you will need. You must start at the bottom and the road is long." That girl, in conjunction with a "co-op" who had similar ambitions, took employment in the home of two well-known women doctors in Dayton. She told me her duties were to keep an eight-room house, care for it, plan wholesome, scientific meals and prepare and serve them. The daily marketing was also a part of her work.

This seemed rather a heavy schedule for a girl who had never known routine housework, but this girl stood it because she was convinced that the training and knowledge she was acquiring of food values, combined with the association with established women physicians, were worth more to her in inspiration than anything she could acquire from books. These girls are finding out whether they really wish to be physicians. If later they go to a medical school they will have a real reason for going.

The mercantile and manufacturing establishments of the near-by cities are cordial toward the Antioch students, and their services are in demand. In order to provide comfortable and pleasant living-quarters for the girls, club houses have been established in the cities where numbers of them work, one for girls and one for boys. The club-houses are run by the students themselves, working out their own organization, budgets, and plans, and nowhere do young folks have a better or more wholesome time. Just before I was in Dayton the boys' club gave a subscription dance in order to make money to help the girls in some furnishing they had undertaken.

If the work of the girls as I have described it interests you, that of the boys would interest you more, for there are about four boys to one girl at Antioch and they are working in nearly a hundred of the great industrial and commercial establishments in the near-by cities and at the great flying-fields near Dayton.

So much for the work side of the Antioch Plan. The cultural side is equally interesting. In the six-year program, required cultural studies covering a broad range are combined with courses in the technique of administration, in industrial, commercial, and professional fields, and in the fundamentals of engineering and other occupations. By reason of the alternating work-study plan each student has an opportunities of a year each to determine by actual experience the calling for which he is best fitted.

THE major vocational objective is administration or proprietorship. Mr. Morgan's idea is that we are in danger of running too much to specialists—that there are all too few people who have wide enough knowledge intelligently to direct or operate successful commercial or industrial enterprises. He believes in stressing the broad cultural side of education, and students are required to spend as much time on cultural subjects as on vocational and technical ones.

In the business-administration field courses are given in accounting, cost analysis, industrial relations, industrial research, purchasing and selling, and in other branches in the field of administration. These theoretical courses are related to the outside work and tend toward proprietorship or administration. The student learns what different callings demand and what they offer, and is given opportunity to test by experience how effective he will be in them. During the first two or three years his courses are general, gradually becoming specific as he determines upon his calling. By this means he "finds himself" while in school.

"The typical freshman comes to college," Mr. Morgan says, "with uncertain, unbalanced, unwise interests. A large part of the duty of a college, we believe, is effective presentation of suitable objectives of interest.

"Many boys who desire to become engineers are contemptuous of literature, history, and other cultural courses. Others wish to specialize in literature, for example, and have no interest in other elements of the training necessary to a well-balanced personality.

"It is our business to help students to see the value of better distribution of their interests. But it is a pedagogical blunder to force a student to take a course and expect him to profit by it without first enlisting his interest in it. We seek to create within the student an appreciation of the significance of the course that he is about to take and its value to him. One of the greatest pedagogical crimes is to compel the student to give his time and energy to some subject which, in view of his fundamental life needs, is of less importance than some other subject which it crowds out."

The heart of the Antioch Plan seems to be that no one faculty or part of personality can safely be given the right to control human life and conduct, that progress and sanity demand versatile development of human qualities, and the distribution of sovereignty among them.

Mr. Morgan says that college students are not, as is generally believed, necessarily the cream of the land. He thinks that the five hundred thousand college students in America are representative of about the top twenty per cent. of the intelligence and quality of the country. This means that for every student in college there are four boys or girls of college age, of equal intelligence, who do not go to college. He believes, furthermore, that in many cases the wrong boys and girls are going to college.

THE wealth America has poured into her institutions of higher learning is not intended solely as an offering upon the altar of scholarship, neither is it intended solely to finance the development of technique and skill. Many of our technically trained young people go out into life unprepared to see its values, while many of our liberally trained boys and girls fail to meet its stress or to bear their share of its load.

The new conception of education as it is being developed at Antioch is that young men and young women should be prepared in our colleges and universities for *all* that life demands and offers.

This new plan of education must be given a chance. America can not afford to ignore or to be half-hearted about it. That something is out of joint with our present methods most people will admit. What that something is no one seems to know. If Mr. Morgan has diagnosed the case and has a treatment to offer, let's try it out!

Antioch does not want a big endowment. It aims to be largely self-supporting. It will be readily seen that, according to the plan as I have outlined it, one faculty serves two sets of students, each paying its tuition. Because of this double value of the tuition-fee the college is even now nearly two-thirds self-supporting. I asked what amount of money is needed to give the plan a full chance, and, in the light of the enormous endowment of many of our institutions, the answer surprized me. The net annual operating cost, while the self-support program is being developed, is $75,000. Exclusive of this present operating cost, and $1,000,000 for endowment, the total needs of Antioch, for all purposes, amount to $1,600,000.

There is nothing startlingly new or radical in the Antioch Plan. It merely contemplates a wider use and closer correlation of certain schemes for education which have been found successful here and there in older institutions. It is a combination of these methods.

For the lack of sufficient support America must not, America can not, allow this experiment to have less than a full chance to prove its worth.

Mr. John Palmer Gairt, who has visited more than twenty-five colleges and universities during the past two years, and has written a series of articles about them in the New York *Evening Post*, devoted three articles to Antioch. In the concluding paragraph of the third article he said: "At Antioch I have found, more than anywhere else, the answers to questions I have been asking at colleges from coast to coast. The experiment there is yet potential; but I believe it will have a profound influence upon education from top to bottom, not only in America, but throughout the world. I know of no enterprise of any sort in which a custodian of wealth could invest the couple of million dollars needed to insure its carrying out, with greater assurance that he was helping his country toward the making of intelligent and useful men and women for its working, thinking citizenship."

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Particularly where children are concerned the upholstery and finish of the car represent a true economy.

The cushions, attractively done in Spanish blue leather of the finest grade, are proof against dirty hands and scuffling feet. The leather can be washed; it resists hard usage indefinitely.

The finish is lustrous ebony-black enamel, baked on the surface of the all-steel body at intense heat. Its endurance in the face of ordinary abuse, and even serious neglect, has been demonstrated for more than nine years on Dodge Brothers open cars—where this process of finishing steel bodies was inaugurated.

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His Holiness Pius XI.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

older days, when the sovereign Pontiffs had attendants galore and resplendent; when provisions for their households were supplied by an administrative committee born in the highest ranks of society that knew nothing of simplicity; when, it is said, the crums from the ruler's table were as the loaves and fishes, often feeding as many as three hundred of the Vatican's retainers.

With Linda it is different. She goes to market every morning and does not find it beneath her dignity to haggle over the price of an artichoke or to heckle the market people over what she considers short measure. Even the slightest provision must be weighed and wrapped before her very eyes. When the day is done there is little left for perquisites in the larder of the Vatican kitchen.

In her solicitude for her master's personal comfort she is no less maternally meticulous. Like a guardian she stands with the flaming sword of her zeal before the portals of his privileges, giving short shrift with a sharp tongue to those whom she thinks intruders. And this earnestness is not entirely confined to the Pontiff's living-quarters. She pokes her sharp but faithful old nose into other corners of the vast domain of 11,000 rooms and endless courts and gardens. Half marketwoman and half priest, this old woman of Lombardy, dressed grotesquely in a costume as severe and as threadbare as that of a Capuchin monk, glides back and forth in the shadows of the famous Court of San Damaso like some familiar spirit, or the ghost-like figure in a Rembrandt etching.

From what I have said of Linda it must not be misjudged that hers is wholly a dour spirit. It is only that in her zeal she sees herself as one called to uphold the good of her church, to keep the way of its "vicar on earth" free from schemes of the worldly-minded. She is, in a way, a symbol of the new order; one which has its roots in the early austerity of the Christian founders—an order of simplicity rather than splendor, of sacrifice rather than ceremony. In less than eighteen months Pope Pius XI. has, by economy and intelligence, stabilized the finances of the church. And it is said about the Vatican that Linda has contributed in no small way to this achievement.

IN DOCTRINE the present Pope is severely orthodox, having no patience with the modernist movement in the church. But in his administration and in his personal ideas he is a man of strong individuality.

His first papal gesture is significant of this—so the story goes. It was the day of his coronation. The solemn ceremonies bestowing the pontificate upon him were ended. As he was about to leave the Hall of the Consistory, surrounded by his Cardinals, he heard the acclaim of the populace in the court below. He ordered the long windows leading upon the balcony to be opened. Heedless of the suggestion of his Cardinals that since Pope Pius IX. had voluntarily imprisoned himself in the Vatican, no Pontiff had appeared before the public, he asked, "Who *is* the Pope?" and, stepping out upon the balcony, bessed the clamoring crowd below.

He let it be known at the beginning of his sovereignty that he would take his time before issuing an encyclical, to understand and reflect fully upon world and church conditions before sending his first message to his flock. Coronated in February, 1922, it was not until Christmas eve, ten months later, that his first encyclical was issued.

It is said to be a monument of insight and wisdom, particularly that part which deals with the peace of the world. For Pope Pius is an indefatigable pacifist. His one absorbing dream is that all the nations of the world shall live and practise the virtues of peace. And because of his erudition and his deep wisdom as acknowledged by the leaders of the European nations, he may yet go down in history as a peace protagonist who was able by gentle, intellectual persuasion to bring about the beginnings of a more hopeful era to war-torn nations. Already it is said in Europe even by those not of the faith that he has done much to help the cause of peace, and that the rapid recovery of Austria, which, only two years ago was on the verge of total collapse, is due in great part to his plea for peace to his followers, who are a large part of that country's population.

Whenever and wherever the peace of the world has been threatened he has shown a magnificent courage. Braving the false indictment of attempted ecclesiastical dominion, he has not hesitated to exhort the involved nations to peaceful arbitration. And to-day in England and upon the Continent he is looked to as one of the leading proponents of universal peace and good-will.

IT WAS about peace that I was permitted to question him briefly, and his brief er answers embodied the same principle as the encyclical, wherein the power of penetration. He believes that the fundamental cause of all war, as well as that of the Great War, is the growing godlessness in individual lives and the consequent disintegration of the family.

Taking the family as the unit of society, he maintains that it is only by upholding its ideals and its unity that the ideals of men and nations may be upheld. He thinks that if parents and children are held together in love and virtue; if the authority of the parents is recognized; if children are taught to be respectful, obedient, and unselfish within the home; if marriage is not merely a civil contract but a high sacrament, then the young men and women will emerge from the home to take their place as citizens will bring to their part in the world's work these same virtues of peace and integrity.

Children who respect the authority of their parents will respect authority in government. They who are considerate of others in the home will, as citizens who contribute toward the progress and well-being of society, accord to other people and nations, as children of God like themselves and members of one great human family, the right to live and prosper; they will not separate honesty from their business and social activities.

He further spurs men and women to a fine, high administration of the home and family when he declares that if the spiritual life within the home is dimmed and the domestic shrine profaned by godlessness, selfishness, and evil passions, the very well-springs of life and peace are poisoned. He makes a passionate plea for higher Christianity when he declares: "If Christ rules in the family, and a marriage has its beginning in the holiness decreed by Christ, the home has the character of a shrine, where the authority of parents is modeled on the divine, where the obedience of children is as that of the Christ Child, where all life becomes an inspiration to holiness." And here he quotes from the Redeemer of men, "Without God nothing is possible."

No Pontiff in history has had so rapid ascent to the throne as Pius XI. In 1915 he was yet a simple priest working in the library of the Vatican. In 1918 Pope Benedict raised him to a bishopric, and sent him to Warsaw as Papal Nuncio, where he played a big part in the making of the Covenant of Poland. Upon his return in April, 1921, the Archbishopric of Milan, one of the most difficult dioceses in Italy because of the political and social turmoil which continuously vexes it, was conferred upon him. At that time he was quite unknown and not looked upon as a foremost prelate of the Catholic hierarchy.

It was only in June, 1921, less than a year before he was to be elected to the papacy, that he was created a Cardinal, and no one had thought of him as the next Pope, altho it might seem as if Pope Benedict sensed what was to come when he remarked with a smile upon conferring the red hat on the three new cardinals —Tacci, Laurenti, and Ratti: "Who knows? My successor may be one of you."

Reviewing the life of this quiet man of sudden power, it is easy to see the cause of his rapid ascendency. Unlike the majority of his predecessors, Pope Pius is not of noble birth. Born in the village of Desio, near Milan, he was the son of an artisan and received his first schooling from the priests of the parish. Later he went to the Lombardy Seminary in Milan and from there to the Lombardy College in Rome. His talent for religion and study was evident in his boyhood. Instead of spending his leisure with his playmates, he preferred to pore over whatever books were at hand; to roam the hills, or to sit in church, kneeling in prayer before the altar for long hours at a time.

Later when he went to the Vatican as an assistant librarian, he was the last to leave the library, and rest and food were often forgotten as he remained absorbed in his books until the lights were dimmed and he was brought back to the world of living things. It was not unusual, so I was told, for Father Ratti to be found long after the lights were out, poring over the pages of a dingy volume while his candle flickered low in its socket. This habit of his appealed to his colleagues' sense of humor, and often they joked him about it, referring to him as "topo di bibliotecа" (library rat). His particular hobby was the "incunabuli"—that precious collection of first printed books which is one of the rarest of Vatican treasures and to which he applied himself assiduously.

Altho as Monsignor Ratti he lived many years in Rome, because of his consecration to his books few were his human contacts. When, less than ten years ago, he rose to sudden attention, he was practically unknown. But it was these years of profound study and contemplation which have made him to-day a man of tremendous erudition, philologist of note with a deep understanding of ancient lore and languages.

It might seem as if the swift ascent of the priest, Achille Ratti, to the papacy were implicitly prefigured from his birth, for the Ratti family's coat of arms bears the legend "Raptim transit," which, translated literally, is "rapid transit" and means just that. Since his coronation the legend has been deleted from his escutcheon, and, so it is said, this was done at the urgent request of those who, having the best interests of the church at heart, wished this subtle augury removed, lest it might again have prophetic intent.

But even so learned and profound a man as Pius XI. has his human idiosyncrasies. One of these is reticence. And naturally he would be so. As a recluse and a man of Lombardy—all men of Lombardy are silent and inscrutable—he expresses himself briefly—so briefly that to speak with him is at least discomforting. At the Vatican they tell a story of a citizen of Rome upon whom the Pope conferred the Cross of St. Gregory. Overjoyed at the honor bestowed upon him, the man hastened to the Vatican, seeking an audience so he could thank his benefactor in person. The request was granted In half an hour the man emerged from the audience-chambers, dripping with perspiration and in a state of high excitement. "He told me to sit down," he exclaimed, "and I sat. He spoke a few words—then he looked out of the window. In ten minutes he spoke again—a word or two. Then again—silence. I could not leave until he told me to go. It was the most uncomfortable half-hour of my life."

Aside from his books Pope Pius has had one other hobby, one which must now be enshrined in the treasury of precious memories. An ardent and arduous mountain-climber, whenever he grew mentally tired he slipped away to the mountains, scaling dangerous peaks that have tested the courage and endurance of the most experienced Alpinists. An English translation of an illuminative work written by him upon the science and adventure of mountain-climbing is now just come from the press. It is a minor note in the career of this man of lonely and magnificent heights that he must now, by the force of his great destiny, be shut away a voluntary prisoner from his one satisfying divertisement.

While I was in Rome it was my privilege to attend two important ceremonials of the church—the beatification of blessed Michael Garocoits, who was raised the first step toward sanctification, and the conferring of the Cardinal's hat upon four Archbishops. The first was held in St. Peter's, and I am sure that in no Oriental court of to-day there could be such gorgeous pageantry. It spoke of a splendor of bygone days. The beatification took place before the great altar of St. Peter's, emblazoned with a thousand lights which touched the golden frame of the picture above the altar into a divine radience.

The Holy Father, arrayed in white and with a richly jeweled mantle of red brocade falling from his shoulders, seated in state in a chair of gold and soft cardinal, was borne on a palanquin of rarest Oriental brocade by the papal guards to his place before the flaming altar. These guards, in knickerbockers, jackets, and capes of fine cut black velvet, with jeweled buckles at their knees, jeweled swords in jeweled scabbards at their sides, enormous white Elizabethan ruffs about their necks, and festoons of heavy-linked gold chain about their shoulders, were as cavaliers from Spain's romantic past, or as figures who had stepped down from a Goya painting.

The Swiss guards, who followed, burst upon the sight as fantastic episodes of a medieval glory. Michelangelo, who designed these costumes, must have been in rare mood at the moment of their creating. They were of harlequin colors, brilliant blue and red and yellow and green, with which bright stockings and shoes were worn. The shining helmets were tipped off by a gay red feather. And behind them came the royal guards in uniforms richly embossed with gold, who from their mighty polished helmets glossy horses' tails of white or black fell almost to their waists. The College of Cardinals, in their soft Venetian brocades, brought up the rear of this phalanx of magnificence.

AS THE Holy Father was borne down the great length of St. Peter's, women wept and told their beads, while men beat their breasts, shouted, or clapped. In the distance from the Sistine choir rang out the Gregorian chant sung in voices of rarest resonance. The swinging of the censors, the chants of the officiating priests, the magnificence of St. Peter's with its jeweled columns and hangings created an atmosphere of unearthly, exotic glory, making a strange and tremendous appeal to the imagination.

The conferring of the Cardinals' hats took place in the Hall of the Consistory, and was even more enthralling. The walls, of purest alabaster whiteness, were unadorned except by the altar at one end, which was hung with rich brocades and the old Arras tapestry of the "Assumption of the Virgin Mary," thus bringing into greater glory the splendor of the papal entourage. The Pope was regaled in papal pontifical robes of old lace and mellowed cardinal brocade embroidered in delicate tracery of gold and pearls. Upon his head was the pontifical helmet of solid gold studded with rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and diamonds. At each side of his palanquin the guards held aloft the swaying flabella of long white ostrich plumes. His golden chair was placed on the altar, between the lions, which crouched, lifelike, in each corner of the tapestry, giving an astounding effect of majesty and power.

I sat like a child in a fairy-tale, wondering. And with my wonder came a great understanding of the fitness of Pius XI. for the pontificate. Simple man he is, and impatient of surface accounts, and yet he can graciously sacrifice himself to the splendor of his church's symbols and ceremonials so that the faith may be maintained in the glory with which the Byzantium Popes invested it.

Pius XI., because of his simplicity and his frugality, may not be so popular an idol as Pontiffs who have gone before, but those about him aver that because of these qualities he will make his mark in papal history as a man who was able in a critical moment—the most critical of many centuries, when agnosticism was threatening the entire world—not only to hold his church together, but to put it on a strong and stable basis. In world history, because of his power for peace, he will be written down as a great man in great crises.

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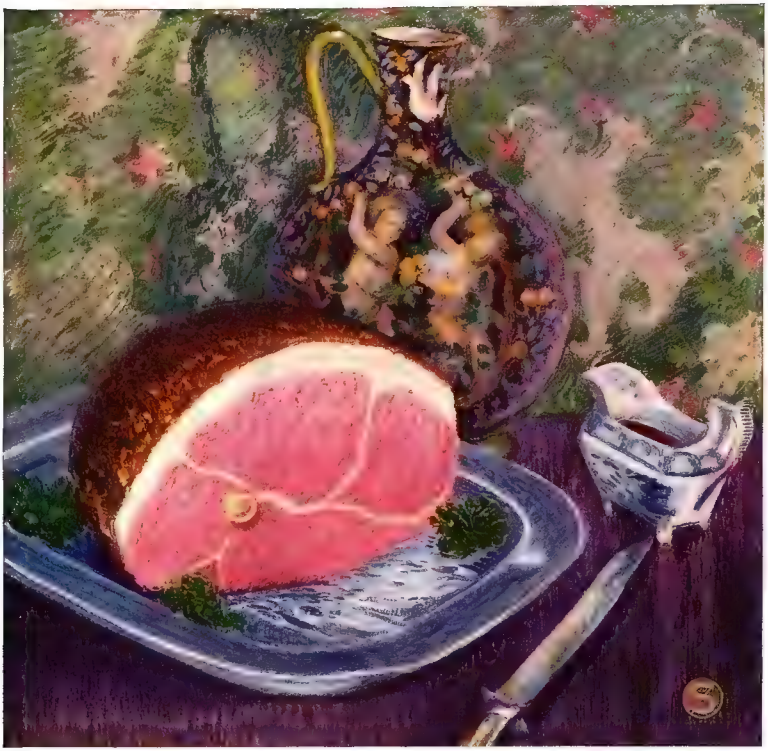

The enjoyment of Premium Ham does not greatly depend upon the particular way in which it is served; it has always the same distinctive goodness. Yet, as an accompaniment, a sauce of raisins seems especially fitting

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Ham
Swift's Premium Ham
Swift's Premium Bacon
Swift's Silverleaf Brand Pure Lard
Swift

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Baked Ham with Raisin Sauce

Pour a cup of vinegar and 1 cup of brown sugar over the butt half of a Premium Ham, and add enough cold water to just cover it. Simmer until tender, allowing about 20 minutes to a pound. Place ham in baking pan with 2 cups of the liquid in which it was cooked, a cup of sweet cider, and a thick layer of brown sugar sprinkled over the ham itself. Bake 1½ hours. After 1 hour's cooking add about a cup of seeded raisins. Thicken the sauce with a little cornstarch if necessary and serve in a separate dish

Swift & Company
U. S. A.

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You, too, will say—

"...I had no idea ... so many tempting ways"

The thrill that comes from serving a surprise dish that *everyone praises*—how often do *you* experience it?

It's worth working for, isn't it? An event to be remembered!

Yet, strange as it may seem, there are women who accomplish it—not just occasionally—but *every day*.

We asked one such woman recently for the secret. And this is what she said: First choose a basic ingredient which everyone likes (and who doesn't like Hawaiian Pineapple?); then follow a proven recipe, yet one unique enough to have a novelty appeal.

In hundreds of thousands of homes today, the booklet illustrated here is helping housewives put appetizing variety into their every-day menus. It is a real text book of pineapple cookery—a carefully compiled collection of recipes, including 14 world-known cooking authorities' favorite ways to serve Hawaiian Pineapple in convenient, economical crushed form.

You should know the *irresistible* charm—the enticing, appetizing fragrance of this delicious, healthful golden-ripe fruit of the tropics. And you should know that *Crushed* Hawaiian Pineapple is exactly the same in quality and flavor as the *Sliced* Hawaiian Pineapple which is America's favorite fruit-food—the same tempting, plantation-ripened fruit—packed in the same model canneries, the day it is picked.

Learn now! Write for your free copy of this helpful book. You, too, will say, as said so many women last season: "It is a revelation to me. I had no idea your delightful fruit could be served in so many tempting and economical ways."

~ Send for your free copy ~ mail the coupon

Department 76,
ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CANNERS,
451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Yes, I would like to have your collection of proven recipes for serving Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Send me, without charge or obligation, a copy of "Ninety-Nine Tempting Pineapple Treats."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

In the meantime, try these recipes by women you know—

I. The five illustrated here—in order, top to bottom:

CALIFORNIA HAWAII SALAD—Add ¾ cup cold water to 1 tablespoons gelatine. When it has softened add 1½ cups boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add ¼ cup sugar and cool. Add 1 cup Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, ¾ cup diced celery and ½ cup California walnut meats broken in pieces. Pour into molds and set in a cold place until firm. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

BANBURY PINEAPPLE TARTS—Thoroughly drain 1 cup Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, add ½ cup chopped raisins, ¾ cup chopped California walnuts, juice and grated rind of 1 lemon, ¾ cup sugar, 2 crackers finely rolled and 1 beaten egg. Roll pastry about ⅛ inch thick and cut into 5-inch circles. Into the center of each put a spoonful of the mixture, moisten the edge with cold water, fold ⅓ over on the other half and press edges well together with a fork dipped in flour. Bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

PINEAPPLE ORANGEADE—To 3 cups of orange juice add 1 cups syrup drained from Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and 1 cup cold water. Chill and serve in glasses with Maraschino and Creme de Menthe cherries, if desired.

FRESNO PINEAPPLE PIE—Heat 1¼ cups syrup drained from Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Mix ¾ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornstarch, ¾ teaspoon salt and ¾ teaspoon cinnamon, add the hot liquid, return to the fire and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Boil 5 minutes and add 2 tablespoon lemon juice, ¾ cup seedless raisins and ¾ cup well drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Pour into pastry lined pie pan, cover with top layer of pastry and put into a hot oven. After 10 minutes of baking reduce heat and continue baking about 10 minutes longer.

PINEAPPLE CAKE GLACE—Cream ½ cup fat, gradually adding 1½ cups sugar. Add 1 well-beaten egg. Sift 2½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, and ¾ teaspoon salt, and add to first mixture alternately with 1 cup cold water. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in an iron spider and add 1 cup brown sugar, stirring until smooth. Spread with a layer of well drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, pour batter over this, and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven. Turn out on a plate, cool thoroughly, spread with whipped cream, and serve.

II. The three shown on the booklet cover:

PINEAPPLE PARFAIT—Mix 2 cup each of sugar and water and allow to boil 5 minutes. Pour onto 3 eggs that have been beaten until light. Cook in double boiler until eggs thicken the mixture or about 5 minutes. Chill, add 2 cups cream, whipped, 1 cup Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Mix thoroughly and pour into a mold. Cover tightly and pack in equal parts of ice and salt for 4 hours.

HONOLULU SHORTCAKE—Spread well drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple thickly between layers of plain cake, cut in squares. Serve with whipped cream. (Use the drained syrup in making a refreshing Pineapplade.)

PINEAPPLE PATTIES—Drain the syrup from 1 can Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. To the pineapple add ½ cup sugar and 1 tablespoon butter. Allow to cook slowly 8 or 10 minutes or until a rich amber in color, stirring frequently. Pour into small pastry shells that have been baked but not allowed to brown. Bake until a film forms over the pineapple or about 10 minutes. Serve cold.

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The Flapping of Their Wings

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

culture to-day? I just wanted to know whether Socrates would like to come around to-night and teach me a thing or two."

"Why," said Theocritus, his ready flush mounting, "I'd like to."

"All right then," said Dolly as she walked out of the door, "be around about nine." Theocritus beamed. Hugh scowled.

"Gee, Mr. Brown," he declared, "you're falling for her too. I'm disappointed in you. She ain't worth it. Now, if you'd fall for Nancy I wouldn't care."

At precisely nine o'clock Theocritus walked up the steps with a loudly beating heart.

He rang the bell, and waited, an eternity, it seemed to him. How wonderful it would be! Alone with Dolly, talking to her, teaching her something. His throat was constricted with excitement. At length the door was opened by Dolly—Dolly resplendent in a flame-colored evening-wrap, and accompanied by the ubiquitous Spike Browning, patent leather of hair and shoes and sleek in a new dinner-jacket.

"Hello!" she said. "Hugh's up-stairs. Is it time for another lesson? Hope you enjoy yourself. Hurry, Spike! We're late already." And together they sped down the stairs, leaving a breathless and incomprehending young man on the step.

For some minutes he stood motionless. Slowly the thing dawned on him. She hadn't meant that this afternoon. She hadn't even remembered saying it. She was a cruel, heartless creature. But she was beautiful, and he adored her. Well, what could he do? His shoulders sagged. He might try to forget about her and return to his work. No, he wouldn't do that. He'd go ahead with his lessons and learn to be like Spike Browning. Squaring his shoulders, he rang the bell again, and told the maid he wished to see Nancy.

Half an hour later Theocritus was temporarily in the discard, and Teddy was being initiated into the first rites of the modern dance.

"There's no use bothering with a simple fox-trot," Nancy explained. "These things are just as easy, and you have to know them to get along. It might be a good thing to invent a step of your own. We'll think up something crazy."

THE following days found Nancy and her pupil together at every available moment. Lessons progressed satisfactorily.

Teddy was slowly but surely emerging from Theocritus, the result of Nancy's patience and his own determination. Sometimes his spirit flagged, and then he forced himself to continue, calling up the memory of Dolly's last cavalier action to goad himself on. Somehow, tho, he found that he was getting interested in the thing for its own sake. Nancy was making it such a lark. You couldn't help enjoying a thing with her. She was so gay and friendly. She was pretty, too, he began to notice. Not beautiful like Dolly, but still very pretty. He liked to be with her.

Nancy liked to be with him, too. He was an apt pupil, and she got so much fun out of teaching him. She'd be sorry in a way when it was over.

The Saturday before Dolly's return was set for examination day.

"These exams," Nancy explained, "will be in the nature of preliminaries. If you pass them you qualify for the finals. If not, you repeat the course. Meet me at the Drakeleigh for tea at four o'clock."

Scores of identical young men stood in the Vanderbilt Avenue lobby of the Drakeleigh Hotel as Nancy threaded her way in at four o'clock Saturday afternoon. She looked around inquiringly as a tall youth with carefully slicked yellow hair and loose, baggy suit approached her, hat in hand.

"'Lo, old sock," he said, grinning broadly. Nancy looked up.

"Teddy! Put your hat on! You're great, but you mustn't take your hat off when you speak to a girl." Hastily he clapped on his flat, pancake hat, shoving it to the correct angle over his eyes.

"There, that's better. Now let's get a table." The head waiter bowed deferentially enough as he led them to a table near the dance-floor. Nancy was delighted.

"Your disguise must be pretty good," she told him, "or he'd penetrate it. I'm certainly proud of my pupil. Have you been practising with the broom?"

Teddy said he had. When they reached their table he slouched down in his chair, neither waiting for Nancy to be seated nor drawing her chair out for her.

"Go to the head of the class," she said, dimpling. "Soon you'll be teaching me." Teddy looked at her gratefully. She was certainly pretty when she smiled. Not as beautiful as Dolly, of course, he reminded himself, but certainly pretty.

Tea ordered, Teddy settled down to a survey of the crowded room while Nancy settled down to a survey of Teddy. In an absent-minded way he took from his pocket a crumbled pack of cheap cigarets, fitted one in a long amber holder, and threw the pack carelessly on the table.

"Who's the blond over there? Looks kinda familiar," he said in a bored voice, leaning across the table and blowing a stream of smoke into her face. Nancy grinned delightedly.

"Oh, Ted," she said, "you're wonderful! You move me to the utmost admiration. That's Jessica Jermyn. Dolly and I went to school with her. You've probably seen her around the house. Have you rehearsed your line?"

"Sure thing," he replied. "Be terse and monosyllabic. Make 'em uncomfortable. There's nothing so disconcerting as monosyllables."

At this moment the waiter arrived with tea. From his hip-pocket Teddy brought forth a bottle filled with an amber-colored liquid. In general this action paralleled exactly what was going on all over the room. In its details, however, it diverged considerably. The other young men, with an eye to the law, went through the motions of hiding their eau-de-vie under napkins. Teddy stood his boldly upright in the center of the table for all to see. The other young men, conventionally unconventional, carried their "makin's" in metal or leather-covered flasks. Not so Teddy. His amber-colored fluid stood naked and unashamed in a baby's eight-ounce milk-bottle, surmounted by the customary rubber pacifier.

Nancy gasped and looked around wildly. Little sounds of laughter came from the near-by tea-dancers. The little sounds grew into a murmur and the murmur swelled into a crescendo of mirth. Teddy sat slouched carelessly in his chair, quite oblivious, apparently, to the sensation he was creating.

Nancy was reduced to a state of hysteria. The girls and youths near by were laughing and talking excitedly, torn between admiration and envy of Teddy for perpetrating such a daring stunt. He accepted their plaudits in a kingly manner, and when he was quite sure that the eyes of the entire room were focused on him he gravely lifted the bottle to his lips and took a long draft of the amber-colored fluid. When he set it down once more the bottle was almost empty. The excitement mounted. What a marvelous person this was, who could consume a pint of hooch at one swig!

"Quick," said Nancy between gasps of laughter, "put it away. Here comes the head waiter, and he has an eagle eye. Come," and she pushed her chair back as the music began again, "I must see how you dance."

FOLLOWED by a hundred pairs of eagerly curious eyes, Teddy and Nancy began to dance. His dancing was as erratic as his drinking. He used a curious, slow shuffle of a step, always lagging a beat or two behind the music. The impression it gave was that, having once thrown a long leg back of him, he recovered it with great difficulty.

"I couldn't keep time with the records when I was practising," he explained, "and I sort of drifted into this. I'll call it the crab crawl. Say, Nan, am I making the grade? Am I passing the exam?"

"You are," said Nancy; "you've qualified as a first-rate nut. But you must realize that you've had only me as an examiner. After all, I'm your friend, and you know me, and it wasn't so awfully hard. The real test will come when you put on your act for the enemy. If you can put it over them, I'll give you a diploma.

"To-morrow night I'll have a little party at the house—a picked party of the most hard-boiled kids I know. Supreme among them is Jessica Jermyn, that blond girl you asked me about before. Jessica has a well-earned reputation as a man-eater. Her line is swift and deadly and her casualty list is a mile long. I'm going to put you next to Jessica at supper, and if you can hold your own with her, there's nothing more for me to teach you. You'll be ready for Dolly when she comes back."

Dolly. The name came to Teddy from far away. He hadn't thought much about her the last few days. He had been so engrossed in his new occupation that he had rather lost sight of its objective. Well, it would be fun to see her reactions to Terrible Teddy.

Jessica Jermyn had not yet arrived when Teddy came. Being late was always a part of her act. Old stuff, she admitted, but good. Teddy didn't mind, however. In fact he was rather pleased, as it gave him a chance to survey the territory. Some of the youths and girls had seen him at the Drakeleigh the day before, and he was firmly established as Terrible Teddy by the time Jessica came in.

He had once again displayed his baby's bottle filled with amber-colored liquid. From his other hip-pocket he drew a regulation flask, which he explained was for the use of other people.

"I've gotta have mine out of this," he told them airily. "It's my special blend. I always carry another flask for the masses."

"Isn't he priceless?" cooed Mara Bennett, gazing at him with worshipful eyes. "So original. I just simply adore originality. Wait until Jess lamps him. What a tussle there'll be then!" Jess lamped him at just about that moment. She had made her entrance according to direction (her own), but the rest of the company had somehow missed the cue, and the attention of the audience was focused elsewhere. Jessica was somewhat annoyed. Nancy, whose eyes wore an unusually speculative expression, was at her side.

"Who's the he vamp?" asked Jessica.

"Oh!" Nancy smiled at the appellation. "That's Terrible Teddy Brown. I think you'll find him amusing. Come on over. I want you to meet him; he's going to be your supper partner." And she led the famous man-eating Jessica to the sofa, where, enthroned among pillows and surrounded by girls, sat the young man whose name a few short weeks before had been Theocritus Peabody Brown III.

"Teddy," she said, "may I present Miss Jermyn? This is Mr. Brown." Jessica and Teddy looked at each other. The girl smiled as a queen waiting for her newest courtier to rise and do homage. Teddy, unsmiling, did not rise.

"How do, Jessica?" he said gravely. "Don't mind me not getting up, will you? It isn't being done. I'm organizing a league for the protection of men, and one of the first rules is to keep your seat when talking to girls."

"That sounds reasonable," drawled Jessica. "What are your other rules?"

"Well," reflected Teddy, "most of them are for engaged or married men. We must be allowed to continue our careers and keep our maiden names after we marry. We can't afford to lose our identity or be submerged in the personality of our wives." He looked up at Jessica, kept his gaze steadily on hers for a minute. Then his eyes fell. A strained, tired look came into them. He sighed profoundly, picked up a magazine from the table behind him, and began to read. It was a definite dismissal. Jessica walked away, humming a little tune.

Teddy continued to read, or rather pretended to, altho he kept forgetting to turn the pages. He was suddenly weary. How silly it all was, this masquerade! Oh, what a fool, to think that he could change his temperament, repudiate the traditions of a lifetime, of a dozen generations, really, in a couple of weeks! And that "line." How silly he must have sounded! This Jessica person was a seasoned veteran, he an absolute novice. He'd never make the grade, because he had no more interest in making it. He'd just have to keep under cover as much as possible. He wouldn't talk at all, he decided; that would be better than saying stupid things he didn't mean.

From over the top of the magazine he stole an occasional cautious glance. They seemed to be having a good time. Jessica was at her peppiest, flying about the room, executing little dance-steps, singing snatches of popular songs, her eyes shining, her short curls flying. She seemed to dominate the entire roomful of people. They were all taking their cues from her once more, and she was happy. Once when he glanced over the top of his magazine he noticed that she was looking in his direction, a curious expression on her face.

He wondered what it meant. Not that it mattered. He'd been a fool to ever try this stuff. All because he thought he had to have Dolly. Now that was all over as tho it had never happened. And where was he? Weeks behind on his work. Weeks behind and probably out of the spirit of it by now.

IT WAS while he was engaged in these bitter reflections that the bell rang. A moment later, as if his thoughts had conjured her, Dolly burst into the room, a bright, gay creature in the same red dress that had so completely overwhelmed him when he had first seen it. Instantly she was surrounded by the chattering crowd, amazed and delighted by her sudden appearance.

"For the love of Mike, Dolly," exclaimed Jim Carroll, "how did you get here? You certainly don't look as tho you'd spent the last six hours on a train."

"I haven't," laughed Dolly. "I came by radio. A little birdie whispered to me that there was a good party here to-night, so I hopped on the wireless and came."

"Do you mean," Mara Bennett asked breathlessly, "that you wore that dress on the train?"

"No, dumb-bell! It was very simple. If you must know, I came in by the back door, got dressed, went out again, and rang the bell. I've been in the house an hour. Who's here?" And her bright eyes glanced rapidly around the room until they lighted in astonishment on Teddy, who, magazine in hand, was studying her with an expression that was at the same time challenging and unreadable. Brushing by Spike Browning, who had resumed his usual place at her side, she sauntered with a somewhat unconvincing casualness over to Teddy, who, as she approached, rose gravely, bowed, and sat down again, picking up the magazine in a tentative way.

"Hello, Socrates!" she said lightly, sitting down beside him.

"Have a nice trip?" asked Teddy, politely, as one would ask a maiden aunt. Dolly didn't quite understand. Here he was, changed, externally, just like Spike to look at. It seemed rather interesting. She'd have to figure him out. He wasn't the same dub, that was certain, who used to stammer and blush whenever she spoke to him. Maybe she'd take him on.

Meanwhile, strangely enough, she found herself bereft of conversation.

For that Teddy was grateful. He had nothing to say to Dolly, either, and found himself wondering why he had been so exercised over her. He recalled Hugh's words—"They all look alike." They did, it occurred to him. Well, he'd been a fool, but probably he'd benefited by the experience.

Engaged in these thoughts, Teddy did

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The Most Interesting Woman I Have Ever Met

By Anne Leslie

IF I SHOULD ask you how many friends you have, how many could you name? Not merely acquaintances, but friends, folks you feel close to, people you can confide in, people whom it is a real comfort to know? Ten? Perhaps. But twenty or thirty? I doubt it, for after all, real friendship is a treasure and real friends are few.

What would you think, then, of a woman who numbers her friends, not by the dozens or the hundreds, but by the thousands—who has friends in every city and town and country community all over the United States and Canada—most of whom she has never seen?

For months in my travels in lecture work I had been hearing about this unusual woman. A mother in an Ohio town told me how Mrs. Picken had solved her family clothes problem; -a high school girl in Massachusetts told me how Mrs. Picken had helped her spend a delightful and profitable summer vacation; a widow in Virginia related the wonderful story of how Mrs. Picken had helped her establish a millinery shop that had made her independent; a school teacher in Iowa told me how Mrs. Picken had shown her the way to increase her salary by preparing in spare time to teach domestic arts.

No wonder that when I found myself booked to speak in Scranton, Pennsylvania, I was impatient to meet and know this remarkable woman whose friendship and help had reached in every direction across the miles. And there I found her in her beautiful office at the Woman's Institute, where she is the Director of Instruction of the largest school of domestic arts and sciences in the world.

The atmosphere of that room told me worlds. about her. For there were soft-curtained windows looking out on Pennsylvania hills, a warm rug, a tempting couch for visitors, flowers on the desk and a scrap of sewing. But Mrs. Picken herself was deep in a pile of letters from her "friends."

"I treasure every letter that comes," she said, "for it brings us a new opportunity to help." And then she told me about the wonderful plan by which the Woman's Institute teaches the womanly arts of dressmaking, millinery and cooking.

"Every woman and girl knows," she said, "that she could easily save half or more on all her clothes by making them herself. So we developed this plan by which she can learn to make them right in her own home. And we do it by giving each student personal help to meet her individual needs.

"Every woman has ability that she does not ordinarily use because she has no one to really help her—to give her confidence in herself. It is that way about making your own clothes. There is a natural talent for most women and planning becoming clothes is the most delightful thing a woman can do. But she needs someone to advise and help her who has a real interest in her particular problems.

"So just as soon as a student enrolls with us I ask her to tell me all about herself, her problems, her ambitions, to describe herself fully and to send me her photograph. No matter what her circumstances, we can give that woman or girl the very intimate help she needs. We teach her in a surprisingly short time to make really smart, becoming clothes; we teach her how to dress herself correctly—what lines, what colors are most appropriate for her; and if she desires to earn money, we show her how to use her skill in creating distinctive clothes for others.

"The great success of our work is due to the fact that we have made dressmaking and millinery so interesting and fascinating. The student is not asked to spend long weeks on tedious practice. She starts at once making a pretty garment to wear—from materials which we furnish free. And all the way through she learns by doing—she spends her time in actually planning and making lovely clothes. Can you imagine anything more enjoyable to a woman?

"But that is only part of her experience. When a woman or girl becomes a member of the Institute I count her as a new friend whom I am privileged to help. And so I urge her to bring her problems to me. See these letters"— and she took up a great pile fresh opened on her desk—"this means a happy afternoon for me. Here is a mother in Michigan who asks me to help her plan a layette for a tiny new-comer. I shall write her at once exactly

MARY BROOKS PICKEN

(Photograph by Schreiver)

what she needs and show her how to save many dollars in the making of it. And here is a letter from Mrs. Andrews up in Rochester who wants some help in making over some good materials into a school suit for that boy of hers. And look at this letter from Betty Rogers out in Oklahoma. She wants me to plan a party frock for her and says 'it just must be the prettiest dress there.' We'll have a sketch and some samples of materials in the mail tonight.

"Here is a missionary in India whom we are giving special help because she is teaching the native women to make their own clothing. And here is a letter from a dressmaker in Iowa who just writes to tell us what splendid success she has had with her shop since learning to plan distinctive instead of ordinary clothes for her customers."

There was a knock at the door and a caller was announced. It was an Institute member living on a New Jersey farm.

"We were married Wednesday," she said, as Mrs. Picken held her hand and smiled into her eager face, "and Will asked me where I wanted to go on our wedding trip, 'Up through Scranton,' I said, 'so I can stop and see one of the dearest friends I have in the world.'"

* * * * *

As I said good-bye to Mrs. Picken after one of the most interesting hours I have ever spent, I could not help thinking of the happiness this woman has brought into so many homes and of the waiting happiness that is yet to come to all the women and girls who have a clothes problem or a money problem and who will let her help them out of her rich experience.

"Tell me," I asked as I was leaving, "how do you get your members?"

"Largely through our present students who send us the names of their friends," she replied. "Then we publish a booklet, '*Making Beautiful Clothes*,' containing the whole story of our plan and our work, which we are glad to send to anyone who would like to have it."

And then Mrs. Picken told me what I am sure you will be glad to know—that she will be very happy to write you herself and tell you just how she can help you if you will let her know of your interest. So, at her suggestion, I am appending below, for the convenience of my readers, a coupon which if filled out and mailed promptly will bring you a copy of "*Making Beautiful Clothes*" and Mrs. Picken's own suggestions of just how she can help you most.

So if you have ever had the desire to make your own clothes, if you have ever had the ambition to earn money in your spare time, if you have ever had the longing to be independent, you will want to write Mrs. Picken at once. Her address is

MARY BROOKS PICKEN,
Woman's Institute,
1002 Wyoming Avenue, Scranton, Pa.

Please send me a copy of "*Making Beautiful Clothes*" and tell me about your plan by which I can learn the subject marked below:

- ☐ How to make smart, attractive clothes
- ☐ How to earn money as a dressmaker
- ☐ How to make attractive hats
- ☐ How to earn money as a milliner
- ☐ The art of cookery

Name .....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

The Flapping of Their Wings

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

not realize the approach of the supper-hour. Nancy came up to him quietly.

"Time to eat," she said. "Jessica is waiting for you. And, Ted, I didn't know Dolly was coming to-night, or I'd have told you. But I think it's working out beautifully." And she smiled significantly. Teddy wondered at that smile. Was she mocking him? He shrugged his shoulders, walked into the room to Jessica, and marched defiantly down-stairs to the dining-room, where he found Dolly almost directly opposite him, with Spike Browning next to her as at that horrible dinner a few weeks before. During supper Teddy kept his gaze on his plate.

"You're a Harvard man, aren't you?" asked Jessica.

"Yes," said Teddy without looking up. Jessica went on.

"Have you seen 'The Follies?'" Teddy looked at his grapefruit cocktail and wished himself at the end of the earth. He could feel Dolly's eyes on him.

THERE was a long pause during which Jessica spoke animatedly to the man on her other side. Teddy didn't dare raise his eyes for fear of encountering Dolly. He felt he couldn't bear having her rag him just now. He was too miserable. And he felt suddenly tired. He wanted most dreadfully to go to sleep. For a moment he let himself drift into a sort of mist. The lights in the room were seen through a haze, outlines were blurred, and there was no need of trying to vanquish anybody. He was in that delicious borderland between sleeping and waking. The noise all about him was dimmed, and even the talk that was directly across the table seemed not so intently searching. How nice it was! Then Jessica was turning toward him again. He must say something to her. He made a terrific effort to arouse himself. At length he spoke.

"Do you like borderlands?" he asked foolishly. She stared at him for a long time and then smiled comprehendingly. She didn't answer his question.

"I'm tired," she told him in a low voice. "Will you take me home? Let's blow; these oil-cans will never miss us." She was right—almost. Nobody even knew they had gone, except Dolly. And Dolly didn't say anything about it to any one but herself.

Teddy was grateful that Jessica didn't talk to him on the way home. He had been afraid that the continuation of a "line" would be expected, and that, of course, would have been impossible. He was quite out of the spirit of the thing. Arrived at Jessica's house, she addressed him for the first time.

"Come in for a moment," she said. "I'll make you some coffee. Do you know, you interest me." Her voice as she said it was wistful, and Teddy, struck by the change in her demeanor, accompanied her inside without a demur. This was the end of his fling, he knew, and he might as well learn as much as he could before he reverted to his old self. Not that he would be exactly the same, he decided. He'd pay more attention to appearance and try to keep abreast of the times. But no more of this he-flapper stuff. It was tiresome.

"You were awfully bored at the party, weren't you?" asked Jessica. "I was too," she added, at her surprized look.

"You gave no evidence of it," he said. "I saw you when I was reading and you seemed to be having a gorgeous time."

"Oh!" Jessica smiled a little at herself. He had been watching her, then. "That's the way I always act when I'm bored. You see, I knew just why Nancy had staged that party, and I hated to disappoint her, so I put on my act. But I really think she had the wrong idea, trying us out on each other in a roomful of people. We'd have managed much better alone, don't you think? And then, Dolly busting in in that way made it hard for you. You were awfully good, tho. You certainly pulled a wonderful line." Teddy looked at her hard. She didn't seem to be laughing at him.

"Did Nancy tell you," he asked, after a pause, "that she was testing me out on you?"

"Oh, no," said Jessica. "I just got that. But, anyway, I'd been sort of watching your career from afar. I had never actually seen you before I came in to-night, but I was with Dolly just after she had met you for the first time, and I was interested in you from what I heard." Teddy flushed.

"If I remember correctly," he said stiffly, "what you heard was that I had no more dope on myself than a-babe-in-arms. You heard that my name was Theocritus and that it just fit me. And also, if I remember correctly, you seemed to derive considerable amusement from the idea." It was Jessica's turn to flush. Before she could reply Teddy went on:

"Not that I wasn't amusing. I must have looked like an awful boob, and acted like one, too. But I'll tell you something, Jessica; I can't see that this stuff is any better. For a little while I enjoyed the game I was playing with myself, and sort of got lost in the idea of winning. But suddenly to-night, while I was putting on a fool show for those fool kids, I got tired. It was fun while it lasted, and I'm not a bit sorry I tried it, but I guess I'm just not cut out for that sort of thing." He stopped sharply and reddened. He shouldn't be talking that way; it seemed disloyal. But he felt no disloyalty. Nancy was a wonderful person. She had known a trick and was helping him and he had nothing but gratitude for her. He simply didn't belong in a flapper's world.

"It's got to be spontaneous," he said, thinking aloud, "or else there's no real fun in it. And I could never keep it up spontaneously. It's too much of an effort for me."

"For me, too," cut in Jessica. "You know, it was a blessed instinct that prompted me when I asked you to take me home. That line you handed me was awfully good. I couldn't quite tell whether it was genuine. I thought it might be, but I wasn't sure. And I wanted to find out. I'm glad I did. It's nice to know you're this way. I haven't met anybody with whom I've near-been since I left college, and I'm just about getting fed up on it. It's funny, this jazz stuff. I had firmly determined to keep away from it when I bought my skirts. But when I came down from college all the people I used to know were doing it, and I just sort of drifted into it, too, hating it all the time." She smiled at him.

"Aren't we getting confidential!" she said. "But seriously, Teddy, I wouldn't advise you to go all the way back to where you used to be. Stay the way you are now and you'll be fine." Teddy smiled rather happily.

"I'll try to," he said. "Great Scott, it's three o'clock! Must go."

"And I never made you the coffee," said Jessica. "Oh, wait a couple of minutes. I'll start it now. Gee, I'm hungry."

"So'm I," admitted Teddy. "I couldn't eat a thing at Nancy's. What do you say we go out and get some scrambled eggs? You're not tired any more. While we're eating I have a plan I'd like to present to you. Come on; let's go."

NANCY was surprized the next afternoon when she didn't hear from Teddy. Teddy hadn't called herself, that he'd want to know whether or not he'd passed. Especially now that Dolly was back. Of course she couldn't give him an accurate rating until she'd spoken with Jessica. But she knew he had done well. Not only with Jessica, but with Dolly as well. Dolly, even more casual than usual, spoke to her sister about him.

"Socrates has changed a lot, hasn't he?" she said, "And he's got a rather amusing line. I think I'll put him in my act." As she spoke the down-stairs bell rang and Nancy guessed it was the mail brought up a sealed, unstamped envelop.

"It's for you, Miss Nancy," the girl said. "A messenger boy brought it." Nancy tore it open and glanced at the signature. It was dated early in the morning and signed Jessica. She read it hastily, and with a blank, unreadable face handed it to Dolly.

"Nancy dear," it ran, "by the time you get this we'll be waiting for your blessing. I'm telling the messenger boy not to deliver it until evening, and we're starting for Greenwich now to be married. I always knew I'd fall like this some day, and when he started handing me my very own line last night, I knew I was licked. So I got him to take me home and we talked it all over. You know how I've hated this jazz stuff—just couldn't please people any other way. But Teddy is different. He hates it, too, so we've decided to hit the trail together.

"I'm awfully happy. I'm going to be his secretary and we're going to finish 'Christopher Marlowe' together. Isn't it lucky that at college I just happened to major in Latin?

"P. S. I'm going to let my hair grow. He doesn't care for bobs. And you might tell Dolly that any one can be Teddy, but there's only one Theocritus."

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One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Cooks a Whole Meal While You're Miles Away

SEE that long, black tube attached to the extreme right of the stove in the above picture, the tube with the indicator and wheel at the top? That's the famous Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, the wonderful device that measures and controls the temperature of a Gas Range Oven.

In the circle at the top is an enlarged view of the wheel, the Lorain Red Wheel. It's marked with every cooking temperature you'll ever need. Turn this Red Wheel until the indicator points to any desired temperature, and the Lorain Regulator will automatically maintain that EXACT temperature in the oven until you shut off the gas.

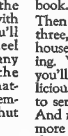
By its accurate and automatic control of oven temperatures Lorain insures perfect results with everything you cook or bake in the oven—*perfect results, every time.*

It also makes possible many unusual cooking processes such as the Lorain Oven Method of Canning and Lorain Whole Meal Cooking.

To cook a Whole Meal the Lorain Way all you have to do is this: place in the oven the several foods to be boiled, baked or roasted, putting them in any kind of utensils*. Set the Red Wheel at the temperature specified in the direction book. Light oven burners. That's all!

Then you do what you please for three, four or five hours—do other household tasks, go shopping or visiting. When the specified time is up you'll find each and every dish deliciously, beautifully done, and ready to serve. Truly wonderful, isn't it? And now, surely, you want to know more about the handsome gas ranges that are equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator.

Wherever gas is available are agencies where Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges are sold, and where the Lorain Regulator will be gladly demonstrated to you. In the meantime mail the attached coupon for a free copy of the Lorain Efficiency Dinner Menu, prepared in our own Research Kitchen under the supervision of one of America's noted cookery experts. It gives full instructions for preparing and cooking the entire meal.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Seven Times Seven

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

At this point I am sorely tempted slightly to fictionize myself and evolve a fascinating small person who would be a cross between *Harriet* in one of my novels, a Jessie Willcox Smith drawing, and the sister to the little dumb boy *Carol*, about whom Eleanor Hallowell Abbott has so often written. But I am going to try to stand truthfully, with straining eyes, impressions now much smudged with the passing of years.

Before my third year I see only a blank page of time, but on my third Summer were registered two distinct pictures. First I see myself standing by a table on the back porch, upon which is a blue sugar-bowl. Beside me is Small Brother, and over us towers Mammy Kitty. I have just uttered the word "devil," and to this day I can feel the electricity in the air. I do not remember what it was all about, but my judgment tells me that I had been stealing sugar; the fact had been reported by Small Brother to Mammy Kitty, and I had been reviling him when she arrived on the scene.

The scene is race typical and is only important because at that moment I was for the first time "convicted of sin," and the sensation was recorded in my young mind in a way never to be forgotten.

The other third-year picture I see is the face of my golden-haired Little Sister contorted with grief, and I have a feeling that I had just pulled her hair. We are out under a huge silver-leaf poplar-tree from whose limbs hangs a rope swing with a board for a seat, and I see her float gently to and fro as she weeps.

I also register with that picture the first functioning of my sense of smell, for when I bring back the scene I get a whiff of lemon verbena and distinctly see that plant in a flowered bed beyond the swing. Strange to say that tho the dim picture hurts me to-day, I know that I had no conviction of wrong-doing at that time. The hair-pulling may have taken place before the cursing of Small Brother, tho I think not. Human view-points change. To-day I know that Small Brother needed the reviling, and I wish I had given him more than I did, no matter how much I did give him; and it is a real sorrow to me that that one woful picture is my only definite remembrance of Little Sister—for she died that Autumn. I do not understand why I register no impression of her death and the grief that shook the whole family circle, but now year by year I seem to be growing nearer to her.

On my Seven Times One Reel there are many other pictures, grave and gay: journeys back and forth to Tennessee to see the Hamilton grandparents and family, a stage-coach breakdown marking one trip; of being snatched from the ground by my fifteen-year-old cousin as he hung head down from a madly galloping, red-haired horse in a Wild West show staged on the front lawn at Hayfields; of riding a crazy pig on a dare from the same cousin, which plunged with me beside it into a pond, thereby almost bringing me to drowning; of climbing with Sue Kirk, intrepid and inspiring companion, into the roof garret and squatting in the same high-up crotch for hours making maple-leaf dresses and hats, which we kept fresh for days in the rain-barrel at the back of the house; of tending little new lambs, that had been dropped in a February blizzard, before the blazing logs in the huge wash-house fireplace at Hayfields; of continually fighting with D. Bowman, my beloved cousin, and once leaving the mark of my teeth on the side of his eye—a mark that was plainly visible last month—forty-three years after its infliction.

ON THE whole there is a feeling of living for seven years a happy, very busy, well-guarded, and orderly life.

However, there is one curious, sinister picture of a scene in my fourth year which I want to describe as a possible cause of a very important effect on my life. I see myself running across the street from my father's office with a nickel firmly grasped in my hand. I enter a grocery-store and hand a man the nickel, demanding a bag of dates. He gives me the dates and then lifts me to the counter and takes each one of my bare knees in his huge, stained-smeared hand and presses them in a way that makes me shrink from him in a nauseated revolt. Just then my Mammy Kitty enters with a coal-oil can. That is all—only from that day to this the sight or smell of dates faintly nauseates me, and no human hand—save only one—has ever been laid upon me without causing a faint sense of revolt—no matter how ecstatically I have been thrilled at the touch the next second. Children are such sensitive plants that no effort is too much to guard them successfully.

Also at about this time I have to record my awakening to the emotion of patriotism. My father was one of the Tilden electors in our district, and I see him standing on the front steps, with a crowd of men and boys with huge, flaming coal-oil torches in their hands parading the street in front of him and circling around him, shouting and cheering, with a brass band accompanying their rejoicings. I see him raise his hand to command silence and then he speaks to them. I feel my heart swell with some kind of emotion caused by the knowledge that somehow I had won a triumph for something vaster than anything I had known before—my country!

MY FIFTH year seems to have been a lean year except for one brilliant picture—perhaps the most brilliant of my whole life.

I am out at the county fair up on the promenade at the top of the grandstand, trailing along beside my Mammy Kitty and whimpering because my white-kid slippers hurt me. I have on a blue-silk slip over which is a white-net dress on whose surface is darned an elaborate pattern in silk threads. I see that I am tightly girt just above my knees by a broad blue-ribbon sash, and I somehow know that I am wearing a huge bow upon my head to match the sash in texture and hue. Mammy Kitty seats herself and takes off my shoes and socks, grumbling at me all the while. I see my sunburned, brier-scratched, mosquito-bruised feet stretch their relieved toes in comfort at freedom from the first pair of shoes into which they have been forced since May first.

Then Mr. Bob Grimes, a favorite friend of my father's and mother's, who is dressed in blue velvet and plumes in a way that amazed me, comes along and hurriedly snatches me from Mammy Kitty's remonstrating grasp. He carries me in his arms down the steps of the grand-stand, upon whose benches my whole world is assembled, and hands me over the rail of the amphitheater to another family friend, Colonel Nathaniel Gaither. The Colonel carries me up to the center of the ring, around which, a few minutes before, gaily caparisoned, blue-blooded horses had been racing, upon whose backs were mounted the flower and chivalry of Mercer County, bedecked as Knights of the Round Table and shooting spears through rings held out for their justing.

I see myself in the Colonel's arms while he makes a speech to the vast audience over the heads of the beplumed knights drawn up on their horses in a half-circle before him. Then Mr. Bob appears beside me with a magnificent crown of white satin and riches and presses it down over my blue bow onto my forehead amid clamorous applause from the grand-stand. I do not know what it is all about, but I am puffed up with pride—for one instant, then I look down and see those scratched, bruised, burned, and dusty feet seemingly dangling yards below me, smudging the splendid lightgray trousers. At that moment I sounded the depths of humiliation and found that I came up alive. I've never had any terrors of it since, so consequently I have never again felt its pangs.

The why of it all I heard in after-years. Mr. Bob, who had pulled down the most of the rings with his spear, was angry at his fiancée, and had picked on me as his Queen of Love and Beauty to punish her, not daring to go so far as to choose one of her peers for that purpose.

When I got back to my Mammy Kitty I put on my shoes and socks and have never appeared without them in public from that day to this.

A dim picture of my sixth year interests me. I am taken into the office of my father, who, with his partner and cousin, is trying to put together the first typewriter ever taken from an express-box in the city limits of Harrodsburg. They get it all together except for tightening a screw somewhere in its cumbersome interior. They are at their wits' end when my father turns to me as I hang over his shoulder, and says: "Little daughter, can't you put your hand in there and turn the screw I put my pencil on?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

Why, Without Realizing It, You May Need

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CHEVROLET

There are three main groups of prospective buyers of Chevrolet automobiles and commercial cars.

First, are all who know from comparisons or through the experiences of friends that Chevrolet provides the utmost dollar value in modern, economical transportation of people or merchandise. This group constitutes our spontaneous market; its members walk right into our dealers' places of business and buy Chevrolets.

Second, the large group of people with modest incomes who have the false impression that so good a car as Chevrolet is beyond their means.

They do not realize that due to engineering excellence and full modern equipment, Chevrolet operating and maintenance costs average so low that during the life of the car, it delivers modern, comfortable, fast transportation at the lowest cost per mile, *including the purchase price.*

The tremendous growth of our business during the last two years has been due to the shifting of thousands from this group to the first group.

Third, the smaller but very important group of people of ample means, able to buy the highest priced cars, only a small percentage of whom as yet realize that Chevrolet combines quality features of much higher priced cars with such operating economy that as an extra car it virtually costs them nothing, due to the reduction in their transportation expenses effected by it.

Every 2- or 3-car private garage in the country should have at least one Chevrolet for daily use going to and from work or for milady's shopping, neighborhood calls, taking the children to school, etc.

This message, then, is addressed to all in the second and third groups. We respectfully suggest consideration, investigation and comparison of Chevrolet with any other car at any price. The result will be to our mutual benefit.

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She could not follow her boy away from home. But the best that the world has to give —in music, in lectures, in sermons—he took back to her.

The modern vacuum tube, used in radio transmission and reception and in so many other fields, is a product of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company. These Laboratories are constantly working to develop and broaden the service of radio.

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Just think—this handsome footed cut glass bowl, 6 in. across, and this nice covered marmalade jar, 4 in. high, both for only $1. You can't let this bargain slip by. Send $1, money order or check. For west of the Miss add 20c postage. We guarantee prompt, safe delivery. Money back if you are not delighted.

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Seven Times Seven

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I can! And I do it with one of the big thrills of my life. I never change a ribbon on this old ratty friend, which is taking down these very words, that I don't get an echo from that thrill my father bestowed upon me over forty years ago. The earlier a child meets a first-class machine and makes a friend of it the better for the child, tho it may be the worse for the machine.

I think that about completes the record of the important pictures of my Seven Times One Reel. I seemed to have reached my seventh birthday with my fundamentals all in good working order. I judge that I was about an average child, with a personality developed a little beyond the ordinary.

As I have written, my reactions to the influences of the different shelters under which I abided in my infancy were very strong and are a series of pictures that are as distinct as if they were taken yesterday or to-day. I know that I felt joy at my cottage home, which I now know was true to an authentic and approved type of architecture. To this day I see it under the light of sunset and dawn and moonlight, and through rain and storm; and the joy of it abides. Also I record a thrill that I must have had again and again at the first glimpse I was accustomed to catch of the Hayfields from over the hill with its wide wings and lead-capitaled pillars supporting the roof of the front porch.

In the record of the average person's first seven years there is naturally not much that applies directly to the fundamental of mating—yet I am not sure. It is difficult for me to discern these pictures, and yet I must report what there is. I know that in witnessing the pageant of life in the fields and orchards and barnyards the facts of procreation seemed to dawn upon me very gradually and naturally. At about my fifth year I see myself out at Hayfields walking with my mother along a path in the orchard that led from the sheep-range beyond, and looking up into her big gray eyes, in whose depths I always found queer stars, and asking her a direct question—to which I got an unembarrassed, lucid, and direct answer.

LOVE seemed to lag about coming into my life. I discovered rage first! I experienced humiliation; I was humiliated at my bare feet at the county fair, but I have no record of experiencing any sense of affection. Perhaps the nearest to it was the gratitude I felt when Uncle Joe came from Nashville and strapped upon my shoes the first pair of roller-skates that I had ever beheld. I see myself giving him the embrace of gratitude and starting right off to roll down the long back porch. I must have been born with a good sense of balance, for in a few minutes Uncle Joe could leave me circling up and down and around, with D. Bowman and the other neighborhood children looking on in a delight of poignant envy.

Of course, I know that I did adore my Little Aunty, who also came all the way from Nashville to see me, and I have a distinct picture of myself at about my fourth year cuddled in her lap demanding and having the whole of "Richard III." read from a huge calf-bound book of Shakespeare in hopes that I would meet the pathetic little Princes on just any page. That some of it seeped in I know, for one day I got down from Little Aunty's lap and uttered my first group of memory-committed words—wicked *Richard's* demand—"I have a horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" My father, proud of my evident taste for belles-lettres, repeated my feat to my Grandfather Davison out at Hayfields. The following was his reaction to the report:

"I knew that child would some day rebel at her mother's taste in horse-flesh. She'd never be satisfied with Old Jule. Take her a pair of horses immediately. Call Tom Young and tell him to span up the finest pair on the place and take them in to little Miss Maria before sunset. Bring me my stud-book and I'll look out pedigrees for them. 'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!' She shall have them."

It was with difficulty that my father persuaded the old gentleman to let the span stay on the pasturage of Hayfields, but the chosen ones were always spoken of as "little Miss Maria's span." At his death, two years later, when his hundred thoroughbreds were sold, my share of the sale came to me.

That was a great old gentleman for a little girl to have for a grandfather, and I somehow feel that I recognized that fact, but I find no record of any pressure of outgoing affection for him.

Perhaps my shock, which I felt in my sixth year when they told me that Grandfather Hamilton had died, was a quickening twinge of my emotional nature. They took me all the way to Nashville to comfort Grandmother Hamilton. The only actual picture I see was being left alone with Small Brother in the dark sitting-room for a few minutes after our arrival and the radiant joy it was to have Uncle Joe come in and gather me into a welcoming embrace.

ALSO I know positively that I loved my mother and my father and all four grandparents, also the gay young uncles and aunts whose comings and goings to me now look like a kaleidoscope of pictures from Godey's fashion-books; but I have no record of the sensation of love as I have of hate of the "damned Yankees," or the loathing for the grocer, or the humiliation for my bare legs. In fact, tho I catch glimpses of myself doing all the things to and for the people of my first seven-years' world that denote respect and affection, I have no record of the giving forth of any kind of love until the middle period of my Seven Times Two Reel. I have the impression that I was born with a dam within me that filled slowly with affection brought to it by innumerable little rivulets and that I was slow in learning to pipe it out. It is a good old dam that still holds and from whose waters I can always draw as much as I want for the irrigation of my life's most choice relationships.

As there were only emotional smudges to decipher in the Lullaby Reel, so the data of my infantile religious reactions must be groped for. I know that I was sent to Sunday-school from my earliest infancy, but I have only one memory of it: that is, of a Sunday-school entertainment in which I held up a large white paper "G" along with a lot of other tots holding other letters, which spelled out the truism: "Gin Makes Sin." To my mature memory this is distinctly funny in view of the fact that my father at that time was a successful distiller in the hours he took from being a still more successful lawyer.

Further in my fifth year I see myself standing before the Presbyterian minister and being catechized. When asked "Of whom does the Holy Trinity consist?" it is recorded that I answered:

"The Father, the Mother, and the Holy Ghost—and no ghost kin skeer me."

Tho I was born and reared in an atmosphere that was deeply religious, I remember making or hearing no prayers nor the singing of any hymns. I have no record of any recognition of God's power or place in my life. I had a conscience that struck for right or wrong, but I seem to have never heard of heavenly rewards or hellish punishments. It somehow amazes me that before my seventh year I had not had the smallest thrill of knowledge of my relationship to my Heavenly Father. It does not seem possible.

Besides growing—I hope in grace—and accumulating health and happiness, I am wondering what I had of actual material accomplishment to show for my first seven years of life.

In my sixth August I took a five-dollar prize at the county fair for beaten biscuits which I distinctly see myself making just after the dawn of the show day, standing on a chair beside the marble biscuit-block to beat them with a wooden beater I could hardly lift. I gave the money to my mammy Kitty, who had taught me to make the biscuits, and I swelled with pride over the shawl she bought with it.

I have a very creditable apple I drew free-hand, and under it a date in my sixth year and these words, "the tru vine."

Some time during my fifth year I see myself modeling from mud some little birds with outstretched wings and putting them up on the front fence to dry, then being inconsolable when I found them gone some hours later. It is recorded that my great-uncle, John Burton Thompson, who succeeded Henry Clay as Senator from the Ashland district, and whom Sawyerd calls the keenest mind of his time in the United States Senate, found the birds on his way to his office, which he shared with my father, put

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Seven Times Seven

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them in his pocket, and exhibited them with pride in the court-room where he was trying a case. The honor impressed me not at all, and I was so angry at the theft that nothing could induce me to touch clay again—until in my twenty-seventh year I modeled a head which took a prize from the Peabody College of *Teachers in* Nashville and sent me to *study art* in the Paris Quartier Latin.

And now I want to set down very simply in a few words the last episodes which I see in the Seven Times One years.

It is a raw March day, the seventeenth, and I am standing beside Little Aunty before a brisk fire up in her dormer-windowed bedroom, getting a final grooming for the Dame School. My father stands leaning his elbow on the mantel and his head on his hand, smiling down upon us. I have been told that he said: "Isn't she a sweet little daughter, Sister?" He goes out of the room and that is all I see. Then I know that he went down the steps, took his coat, in whose pocket his brother Will had put a pistol, which he had brought a few minutes before to urge upon my father to take up into the mountains the next day, where he went to buy staves for the barrels out at the distillery—my father had never owned a pistol—went out by the kitchen, got a can of hot water from Mammy Kitty to bathe and dress a sore on the foot of Old Jude down in the stable, and went whistling out through the garden. When he did not come back in an hour my mother went down to the stable and found him in an empty horse-stall, his coat hanging on a rack near by, and him lying dead, shot through the brain. One insurance company paid to my mother a policy of fifteen thousand dollars within two months, and another fought paying a ten thousand policy for fifteen years on a suicide clause in their papers. They made it a test case and tried it before every court of the State. They finally paid it. They found no motive for his putting an end to his life, and it was decreed that the pistol had dropped from his pocket. That is all.

OF WHAT followed the tragedy I get only two pictures, mere flashes on the screen: his coffin, with his elder sister, my revered Aunty Pittman, bending over it, placing some pansies in it; and the snow-storm into which they carried his coffin to lower it into the grave. I was kept sitting in the carriage with Mammy Kitty. Of sorrowing I have no particular memory, but I get a sense of a desolated house which had been full of life. A girl of seven years ought to have remembered more, but I know now that I was so absorbed and depleted by an obsession, which took possession of me at that time and literally ruled my life for nearly two years, that I had no time to make brain photographs.

Very soon after my father's death—I do not know how long, but it could be numbered in days—I awoke to see my mother sitting in the moonlight beside the window, and a cold conviction came to me that if I did not watch her I would lose her as I had done my father. The word "watch" seemed to be seared into my brain, and from that moment until the passing of eighteen months I suffered tortures of fear and responsibility. In turn she seemed to be unable to bear me out of her sight, and we seemed to be weathering some kind of storm together. We slept, dressed, ate, and worked together. She was packing up her household to move down to Tennessee to be with her own family, and day by day and hour by hour I helped her, happy if I was with her, tortured so by fear if I was where I could not see her for even a few minutes that I would scream and cry. And after a few such exhibitions nobody tried to separate me from her. Even in sleep I was not at rest. I would start up and clutch for her and only sink back if I had a fold of her nightgown in my fingers. And one thing that made it so hard to bear was that I found it impossible to speak of my fear to any one, not even to my mother herself. I had always been very frank and open and fearless in my dealings with life, and now I was called upon to secrete a grinding terror. From the angle of forty-eight years I don't see how I did it. Not that I was at all times unhappy. My mother was brave and serene and her usual executive self. I worked long hours happily beside her, potting slips from her favorite bushes and plants to leave behind as gifts to her friends, and I helped her to look over papers and books and pack huge boxes.

UNCLE JOE, with his usual keen sympathy, had arranged for a box car to be packed with her things and shipped direct to Nashville, so that not a flower-pot that she wanted would be left behind. I can see the loading of that car now. First and foremost, old Jude, the safe and sane, was railed off at one end; then next were banked the tubs of oleanders and Catalonian jasmine and wax-plants and the Maréchal Niel rose, which had the Spring before borne a hundred roses. Crated pots of geraniums came next. Bales of bear-grass and sweet-grass balanced the tubs, and ivy and clematis and wisteria were wrapped and stuffed in between. A pot with a bulb from the bunch of day-lilies that my mother had planted at the foot of Little Sister's grave was at first put in with the geraniums, but later taken out and carried in her hand all the long journey. Finally her furniture was crowded in. She took only some pieces of old rosewood and mahogany, not much, but art treasures to this day. It seemed impossible to believe that they would all be at Uncle Joe's house when we got there—but they were. Jude, hitched to a brand-new depot wagon, met us at the station at Nashville and whinnied right out in a strange city the moment she caught sight of my mother, lily in hand. Nobody can tell me that horses don't draw the chariots up and down the golden streets—no automobile has a soul, and haste is one of the earthly burdens we are due to shed.

The leaving of Harrodsburg had been hard for my mother, doubly because my grandfather Daviess had died in the Summer, four months after my father, but we children were eager for the new life in a city.

Just a month before the last flashes of my Lullaby Red, we were settled at Uncle Joe's Rokeby Place home, bag and baggage, flower-tubs and pier-tables. The first night mother and I planted the lily beside the north door and cried ourselves to sleep in each other's arms

If that cottage home in Harrodsburg had not burned to its hearthstone two weeks after we had left it I would have been writing this page there, and I believe my mother would have been sitting beside me. We were uprooted carefully, but we both bled. I never had another home I cared a rap until I took a hatchet and an ax and a couple of negro men and built this Sweetbriar Farm—and my mother was not here to share it with me.

And so ends the Lullaby of Seven Times One.

The second instalment of "Seven Times Seven" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published January 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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Ardath, the Field of Flowers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

protect the women here if Titus fail at Jerusalem," answered the old Idumean, stretching his spear across the open gate of the arch to the causeway across Princess Bernice's way.

The two princesses turned and retraced their steps along the parapet.

The old Idumean sat down on the bench again with an evil smile that showed all his yellow teeth, like boar's tusks.

"Witches! Enchantresses to turn men to swine! If I had my will I'd throw them all over the precipice into the sea."

THEY descended the stone steps from the parapet to the gardens. The rose and silver mist still boiled above the green translucent depths of the Dead Sea. It looked so far below a jewel in jade. An odor of roses and oleander came from the sloping gardens. Far below they could see the flat tiled roofs of the village outside the walls clinging to the precipice like birds' nests; and every roof was crowded with women and children to get the air.

"I hate women. If I had been man I would have been a warrior in the thick of it at Jerusalem there," said Drusilla. "Women are feeble and helpless sheep. They either huddle in fright and go mad over the past like Aunt Herodias up in the turret there or—are eaten by the wolves. If I knew where Felix, my husband, stayed I'd throw my royal estate to the winds and join him to-morrow."

"I would not. I'd rule the wolf," said Bernice thoughtfully.

Their purple-silk cloaks brushed the snowy petals of the cyclamens lining the garden paths. Bernice stooped and picked a field-daisy. She plucked the white petals one by one, throwing them on the ground.

"What does it say? Do you get your wish?" asked Drusilla.

Bernice's fingers rested on the last white petal. "I get my wish," she said.

The clank of an armed tread startled their day-dream.

They turned. It was the old Idumean. "Ladies, a camel caravan has just now come up the causeway from the east. 'Twas their bells you heard! They ask permission to rest in our khan during the heat of the day and go on to Jerusalem by night across the Jordan."

"Who are they?" demanded Drusilla imperiously.

"That was why I came to ask your permission, Princess! They are of the new Christian band that gave such trouble to all the Herods. One is a great figure of a man dressed in white with a flowing beard and train of servants bound for the Isles of Greece. His name is Apollos. I saw him in Rome, where he was held in honor, before Nero took the head of the prophet Paul! The other is a young presbyter, whatever that may be, blue eyes, gold hair, who I could swear was slave to Paul in Rome. His name has slipped my mind."

"Onesimus!" exclaimed Bernice.

"Yes, as I mind now, Lady, that was his very name; but he has grown to a powerful man—but this Apollos, as I questioned him, carried a follower of the mad Hermit, John Baptist, 'gainst whose ghost the Queen Herodias raves at night. If they did not bear permission from Rome I'd bid them pack, but——"

Drusilla laughed insolently.

"Bid them take quarters in the Temple of the Sun, but avoid the Palace here! Sophia the Queen's illness prevents our receiving them with becoming honor! Send down the best of provisions and bid them enjoy the full freedom of garden and baths after their journey. Begone—!" She clapped her hands, then turned to Bernice.

"You get your wish, Sister! You can join their caravan and go to Jerusalem and plead our case with Titus; but this must be kept from Aunt Herodias. If this Apollos be a follower of the raving Hermit, John, whose bloody head she sees every night in her dreams, she'll be for a potion of poison on him and ditch our plans deeper than the moat beneath the walls. I'll take care of the older man in the flowing white, if you'll beguile the young one with the golden locks. Now to the Temple of the Sun to make offerings to Astarte and Venus and Astoreth and all the goddesses of love! Herodias can not be moved while this madness is on her; but we can escape. Sister, you get your wish."

But Bernice had turned white.

"Yes," she repeated. "I get my wish! A curse upon it! Must Herod daughters always be pawns to Rome?"

"What matter if we are winning ones?" the other asked. "Cheer up. Cast off fear! We can escape. Herodias has lived her life and lost. Now, like an old fool, she sits drooling over her loss; but we are yet young! Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

"You said, yourself, but a moment ago, you thanked Jupiter that your slave husband Felix was the only one who had left a Herod daughter safe—"

Drusilla whirled upon her sister. Craft lurked in the deep black eyes and on the cruel, voluptuous lips.

"Fool," she said with a stab of scorn. "Do you hesitate because Onesimus, your slave boy, has come back grown to man? Will your lure be weaker, or stronger, now that he is grown with the strong sense of manhood in his veins? If you, a Herod's daughter, should hesitate, I'd stab you with my own hand when first I found you sleeping. Go to Jerusalem! Win Titus! He will be Emperor, too, in time. Onesimus can meet you in Rome. Bend fate to your will! We go to the Temple gardens to-night."

The old Idumean went clanking back to the gate under the arch.

"A curse on this Herod brood," he muttered. "These women have thrown every Herod from his throne. Disturbers! Troublers of mankind, I say, suicide stabbed by his own dagger! Procla, his wife, awhining about the Crucifixion and bad dreams! Herod One a madman! Herod Two an exile, with his wife raving here over the Hermit's bloody head! Didn't she order his head off at one blow in this very fort? Herod Three fallen dead in the theater of Cesarea and his jade of a girl wife here up to fresh tricks on Titus! Pah! A nice task for an old soldier keeping guard of such harpies! I'd slash their filly-stem throats had I my way."

THE sun went down behind the rose-tinted mountains of Judea to the west. Their peaks gleamed in blood and fire above the red and golden sands. Bernice sat on an ivory bench in the gardens above the silver clouds lying on the Dead Sea below. In her hand was a bunch of snowy cyclamens, which she idly plucked. Before her stood the young presbyter Onesimus, clad like his master in flowing white, with black sandal straps braided half-way to the knee, a sword hanging by a gold cord from his neck, his hair as gold as the cord but cut short to the neck after the Greek fashion, his deep-blue eyes gazing at the Princess as he would read her soul.

"Where have you been with the great Apollos these long, long years, my Onesimus?" she asked.

"To Babylonia and Assyria, aiding the greatest Apostle of all—Peter," he answered.

"Him, who lied and denied his Leader and cut off the servant's ear off at the trial long years ago, as I have heard the Queen Herodias tell?" she asked.

"Say rather, he who learned in sin his own weakness, and whose great heart grew tender for all who fall in slippery places. He learned not to trust his own strength even in love, but —God's."

Absently she plucked the cyclamens, and her hands were slender as the lily-stems.

"What does your Master Apollos teach? How differs he from the others?"

"I'll answer that as Paul answered years ago in Rome, when Ephesus and Corinth wrote to know whether they should follow Paul or Apollos. Paul followed the Nazarene. Apollos professed John the Baptist; and when the followers would have wrangled one against another, and so missed the news of the Kingdom of Love, Paul wrote back—'twas but a few years before Nero slew him—"Paul plants: Apollos waters: God gives the increase!"

"You speak as a gardener."

"I am, dear Princess. We are all gardeners, gardeners in the field of flowers, which the Persians call 'Ardath' —the Garden of God called Paradise."

"I like that. I can understand that better than an Unknown Kingdom not made with hands! I could wander through that kind of garden forever if I had hold of your hand, Onesimus! Sit at my feet, dear playmate of the long ago, and tell me of your garden—no, rather, sit beside me."

She drew him down to the ivory bench beside her. He flushed as deep as the rose-tinted mountains in the setting sun.

"Now tell me of your Paradise, while I can feel your thoughts flowing through your hand. This is Paradise enough for me."

"Your hand, dear Princess, throbs too hard for the peace of that garden. It is a garden where there is eternal light, nor suffering, nor sorrow, nor sorrow, nor dark, nor sleep to miss one hour of joy.

"It is watered by the rivers of eternal life. God's thoughts are the seeds. They bloom in human flowers. 'Tis ours to keep those human flowers from running into poisonous weeds. The flowers of this your earthly garden are fixed by roots, where they are planted; but the seeds of human thoughts have wings to bear them where they will to go; and I would that you would will to join our Unseen Garden."

She drew his hand between her breasts and drank his eager gaze like one athirst.

"See yonder above the sea is Astarte, the evening star of love, Onesimus! Will love dwell in our garden there as it shone in the Garden of Daphne long ago, when first I read your dear blue eyes?"

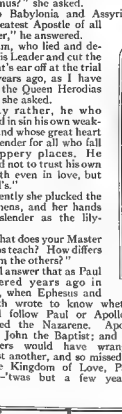
"The God of Love is the Sun of that garden, Princess," he answered gently, loosening her passionate grasp and placing in her emptied palm the cyclamens she had let fall. "You spake me tell you of that garden and of Apollos's teaching. You know how the caves and grottoes of the Jordan from the Dead Sea to Damascus are filled with the Nazarenes, who have fled from the siege of Jerusalem, which our Lord foretold. In all the cities of Decapolis, Apollos preached in the Temples of the Sun. You know that the Greeks love and worship the Sun; but it was of the Son of God Apollos preached —which John, the Hermit, had foretold —and of Ardath, the Garden in Paradise, where God's thoughts are seeds and bloom in human flowers."

Bernice plucked the snowy cyclamens again from the stems. Her slim hands trembled.

"Show me the way to that garden, Onesimus."

Her voice was so low he had bent across her slender figure to catch the words.

"There is no other way but to repent, be baptized, leave off sin, and follow the Light of the Eternal Son."



So absorbed were the lovers they did not see the tall white figure of the great teacher Apollos approaching on the path accompanied by the Princess Drusilla.

"What is—this thing you call sin, my Onesimus? Is it sin for me to love you as I do?"

"Sin is the shadow of self shutting out the Light of God."

She pondered that. "And when I love you so you turn all life to rosy mist, do I love myself?" she asked.

"Sin is anything that holds us in the realm of shadows away from God. It may be gaiety. It may be wealth. It may be love of flesh, or power. It may be fear. It may be anxious want. It may be doubt; but it is always shadow of self."

"And what is repentance? Would it cut me off from you?"

"No; but it would cut you off from plot to gain power by snaring the Roman General yonder. Repentance is to cancel sin by sinning no more and forsaking self."

She threw her bare arms about his shoulder. "But if I gained Titus, the Emperor's son, I could have you, too, Onesimus! You offer me a Shadow Kingdom I can not see or touch with hands. I aim at Rome."

"You aim, beloved, at the image of clay and iron seen by the Prophet Daniel. The other Kingdom is of gold and light and eternity—"

Two shadows fell athwart where they sat, and the Princess Bernice drew back, while the young presbyter rose. Apollos in his flowing white garments cast a long, giant shadow between them. He had raised his shepherd's crook and was pointing to the rose-tinted peaks swimming in mystic fire of clouds and light; and as he pointed, his upraised staff and arms cast a shadow of the Cross between the young presbyter and the slim daughter of the last of the Herods.

"Yonder," he was saying in a voice so like a silver trumpet that traditions have come from Crete to this day when he spoke all the silver bells of the Temple service rang, "Yonder are the mountains of the wilderness, where our Christ was tempted. First He was tempted to satisfy the hungry cravings of wearied and faint flesh. Then He was tempted to try out whether God was God enough to save Him from rash slips, and then He was offered all the kingdoms of the earth and their pageantry as in a dream—"

"And why didst He accept the challenge as a Roman would?" asked the Princess Drusilla in a cold voice. "If He could have proved His Kingdom instead of going to the Cross like a felon, I've heard the Queen Herodias say all Judea would have risen and rallied to Him and thrown off Rome—"

"Because the power given Him of God was not for service of self, but to lead men back to God."

"So if the Queen Herodias will not acknowledge your God, you can not cure her madness?" Drusilla demanded.

The two figures passed on down through the oleanders of the garden.

THE rose-tinted misty mountains were wrapping them in shadow mantles of purpling folds. A cold wind blew up from the waters, still as a painted sea.

The young presbyter stood silent. Bernice shivered.

"How can you believe in your Unseen Kingdom when your King was crucified, and His followers are now scattered from Judea to these caves?" she urged.

"Death is but a boat across another sullen Jordan to the Garden of God," he said. "Already the scattered seed reaches from Rome to Ganges."

"Where does Apollos go now?" she asked.

"To become Bishop of Crete."

"And you?"

"To join John, beloved of Christ, at Patmos."

"And you leave?"

"In an hour to travel in the cool of the night."

Far north they could see to the snowy peaks of Hermon, where the sheet-lightning played. The clanking of forges and in the valley below on engines of war, for the siege of Jerusalem echoed like silver bells from cavern and grotto. The pungent air had the odor of Temple incense, and the breeze was as a cool hand laid on a fevered brow. The shadows etched themselves clearer in the depths of the emerald sea. The young presbyter's lips were moving as in prayer. Princess Bernice roused herself as if to throw off dreams.

"'Tis not I who tempt you, Onesimus, with flesh, or daring, or power. 'Tis you who tempt me to abandon the last of the Herod line for a Shadow Kingdom. My brother, King Agrippa, the last of the Herods, is with Titus besieging the rebellious zealots of Jerusalem. I'll get my body-guard, Julius, and go with you."

The young man's face lighted up.

OUT under the arched gate they rode in the moon's silvered dark, Apollos in a litter on a camel, leading down the narrow, precipitous way. The Princess Bernice, too, rode a camel, but her form was stretched on cloak, and the old Idumean rode before her on an Arab horse, while the young presbyter walked by her side. He carried his sword in his hand.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

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Among those women who are recognized in their communities as arbiters in matters of taste, the Ford Four-door Sedan enjoys unusually high favor.

They have long recognized its practical efficiency and dependability. In the crowded engagements of their busy days, they have found it always ready, always an indispensable adjunct to work and pleasure.

Today their taste seconds their judgment in approving it. Their instinctive appreciation of style commends its body lines, its harmonious fittings, and its upholstery in soft shades of brown, as emphatically as their judgment has always approved its economy, convenience and reliability.

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Just open a can and serve

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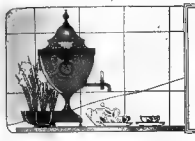
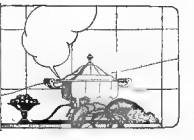


THE HOME BUREAU
Conducted by Marie Sellers



Taking a Look at Our Business

An Intimate First-of-the-Year Talk with the Up-to-Date Home Manager

By Jenoise Brown Short and Gladys Beckett Jones

AS WE sit down to write we hear the strains of a hurdy-gurdy playing "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way." And it occurs to us that at times housekeeping seems to be influenced by this same sentiment.

In the year 1557 a man named Tusser wrote this rather beautiful verse in praise of "Huswifery":

I serve for a day, for a week, for a year,
For a lifetime, forever, while man dwelleth here;
For richer, for poorer, from north to the south;
For honest, for hardhead, for dainty of mouth;
For wed and unwedded, in sickness and health;
For all that well liveth in good commonwealth;
For city, for country, for court, and for cart;
To quiet the head and comfort the heart.

But this is the idealistic view of one man some four centuries ago. How does the twentieth century view this business of housekeeping? Just recently we heard it accused of a "lack of kick," and of being uninteresting because there is "no competition, and it offers no chance for advancement."

We rather hesitate to express our own views, for we are comparatively young in the housekeeping game and probably still suffer from illusions. So we write this while we still dare. We want to start by saying that housekeeping far too often suffers from a lack of a sense of humor and proportion on the part of the home manager. Because of the endless need of attention to detail, the comparatively unimportant is apt to assume a value totally unwarranted in her mind. The result is a state sometimes called "domestic-mindedness" that fairly breathes housework and suffers emotional disturbances (a phrase borrowed from the neurologist) if even the smallest thing goes wrong. Many a housekeeper suffers from an overconscientiousness in minor matters that not only make her nervous, but have a bad effect on the whole household, throwing the machinery out of cog and making everybody unhappy.

It is only a sense of proportion that can make any woman divide her time wisely. She must decide whether an additional domestic accomplishment is worth the sacrifice of missing the children's play-hour, or an elaborate dessert is worth while if it interferes with the daily reading, exercise, or any of the many things which keep us fit and with the right perspective and a sane point of view.

Forewomen in the Home Factory

EVERY woman is the forewoman of her own particular home factory, organization, or whatever you choose to call it. She not only owes a great service to her home, but she has civic duties as well. Housekeeping is not a thing apart by itself, but closely connected with finance, politics, invention, industry, public sanitation, and hygiene.

The family has been called the least efficient of modern institutions. By no means is she the housekeeper par excellence who does everything within her home with her own two hands. She is a far better one who can take every advantage of those outside agencies which are working for her. Then she will have time for the more important things both in family and civic life. Some one has said, "Can we not together work out ways of getting rid of the tasks which prevent our being really good home-makers?" Let us resolve that in the year 1924 we will not subordinate the business of living to the work of keeping house.

Are we always open-minded enough

Photo from the U. S. Dept. of Agr.

A New-Year's Greeting to Pictorial Review Readers

From Dr. Stanley, Chief of the New Bureau of Home Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture

I AM glad of this opportunity to extend a cordial New-year's greeting to the home-makers who read the Pictorial Review. It is our wish that during the coming year the services of the new Bureau of Home Economics may reach every one of you. You may be interested to know something of the service that we hope to be able to render.

It is our plan to expand the work of the United States Department of Agriculture to include problems of the home-maker which altho of great importance have thus far received little attention. Suggestions from the American housekeepers as to the problems which need study will always be welcome. We shall undoubtedly have to call on many of you from time to time to give us the benefit of your experience and to furnish us with facts on which we may base conclusions of fundamental importance. Research in home problems must be based on studies made in homes, and the extent to which we are going to be able to function will depend upon your active contribution.

Studies on food and nutrition, to which the United States Department of Agriculture has long been an important contributor, will be continued so as to apply the results of the latest scientific research to the selection of food. Many of the recent studies, not only of certain diseases but of the physical and mental status of school-children, emphasize the relation of food to health and normal development.

Economic problems of the home are to come in for intensive study. You home-makers determine the standards upon which consumption is based. We want your help in gathering information as to what these standards are at present and the modifications that are desirable if the family budget is to meet most efficiently the needs of the family group.

We hope to analyze for you the factors entering into the cost of clothing and the conditions influencing textile wear. This material should serve as a guide for the selection of clothing.

We plan also to study housing problems from the point of view of establishing standards of convenience and adequacy and as a basis for estimating reasonable returns from a given expenditure. Much money is being invested in household equipment at the present time and home-makers are constantly asking for advice before purchasing. Our program includes studies of some of the most popular types of household equipment as regards their usefulness and real economy in the home.

The development of this program will of necessity have to be slow, and we ask you to be patient with us. We shall need your help and encouragement. Will you give them?

LOUISE STANLEY.

and ready to accept new ideas? We must not be hampered by tradition. What was good enough for mother is *not* always good enough for us, and we know some mothers who are ready to say "Aye, aye" to this. Some of the greatest brains in the country are at work to make housekeeping easier and more interesting—inventors, manufacturers, and household engineers are all laboring for us. Priceless gifts that make for greater leisure, less waste of human energy, healthier work and better homes, are among their contributions. Why drudge when modern science is ready and waiting to show you the way?

Right here let us not forget the books that are constantly being added to the literature of our profession. Those that you do not care to buy you should find in your library. Your librarian will be glad to have your ideas on the books she should order and put them on a shelf that is convenient of access. Our Federal Government is supporting a great research laboratory for you, Mrs. Housekeeper. Do you send to the United States Department of Agriculture for the bulletins which are yours for the asking? If there is not a club in your neighborhood for the study of scientific housekeeping, do a good piece of civic work and organize one. As women we are largely responsible for the feeding of our families—a study of nutrition will make us ready for this responsibility.

We cry for more leisure hours. We could have them if we laid greater stress on preventive housekeeping and more systematic care of our homes. Why clutter a house with the useless bric-à-brac and other dust-catching nuisances, making our rooms unattractive and causing endless labor? Housework would be much less of a trial if we were more like little Oumi and remembered that simplicity should be our key-note.

When little Oumi of Japan
Went shopping, pitapat,
She bought a fan of paper
And a little sleeping-mat.

She placed upon the window-sill
A lily in a vase,
And then she turned and looked about
With more than doubtful face.

"For really, don't you think so,
With a lily and a fan
It's a little overcrowded?"
Said Oumi of Japan.

We recommend more of the play element. Merriment is good for the nerves and better than medicine! Make your housekeeping an indoor sport (Can you do it? We challenge you), not drudgery. If any one tells you that you can't get exercise out of it don't believe him. Work to music; a few records on the phonograph make a world of difference. As children, playing house was our greatest joy—because the play element was there. As grown-ups our point of view is changed, and drudgery takes its place.

Let us not be disdainful of the easiest ways of doing things. Personally, we think they are most often the best. And fifteen minutes saved each day by easier methods means that much more time out-of-doors, or so many minutes additional for reading or relaxation.

Adopt a scientific attitude. If Johnny is underweight don't blame heredity, but find the cause and the remedy. If you are spending too much money find the leaks and stop them. If the cake falls there is a reason. If the clothes are not as white as they should be there is a scientific explanation which you can find.

The Greatest Purchasing Agents

WE NEED more business training. There would be even more business failures than there are now in the outside world if men ran their affairs on the same slipshod principles that we do many of our homes. Few men would dare to start a business venture on the shaky foundations that many of our homes have.

Women are responsible for spending the greater part of the money in the world. How about our preparation for this? The domestic craft without a financial basis is in a precarious position. We must learn to get a hundred cents out of the dollar which we spend for food, clothing, shelter, operating expenses, and family advancement. And there will be a larger proportion for advancement (church, education, recreation, etc.) if we do. So we must budget our income as well as our time. But a budget does not mean merely a statement of what has been spent. It is dividing the income that there may be better proportioning of the spendings and better balance between expenditures and savings. To be of any real value a budget, must be summarized.

As women we have a serious duty as purchasing agents and ultimate consumers. There is little hope of the "money problem" ever being solved until the home manager knows her business as purchasing agent. At present she has a large responsibility for the high cost of living because she is not an intelligent buyer.

Viewing it from all angles, this business of home-making is not such a little one, and we may well flatter ourselves that after all we home-makers are the last word in the world's greatest business. Are we prepared?

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Dolly Dingle's Little Friend Joey Goes to a Carnival

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON

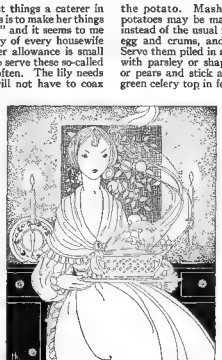
Go gle

Patrician Touches for Plebeian Dishes

Behind the Scenes with a Well-Known Woman Caterer

By Mary Rodgers DeMotte

ONE of the first things a caterer in training learns is to make her things "look pretty," and it seems to me that this is the duty of every housewife too, especially if her allowance is small and she is obliged to serve these so-called "plebeian dishes" often. The lily needs no gilding. You will not have to coax your family to eat their porterhouse steak or roast chicken; but when you give them a bread pudding flavored just like every other bread pudding they have ever eaten, served in the stained gray-agate pudding dish in which it was baked, or half a dozen prunes floating around in a lukewarm, insipid liquid, you usually find they are eaten only under protest.



Nothing will "earn its keep" better in a kitchen than a set of fancy molds. Take the plain ring mold, for example. It will work wonders with the simpler dishes. A ring of hot rice filled with stewed dried apricots, peaches, or prunes makes a delicious dessert, or the rice may be filled with creamed left-over meat or fish, or canned tuna or salmon, and make the *pièce de résistance* for the main meal. This same mold can be used another day for spinach, the center filled with egg sauce, creamed eggs, or creamed carrots

I very often use the ring molds for my salads. You can use for the foundation one of the plain lemon gelatins that are on the market, and which are so cheap and so easy to prepare. Simply pour the hot water onto the contents of the package, turn it into the mold, and when it begins to harden add bits of fruit or left-over vegetables. Turn out onto a plate covered with lettuce or cress and put the mayonnaise in the center. The fruit salad makes a delectable dessert if the hole in the center is filled with a soft custard or a whipped-cream sauce.

Cheese sauce is something that will often transform a most uninteresting dish, such as rice or macaroni, for example. Make croquettes and serve the sauce with them, or bake them in the sauce and serve in little individual dishes. If you have a few asparagus-tips left over, try for your main luncheon or supper dish poached eggs on toast, with a rich cheese sauce poured over them, and garnish with the tips.

Macaroni can be varied by serving it on a platter with an anchovy sauce poured over it, garnished with slices of a hard-boiled egg and sprigs of parsley. To make the sauce use your own favorite drawn butter or onion sauce (which is often called "soubise sauce" in the cook-books) and flavor with anchovy essence.

Dressing Up a Stew

A COMMON or garden stew can be made as inviting as its more patrician sister, the planked steak, if served with the meat in the center of the platter, the vegetables cut in fancy shapes and balls surrounding it in concentrate rings, a nicely browned gravy poured over it, and the whole sprinkled with chopped parsley. Or it can be baked in a deep dish, covered with a crust, making a delicious pie.

A hash can be baked in the oven on a plank, garnished with stuffed tomatoes or peppers and spinach molds, or it can be served like an omelet, using very little potato in making it, and icing it on the platter with mashed potatoes.

Hamburger steak can be flattened out into a pretty good imitation of the porterhouse, planked, and served with the vegetables one has at hand. Or it can be made up into little flat round cakes, with a narrow strip of bacon fastened around the edge with a tooth-pick, and broiled and served on top of a slice of ripe tomato, with some finely chopped raw onion on top of each cake.

There are many ways of dressing up the potato. Mashed white or sweet potatoes may be made into round balls instead of the usual flat cakes, dipped in egg and crumbs, and fried in deep fat. Serve them piled in a pyramid garnished with parsley or shape them like apples or pears and stick a sprig of parsley or green celery top in for a stem.

One of my favorite dishes is made of mashed and seasoned sweet potatoes baked in a round dish dotted over with marshmallows, which look perfectly delectable when they puff up and brown. Rosettes of mashed potatoes made with the pastry-tube make a pretty garnish for almost any meat.

I sometimes make potato-cakes in the shape of outlets, egg and crum them, fry in deep fat and serve on a bed of spinach which has been mixed with a little chopped ham.

Then again when there is only a little meat, I flatten a spoonful of mashed potatoes out on the pastry-board, put a teaspoonful of the chopped meat in the center, then form a ball, with the meat hidden in the center. Roll in egg and crums and fry in deep fat.

If you will use a fancy mold for your simple desserts, such as corn-starch pudding, custards, even cold cereals, they will be welcomed with an enthusiasm quite out of proportion with the expense and labor involved in their making, for they will take on a festive appearance.

A pint of fruit-juice diluted with the same amount of water, sweetened to taste and thickened with corn-starch, will make a dessert the children will love.

Puddings in Special Pans

BAKE your cottage pudding in a Turk's-head or an angel-cake pan, and fill the center with stewed or fresh fruit, using the fruit-juice thickened with a little corn-starch for the sauce. Or bake it in muffin-pans, and scoop out the centers, leaving hollow cases. Put a spoonful of jam in the bottom of each, and fill with whipped cream.

A dish that would have even tempted Lucullus can be made by using one's favorite one-egg cake or Washington pie recipe. Flavor it with a bit of grated orange-peel and bake in two layers. Make a cream filling, using a cupful of milk, one egg, half a cupful of sugar, and a tablespoonful of flour. Flavor with orange, and just before spreading on the cake add half a cupful of cream whipped stiff. Ice with orange icing. This must be eaten the day it is made.

I know of one tea-shop that has made and keeps its reputation with this orange-cake. I suppose it is a more elaborate cake than the one I have mentioned, but mine tastes the same.

Another tea-shop that I know makes a specialty of serving hot gingerbread with whipped cream, and if you could go there some noon and see the number of patrons who order it you would serve this delectable dessert oftener on your home table.

A bright dab of jelly will add a great deal to a dish. Bake your rice and bread puddings in individual ramekins; save out the egg white for a meringue and garnish with jelly. For a change flavor them with melted chocolate and a few chopped nuts or dates, or with orange-peel, and serve in the best ice-cream or parfait glasses, topped with whipped cream and sprinkled with chopped nuts. Or cover with crushed and sweetened fruit or berries.

If you will do some of these things, the first thing you know many of the *bêtes noires* of the table will be competing for favor with the best of "company dishes." These little touches do not add much to the cost, and the extra time spent in their preparation will be well worth it. You can make up the time on the more elaborate dishes that do not need "fixings."

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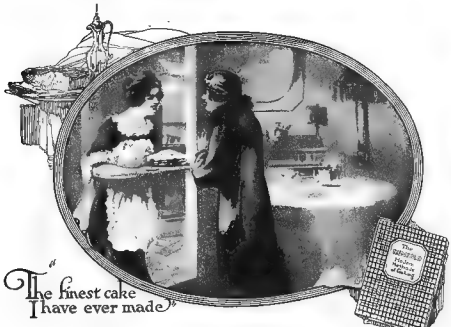

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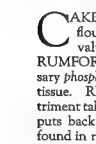

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THE WHOLESOME

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First Aid from the Can

By Hester Conklin and Pauline Partridge

THE Winter months bring the problem of getting sufficient fruit and vegetables into the three meals a day. With the ever-increasing variety of canned products to choose from each year, luncheon- and dinner-planning becomes a much simpler undertaking than formerly. The following recipes offer some new ways for serving canned foods which ought to appeal to every member of the family.

Savory Spinach

1 Can Spinach
6 Strips Bacon
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
½ Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper

DRAIN the liquid from the can of spinach and reserve it for use in the sauce. Pan-broil the bacon until crisp, pouring off the fat as it is tried out. Place the bacon where it will keep hot. Leave two tablespoonfuls of the bacon fat in the pan and add the flour, salt, and pepper. Stir constantly until the flour browns and add the liquid drained from the spinach. Stir constantly until the boiling-point is reached and add the spinach, cooking only until it is thoroughly heated. Heap on a hot platter and place the strips of bacon over the top.

Tomatoes Royal

1 Can Tomatoes
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Teaspoonful Butter
⅛ Teaspoonful Pepper

BRING the tomatoes just to the boiling-point and add the salt, butter, and pepper. Pour into a shallow greased baking-dish, and over the top place thin rounds of bread that have been toasted on one side, arranging with toasted side up. Sprinkle the toast with grated cheese and bake in the oven only long enough to melt the cheese. Serve in sauce-dishes with a round of toast on the top of each serving.

Luncheon Complete

2 Tablespoonfuls Fat
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
½ Teaspoonful Dry Mustard
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
1½ Cupfuls Milk
1 Can String-beans
¾ Cupful Diced Boiled Potatoes

MELT the fat and add to it the flour, mustard, salt, and pepper. Mix well and add the milk. Stir constantly until the boiling-point is reached and then add the string-beans, which have been thoroughly drained, and the potatoes, finely diced. Place thin slices of cold boiled ham on serving-plates and heap the creamed mixture on top. Sprinkle with finely chopped parsley.

Salad Supreme

Canned Bartlett Pears
Chopped Raisins
Chopped Crystallized Ginger

DRAIN the sirup from the pears and arrange on crisp lettuce-leaves. Mix the raisins and crystallized ginger with mayonnaise or cooked salad-dressing, using one teaspoonful of raisins and one-half teaspoonful of ginger for each half pear. Heap the centers of the pears full of this mixture.

Macédoine Relish Salad

1 Can Peas
1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Tablespoonful Flour
½ Teaspoonful Mustard
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Sugar
½ Cupful Water
2 Tablespoonfuls Vinegar
1 Egg
¼ Cupful Milk
¼ Cupful Chopped Celery
¾ Cupful Shredded Cabbage
2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Pickle

DRAIN the liquid from the peas. Melt the butter and add the flour, mustard, salt, and sugar. When well mixed add the water and vinegar. Bring to the boiling-point, stirring constantly, and remove from the heat. Mix the egg well beaten, with the milk. Pour this on the hot mixture and cook in a double boiler until the mixture is thick. Remove from the heat and add the peas, celery, cabbage, and chopped pickle. As this is served warm it makes an excellent luncheon salad for cold Winter days. The dressing may be chilled if preferred before the vegetables are added

Green Fromage Salad

1 Cupful Canned Spinach
1 Cupful Cottage Cheese
½ Cupful Chopped Ripe Olives
½ Teaspoonful Salt
⅛ Teaspoonful Pepper
⅛ Teaspoonful Nutmeg

THOROUGHLY drain and chop the spinach and add to it the cottage cheese, ripe olives, salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Form into flat cakes and arrange on lettuce, garnish with a strip of pimento, and serve with Thousand Island dressing, which may be made by adding two tablespoonfuls of drained chilli sauce to three-fourths cupful of thick mayonnaise.

Asparagus Custard

1 Can Asparagus-tips
4 Eggs
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Pepper
½ Cupful Milk
½ Cupful Bread crumbs

DRAIN the asparagus-tips and arrange them in a layer in a shallow greased baking-dish. Beat the eggs until light, add the salt, pepper, milk, and bread-crumbs, and pour over the asparagus. Sprinkle a layer of crumbs over the top and dot with small pieces of butter. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (325 degrees F.) until the custard is firm and the crumbs are brown.

Spinach with Onions, Country Style

3 Cupfuls Small Onions
2 Cupfuls Canned Spinach
1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Tablespoonful Flour
½ Teaspoonful Salt
⅛ Teaspoonful Pepper
1½ Cupful Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter

BOIL the onions fifteen minutes, change them to fresh boiling water, cook until tender, and drain. Drain the liquid from the spinach and chop the latter very fine. Melt the butter and add to it flour, salt, and pepper. When well mixed add the milk and bring to the boiling-point, stirring constantly. Add the spinach and butter. Stir until the butter melts and pour over the onions, which have been arranged in a serving-dish.

Turnips Bohème

1½ Cupful Diced Turnips
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
2 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Paprika
3 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Fresh Mint
1 Can Peas

BOIL the diced turnips in a large amount of water until tender and drain. Melt the butter in a double boiler and add the lemon-juice, salt, paprika, and the mint, chopped very fine. Add the peas, which have been drained, and the turnips, and cook in a double boiler until the peas are hot.

Rainbow Salad

ARRANGE thin slices of tomato jelly on lettuce; on top of these place slices of orange, cut crosswise from peeled orange. Garnish with strips of green pepper and serve with French dressing.

Pineapple Rice

½ Cupful Rice
1½ Cupful Boiling Water
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Crushed Pineapple

BOIL the rice three minutes in the water, to which the salt has been added, and continue cooking in a double boiler until tender, about forty-five minutes. Remove from the heat and add the crushed pineapple. Pour into a serving-dish and chill for several hours. Serve with whipped cream.

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The HOME BUREAU

A Correspondence Course in Babycraft

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

The Normal Baby at Two Years of Age

MY DEAR MRS. N——: Yes, this is your last report for little Paul, in the infant class of our Mother Club, but you may now join our Good Health Extension Class. I am enclosing a pink blank for you. Whenever you need help fill it out and mail it to me with a self-addressed, stamped envelop for the reply. These blanks are not filed, nor are they sent regularly, but only when you want to ask questions about a child from two years up to twelve years old. I will now answer your questions.

1. "Paul weighs twenty-eight pounds and is thirty-three inches tall. Is this quite normal for a boy of two years?"

Ans. Yes, both weight and height are normal. Paul has, you say, sixteen teeth and is beginning to show signs of cutting the last four molars; so he is normal in this respect also.

I see he has gained considerably since you last reported three months ago, while his height has remained about the same. With the advent of cool weather, I suppose his appetite has increased somewhat, and this accounts for the gain this time. Judging from the picture you sent me, I can see that he is a well-developed, muscular-looking boy; so you have much to be thankful for.

2. "Do you consider Paul slow in talking? He says short sentences, but has not yet a very large vocabulary; he finds it easier to make his wants known by pointing or showing us what he wants than by attempting new words. I have also noticed that he sometimes stammers. Is this anything to worry about? What can I do to correct this?"

Ans. Little boys, especially if they are an only child in the family, are often rather backward in learning new words. I should think Paul not much below the average for his age. He is much with adults and knows they will understand him in any case. If he now has some little children of his own age or a little older to play with he will probably pick up new words from them. Many children the age of Paul stammer a little; their speech is not yet very firmly established, and in the hurry to say words, stammering or stuttering results sometimes. They usually outgrow this as soon as talking is less of a novelty to them; but you might try to make Paul repeat a sentence slowly and take a deep breath between some of his words. Do not laugh at him nor allow any one to comment on his tendency to stammer, for this will make him nervous and sensitive about it and he will be apt to speak less rather than more freely than he does now.

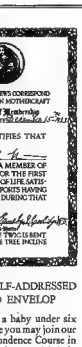
3. "What shall I now add to Paul's diet? He has a fine appetite."

Ans. He should now have a little heavier breakfast and a little more for his supper, his dinner remaining about the same as at present. He should first have fruit or fruit-juice if he is awake early enough for this before breakfast; if not, then this may come in between his breakfast and his dinner. In addition to his cereal, milk, and toast for breakfast, he may now have either a soft-boiled, coddled, or poached egg, or else two or three strips of broiled breakfast bacon. A corn-meal or Graham muffin that has been cooked the day before may now be allowed as a variety sometimes for breakfast in place of the usual toast.

If he has not had an egg for his breakfast you may allow him one for his supper; poached on toast in milk is a good way for this egg at supper-time. Thick soups made from split peas or lentils may be used once or twice weekly for supper in place of the usual cereal or milk toast he has had while younger. He may now have sometimes, for a little change, a cup of cocoa made mostly with milk for either his breakfast or supper. These are the chief changes in his diet at two years; but I am sending you a new list planned for every day in the week, so that you will know just how to balance his menus.

Any other mother may have a copy of this list, *provided* she encloses a self-addressed, stamped envelop with her request. All of Paul's food should be most carefully prepared for him and served hot and daintily. Do not forget that he is now entering on that rather neglected age called the "preschool age." Often when a child is no longer a real baby too little attention is paid to his food and care in general, especially if another baby has come along in the meantime. Mothers often say "he is now old enough to eat anything," and do not trouble to prepare suitable dishes for him. This is a very great mistake, for the foundation of later childhood and manhood is now being laid, and if it is not a sound one the results will be felt throughout life.

You have been a most faithful correspondent, my dear Mrs. N——; and I take pleasure in sending you little Paul's certificate, for which you enclosed the four cents extra in stamps. I shall always be interested in Paul; he is a *real* Pictorial Review baby. I hope you will write me about him from time to time whenever you need help.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THIS CERTIFIES THAT
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HAS BEEN A MEMBER OF OUR CLUB FOR THE FIRST TWO YEARS OF LIFE, SATISFACTORY REPORTS HAVING BEEN MADE DURING THAT TIME
JUST AS THE TWO IS SENT SO WILL THE TREE PALINS

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IF YOU have a baby under six months of age you may join our special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, receiving monthly help until the baby is two years old. Send in the baby's name and age together with a self-addressed, stamped envelop, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you.

If you want advice about older children in regard to their food, clothes, or general hygiene the self-addressed, stamped envelop will bring you a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class for any child under twelve years old. State the age and sex for what you want. No medicines will be prescribed and no diseases treated by mail. These classes are to help you keep the baby and child well.

Letters which do not contain the self-addressed, stamped envelop can not be answered.

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betrayed

Their first conversation betrayed the fact that she was not fastidious.

AT a distance she had appeared unusually neat, immaculate. But upon their first face-to-face meeting he discovered that her teeth were not clean. And he soon lost interest.

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Ardath, the Field of Flowers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

Down, down the narrow winding way the caravan descended; and where the hot, brooding, malarial air of the Jordan smote them, the pebbly, shaly path had been trampled to mire by the refugees fleeing the siege.

At the ford of the sullen dark river they paused to water their beasts, and, mounting his horse, the young presbyter rode abreast the Princess's camel and signaled the Idumean to ride on her other side.

"So would I ride with you through the gates of death, my Princess," he whispered, leaning toward the white face in the muffled cloak. "'Twas here Christ was baptized and tempted of Satan the evil one, and renounced all earthly power to save men for the Kingdom of Light. You, too, another time in safer place shall join our ranks by the sacred rite of baptism, my Bernice."

But the white face answered never a word. She reached out her arm where she sat and touched his brow with a hand cold as death. Then the caravan plunged in the ford. The horses swam and scattered, slightly heading down-stream with the waves, but the camels kept footing and floundered. As the beasts came panting up the far bank in a thicket of willows and oleanders, the Idumean led to force the way; for the narrow road past Jericho was packed with a slow-moving mass of people escaping from the siege. Apollos rode back abreast the Princess, and Onesimus led her camel afoot.

"And now these Jesse Jerusalem compassed with armies, know that the desolation thereof is nigh," Apollos said. "Let them which are in Judea flee to the mountains. They shall fall by the edge of the sword. They shall be led away captive into all nations. Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles. When these things begin to come, then look up, and lift up your heads; for redemption draweth nigh. Know you Who spoke those words, your Highness?"

But the Princess answered never a word; for her heart was cold with fear of the sights she saw as in a shadow by the silver starlight. Where Herod's pleasure gardens had lain at Jericho was such a press of soldiers they could not approach the city gates. The clank of the forges for the engines of war had become as the rumble of thunder or earthquake. Where she knew the Holy City must stand on Zion Hill, she could discern only the blaze of towers and the flaming of javelins.

The old Idumean came back and wheeled his horse beside her.

"We can not get through the press tho I break the pate of every head under helmet," he said. "We shall have to fork to the right for the Damascus road past the General's tent."

"What is the smell of burning?" she asked, leaning forward from the muffle of her camel.

"The dead! They are burning the dead as they throw them out over the walls in Gehenna Valley," answered the old soldier; "and this road is swimming in blood coming down the walls."

"Fear naught, Princess," called the young presbyter, remounting his horse to guard the rear; "you are only escaping a world that plays all men false"; and they pressed on, taking the road that forked north of the city.

Daylight dim with fog and smoke and the dust of battle saw them on the crest of the highway that led north from the Holy City toward Cæsarea on the sea or Damascus in the far snowy mountains.

THEY paused again to breathe their beasts.

Bernice signaled the young presbyter. "I would have your Arab horse," she said. "I can not ride this camel. He is spent."

Onesimus helped her to dismount the panting camel and take place on his own horse, fresh because he had ridden little. He felt the tremor of her slender form as he helped her to the saddle. Far as eye could see were tents on the heights and plains; but smoke and dust and mist concealed the Holy City.

One great yellow tent spacious enough to house a thousand men lay not a hundred yards to the left of their road. Above gleamed the eagle pennants of Rome.

"On," shouted the old Idumean; "we are safe here. That is the General's tent. They have paused because this is the Jewish Sabbath and they parley for surrender. To-day will see their Holy City fall and ring to our trumpets' victory."

The caravan moved slowly forward. Soldiers rose sleepily where they lay on the ground and saluted the old Idumean. The camels moved through the mist in grotesque ghosts. Suddenly the sun outburst over the rose-tinted mountains of Moab in the east; and the trumpets blew.

Mountains and plains seemed to awaken with myriad soldier forms from ground and tent. Their metal helmets gave back the morning light in silvered fire. As the trumpets blew their silvery blasts amid the echoing rocks, the young presbyter's horse reared in panic terror. The Idumean and the young presbyter sprang to snatch at the bridle. The Princess threw out her arm and struck the trembling creature a blow on its soft flank with the bridle rein. It bounded in mid-air and fled as on winged feet straight for the tent of the sleeping Roman General.

The old Idumean came asprawl on the ground, rolled over, and sprang up with his helmet awry. The astounded young presbyter had retained his seat on the wearied camel.

"A curse upon her and all her vixen foxy Herod brood," raged the old man, getting stiffly to his feet. "I might have known it was trick when she said she would go to the Grecian Isles with you."

The caravan moved forward again. The old Idumean was galloping on his Arab horse in wild bounds toward the General's tent. Just as the sunlight burst in a shield of fire over the embattled hosts, the young presbyter looked back.

The old Idumean had thrown himself from his horse and barred the way with drawn lance across the door to the tent of the sleeping Roman General.

"And because Peter erred through love in a slippery place, it gave his great heart tenderness for all who trust in flesh," said Apollos. Then he smiled gently at his young presbyter. "We all have to learn by errors, Onesimus, but it makes the way longer; and he who follows truth by a circling road comes out where he began."

Beyond the Orchid Door

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

He was Oriental and he had not bothered about her after the novelty of having a woman companion had worn away. He preferred the opinions of men. He found them broader and more in keeping with the progress of events. He was a returned student with the advantages of plenty of money and an old family name behind him. His days were filled with a busy round of affairs pertaining to the intricacies of an ever-changing political régime. His background and his characteristics were fundamentally Oriental. He reverted to them more and more as the years went on. What habits of life he had acquired in the West were but grafts of another civilization; in the soil of the Orient they slowly withered and died. Mary was intolerant of the underground ways of arriving at results to which her husband and his friends resorted in their political schemes.

TO-DAY she had gone to the temple with the women because it had been her mother-in-law's wish that she should go. She was striving hard to see the best in both the East and the West and seeking anew for ways in which to accomplish the things which she had so blithely planned to do when she turned her face toward China ten years earlier. Hope was in her heart that morning that she might still win her husband's respect and companionship and be a true helpmate in his undertakings. He was interested in their children, especially the boy. She needed his help in solving the problems which were constantly coming up to trouble her in regard to their education.

The news that Lei-da had given her now not only filled her heart with distress, but increased the weight of the burden that had been growing almost beyond what she could bear.

As she sat, memories came back again of the graystone house on the hill with its wide windows looking out across the rolling green meadows of Chester County. She longed for the open spaciousness of it all, the orchard with its wide-spreading apple-trees, the mellow fields with the rich loam turned in long even furrows, the great fireplace where twelve-foot logs could be burned, the quiet, open speech of her own people, the comfort of home that she understood.

She felt cramped by the walls of the compound. The single peach-tree in the woman's courtyard was trained too artificially, the shape warped and pruned according to custom as the lives of the women were trimmed and bent. Mary knew that there was nothing of jealousy for this dancing girl at the foot of her desire to leave his home and his country forever. Her love for him was burned out; and in that she felt for him nothing of the passion that had drawn her to him in her youth and caused her to follow him back to the strange land from which he had come.

In those days her heart had been eager with desire to see all that was best in him and his land and to serve him with her life and her love. Only pity for him remained in her heart, pity for the way in which he dabbled at life and played at the game of politics, one hand against the other, with a motive which was never clear to any one save perhaps himself, certainly not to her, a Westerner, and a woman who was no longer taken into his confidences.

IT WAS not jealousy which made her resolve to take her children and return to her own home. Jealousy is born of passion, and her love was as dead as the embers in a long-extinguished fire. She felt pity as well for the girl brought to be a plaything for her husband's fancy for a few years. She would make only one more member of the household in the crowded courtyard beyond the orchid door. All the pretty phrases of the courtyard which had so charmed her earlier jarred upon Mary now. They seemed to her so unreal. She despised herself in that hour while she sat quietly beside Lei-da, despised herself for all the compromises that she had made to smooth over the roughness of the life to which she had been brought. She despised herself for going with the other women to the temple that morning.

A week of hanging over the quiet little meeting-house in the valley where she had gone to worship when she was at home came over her. She would take her children back to her old parents and ask them to help her to teach them to find peace through simple and unpretentious worship.

The hour of reviewing the past gave her strength to shake off the pathetic spirit of acceptance of things as they are which she was beginning to find settling down upon her. She went to her own room and wrote a note, which she sent to her husband by a servant.

It told him that she wanted to talk with him before the day was over.

AT FIVE o'clock in the afternoon he sent for her. The guests had gone. She found her husband waiting in the inner reception-room, which he had fitted up as a study. He had ordered tea brought to them there. His manner was cordial but formal. When she was seated he waited for her to open the conversation. A silence which to her seemed heavy and oppressive, but which he with Oriental calm did not seem to notice, lasted between them for a long time. She knew that she would have to speak first and that from her he would take his cue. She decided to begin with Western abruptness.

"I want to take my children and return to my own people," she said briefly.

A slow smile curved his thin lips. "You have had enough of my country so soon? I thought that it was only this morning that the report was carried to me that you had been converted to the foolish faith of the other women of the household and gone with them to worship before the image at the temple."

She flushed. "I have stayed in your country ten years and in that time I have learned that the women whom I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

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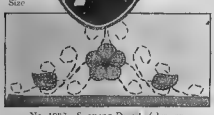
For the Needlewoman Who Appreciates Designs That Are Different

No. 1989—Showing Detail of Design

No. 1988—Rompers Including Appliqué Design to Fit Each Size

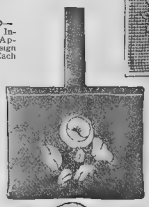
No. 1988—Showing Detail of Design

No. 1987—Rompers Including Appliqué Design to Fit Each Size



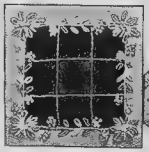
No. 1987—Showing Detail of Design

No. 1980—Rompers Including Appliqué Design to Fit Each Size

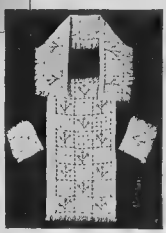


No. 12877—Appliqué Wreath on Bag

No. 12841—Detail of Design

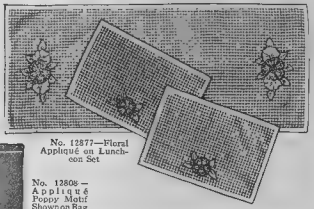


No. 12787—Illustrated on Neckwear



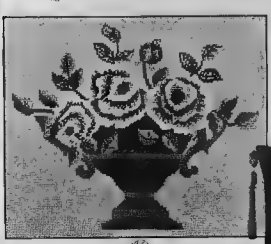
No. 12889—Decorative Border and Motifs for Embroidery or Beading

No. 12892—Unique Border Design for Smart Frocks and Wraps

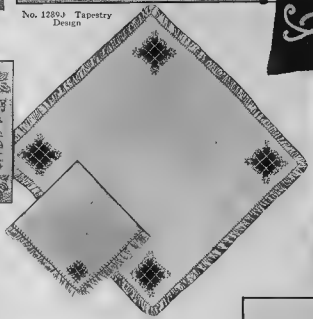


No. 12877—Floral Appliqué on Luncheon Set

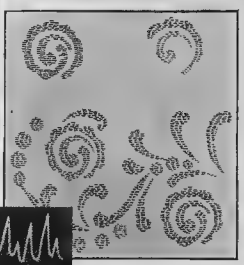
No. 12808—Appliqué Poppy Motif Shown on Bag



No. 12893—Tapestry Design



No. 12841—Illustrated on Luncheon Set



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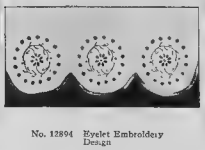
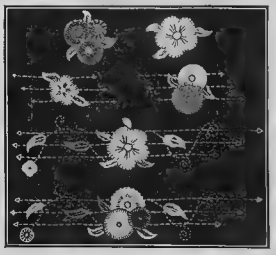


No. 12894—Eyelet Embroidery Design

No. 337—Knitted Sweater and Scarf with Crocheted Hat to Match

No. 12887—Shown on Pillow and Scarf

No. 12891—Showing Motifs in Detail



No. 12893—Floral Motifs and Borders to Be Developed in Appliqué

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12889, blue or yellow, 50 cents—2/6, supplies 3 yards of 9¼-inch border, with 8 each of 2 motifs 2½ and 3¼ inches high, for beading or wool embroidery to trim frocks, blouses, etc. Satin and darning stitches are used.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design, No. 12892, blue or yellow, 50 cents—2/6, furnishes 2 yards each of 2 borders 5½ and 15 inches high, to be developed in appliqué or outline and one-stitch embroidery. Attractive for trimming frocks, etc.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12893, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/, supplies the appliqué motifs shown above ranging from 2¼ to 5 inches high.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 71

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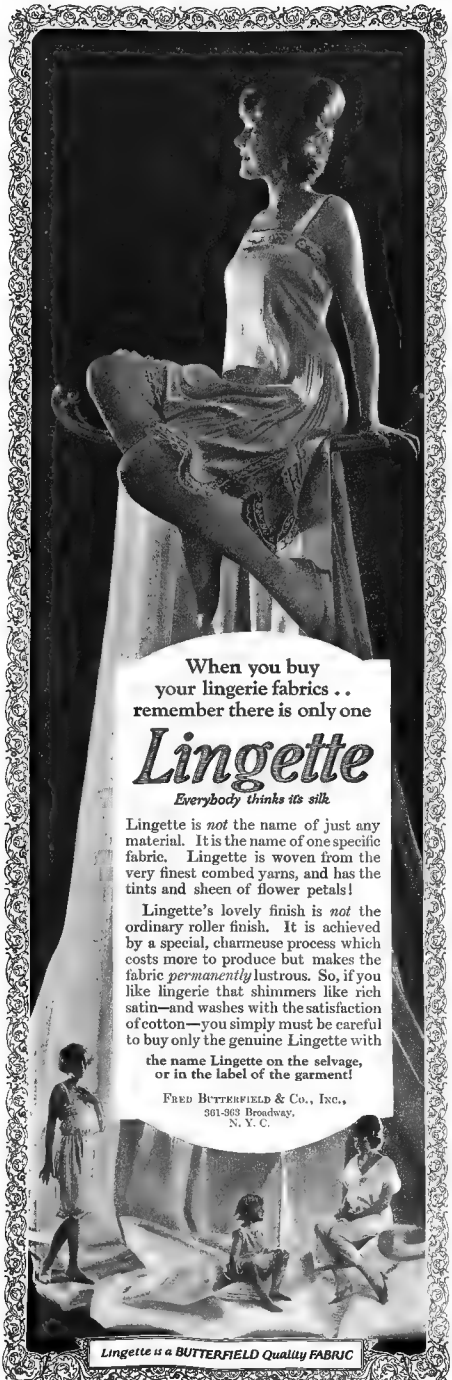

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Lingette is *not* the name of just any material. It is the name of one specific fabric. Lingette is woven from the very finest combed yarns, and has the tints and sheen of flower petals!

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the name Lingette on the selvage, or in the label of the garment!

FRED BUTTERFIELD & CO., INC.,
361-363 Broadway,
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Lingette is a **BUTTERFIELD** *Quality FABRIC*

Beyond the Orchid Door

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

looked down upon from my superior place in the West are the truest and the best of all your resources and that you, the men, treat them in a way which is an abomination to any nation. I went to the temple because it was your mother's desire that her entire household should worship together; for ten years I have refused and then this morning I went because it would make her happy."

"Have you made up your mind that you will leave these women you admire so greatly? Of course I, one of the group of men, do not count."

"I can not bring my children to maturity in this place. They must go to a country where they will have an opportunity to learn to think clearly and see straight. From the moment that I set foot upon the boat to come with you to the Orient I have felt the ostracism of the people of my own race for the thing which I had done in marrying you. I thought then that it did not matter. I believed your love for me would more than outweigh the hurt of their coolness. I believed in the part which I was to have in the rebuilding of your country. I was fired with idealism. I have adopted, without murmuring, the habits of the home to which you brought me. I have eaten the food of your people and adopted the style of dress of a Chinese woman. I have been willing to live in a courtyard without privacy among women who have from the first looked down upon me because I am an alien from another land. I must take my children and go, now that your love for me is gone."

"We will not talk about the children. They belong to me and my family. You may go when you wish, if that is your pleasure," he answered coolly. "I will have your passage arranged and see that money for your expenses is given to you."

She stared at him incredulously. He had taken up his book again to read. Twice he looked up as tho he expected her to have gone.

Mary tried to speak, but there was nothing that she could say; her mouth was dry; words would not come.

She arose and went out of the room and back to the women's quarters.

IT WAS the next day, as she was dressing in her ten-year-old foreign suit, that Lei-da tapped at the door of her room and entered without waiting for a response.

"The head mother is angry with Wong Lee. She has been talking with him in the reception-room and has refused to give shelter to the little girl he brought yesterday. She has ordered the servants to put the girl's boxes of clothes out in the street."

Mary looked through the rolled-up paper windows. The girl sat beneath the prunel and twisted persimmon-tree. The shadows of the bare twigs formed a pattern upon the pink silk of her trimly fitted trousers and coat; her hands were folded pathetically in her lap. From the main reception-room came the sound of voices, one high and shrill, raised in anger. The other, deep and controlled, answering only in monosyllables.

"Go and tell the honorable mother that it does not matter," Mary said dryly.

Lei-da did not move. "It will be useless effort—and it does matter," she said. "One extra rice-bowl to fill is one extra rice-bowl to fill. Why should we share what we have with another? You have borne a son. The master has no complaint to make of his household!"

Mary continued to dress slowly.

"Are you going out?" Lei-da asked.

"Yes," Mary responded without explanation.

"Shall I send word that you will want the motor-car?"

"No, I will take a ricksha. Don't bother to call for a servant. I can easily get one on the street."

Lei-da said nothing. If she thought it strange that a woman of the house should pick up a dirty, common ricksha on the street, she did not mention it. Mary wished she would go, but the woman only sat watching for opportunities to help fix her dress, and she knew too that she was waiting until she should know where the other woman was going. Mary did not tell her.

She decided to walk, and so wound her way through the intricate turnings of the hutung coming unto Hatamen Street just above the four pilos. The street was gay with New-year decorations. Shops had new red-paper scrolls pasted on the doorways. Lanterns that had been used to light the street the night before swung gaily in the morning sunshine. Camels laden with coal, motor-cars, rickshas, donkeys with riders larger than themselves, Mongolian ponies, Peking carts, and bicycles made up the steady stream of traffic in the street. It was not a good hour for walking, and finally Mary took a ricksha which carried her through the legation quarters and to the office of the United States Consul.

A CLERK took her message, and a few minutes later she was ushered into the office. When she came out again her steps dragged. The force of the whole ten years that she had spent within the Orient seemed weighted down upon her in one heavy burden. She had learned that while the Government would help her to return to her own people, her husband had spoken rightly when he had said that the children were his children, members of the Wong family, and that control of them rested with him or with the eldest living male member of his family in case he should die.

She knew that she could have no possible control over them aside from what influence she exerted within the household into which she had married. Their destiny was not a matter in which the Consul of the country of which she had been a citizen could take any part in deciding. She even had lost her citizenship by her marriage; but something could be done for her since she had married a student who already had a wife at the time. In the eyes of the American law Mary retained her citizenship only because in the eyes of the law she was not married.

The shame of the Consul's words made her flame with anger, but they had been kindly spoken and given to help her. She saw that before she had walked more than a block on her way home. But they were not as deep an insult as the cool smile that had played about her husband's lips when he had told her that she might return to her people if she wished to go. And she did wish to go with her entire heart. She was not sure that it would not be better to go without the children, for she felt that after the incidents of yesterday she could not continue to dwell beneath the roof of Wong Lee.

She turned away from the city and walked out to the Temple of Heaven grounds. Within the gates she sought the shelter of the groves of wide-spread trees. It was long past dusk when she returned to her dwelling.

Her eldest daughter was sitting by the lamp in her mother's room. The baby was asleep in her arms. There were traces of tears on both of their faces. She gathered them tight. The little girl woke and murmured her name. She sat down in the chair to quiet her; her older daughter sat on the stool at her feet, her hand clasping her mother's hand.

"Amah said that you were going to leave us, that you were going back to your mother and father in America," she sobbed.

The mother pressed her hand.

"Where is little brother?" she asked.

"Father sent for him. He has some guests in the other part of the house and he wanted to show little brother to them. He told the amah to put on his best clothes."

Mary sat her two girls close and waited for her son to return. She knew that she would never go back to her old home, that she must stay and give her life to her children. The blood of both the East and the West flowed in their veins—society on both sides of the world would and did look down upon them.

HER son came back into his mother's room with a swagger in his walk. He was dressed in an embroidered robe which his uncle had given to him for the New-year. For the first time in his life he had been invited to go into the men's courtyard in the evening. Mary's heart gave a quick jerk as he came toward her. She knew that only a few more years remained before he would pass entirely from her supervision and on into life in the other side of the dwelling.

She sent the amah away and tucked the three children into bed. The bell on the drum-tower sounding the hour of dawn ushered in her thirty-third birthday. Mary was old and weary. Life for her was ended save for the shackled efforts which she would make in helping her children to grow into maturity; and they were not her children, but the possession of a Chinese household, and all her teachings would be subject to the will of the elders of the Wong family.

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CHARMING, IMMACULATE, EXQUISITE

Yet . . . . .

Under circumstances almost impossible to a woman of less hygienic knowledge

How the modern woman loses never a day from a life of social and business activity

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND,
Graduate Nurse

THE modern woman lives *every day* of her life. Fills every day with activity, unmarred by what still remains a serious problem to thousands of women less sophisticated.

Dances, clubs, bridge, the demands of business—all these are met confidently, surely—for it was unfair, under old conditions, that the average woman should spend at least *one-sixth of her time* minus self-confidence; often in fear.

The New Hygienic Way

With the coming of Kotex, these hazards to one's peace of mind passed on.

The habits of women were changed. Modern scientific protection succeeded makeshift methods. Today, with Kotex, you need lose never a single precious hour.

This offers you a test packet without charge—simply mail the coupon.

What Kotex Is

Kotex is a superlatively soft, snow-white absorbent of *extremely rapid* absorption. *It takes up moisture immediately and holds it.* And it absorbs 16 times its own weight. Made of Cellucotton (not cotton) it is far more absorbent than ordinary cotton.

In comparison with makeshift methods and ordinary "sanitary" pads, it presents *safety* versus *uncertainty*, combining two secret advantages which can be brought out only in the using.

Then it is easily disposed of—and every woman will appreciate what this means.

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All department stores and drug stores have Kotex. Two sizes, containing six and twelve generous tabs, each nine inches long, enfolded in fine gauze with generous tabs for easy turning and pinning.

Two thicknesses—regular and extra. For the extra, ask for "hospital size." Also obtainable from Kotex cabinets in rest rooms, one Kotex in plain wrapper.

Try Kotex. It will bring you comfort and assurance never known before.

Charm, Exquisiteness, Immaculacy under all and every condition every day! Yet, under old methods the average woman spent at least 1-6th of her time in a state of discomfort, uncertainty—and frequently, embarrassment.

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P.R.-1-24

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I want to accept free trial offer made by you, with the understanding that it is absolutely confidential.

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Again She Orders — *"A Chicken Salad, Please"*

FOR him she is wearing her new frock. For him she is trying to look her prettiest. If only she can impress him—make him like her—just a little.

Across the table he smiles at her, proud of her prettiness, glad to notice that others admire. And she smiles back, a bit timidly, a bit self-consciously.

What wonderful poise he has! What complete self-possession! If only *she* could be so thoroughly at ease.

She pats the folds of her new frock nervously, hoping that he will not notice how embarrassed she is, how uncomfortable. He doesn't—until the waiter comes to their table and stands, with pencil poised, to take the order.

"A chicken salad, please." She hears herself give the order as in a daze. She hears him repeat the order to the waiter, in a rather surprised tone. Why *had* she ordered that again! This was the third time she had ordered chicken salad while dining with him.

He would think she didn't know how to order a dinner. Well, did she? No. She didn't know how to pronounce those French words on the menu. And she didn't know how to use the table appointment as gracefully as she would have liked; found that she couldn't create conversation—and was actually tongue-tied; was conscious of little crudities which she just knew he must be noticing. She wasn't sure of herself, she didn't *know*. And she discovered, as we all do, that there is only one way to have complete poise and ease of manner, and that is to know definitely what to do and say on every occasion.

A Social Secretary for Life

The Famous Book of Etiquette Nearly 500,000 Sold for $3.50

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We have on our shelves at the present time several thousand sets of the Book of Etiquette in the regular $3.50 edition. To clear the shelves quickly and make room for new editions now being printed, Nelson Doubleday, Inc., has taken unusual offer: To the next few thousand people who order the Book of Etiquette, the special bargain price of $1.98 will be extended. In other words, if you act without delay you can secure the complete, two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette at practically *half* the usual cost.

Use the special coupon. It will bring the Book of Etiquette to you promptly, at the special bargain price.

Are You Conscious of Your Crudities?

It is not, perhaps, so serious a fault to be unable to order a correct dinner. But it is just such little things as these that betray us—that reveal our crudities to others.

Are you sure of yourself? Do you know precisely what to do and say wherever you happen to be? Or are you always hesitant and ill at ease, never quite sure that you haven't blundered?

Every day in our contact with men and women we meet little unexpected problems of conduct. Unless we are prepared to meet them, it is inevitable that we suffer embarrassment and keen humiliation.

Etiquette is the armor that protects us from these embarrassments. It makes us aware instantly of the little crudities that are rubbing us of our poise and ease. It tells us how to smooth away these crudities and achieve a

manner of confidence and self-possession. It eliminates doubt and uncertainty, tells us exactly what we want to know.

There is an old proverb which says "Good manners make good mixers." We all know how true this is. No one likes to associate with a person who is self-conscious and embarrassed; whose crudities are obvious to all.

Do You Make Friends Easily?

By telling you exactly what is expected of you on all occasions, by giving you a wonderful new ease and dignity of manner, the Book of Etiquette will help make you more popular—a "better mixer." This famous two-volume set of books is the recognized social authority—is a silent social secretary in half a million homes.

Let us pretend that you have received an invitation. Would you know exactly how to acknowledge it? Would you know what sort of gift to send, what to write on the card that accompanies it? Perhaps it is an invitation to a formal wedding. Would you know what to wear? Would you know what to say to the host and hostess upon arrival?

If a Dinner Follows the Wedding—

Would you know exactly how to proceed to the dining-room, when to seat yourself, how to create conversation, how to conduct yourself with ease and dignity?

Would you use a fork for your fruit salad, or a spoon? Would you eat your roll with a knife, or break it with your fingers? Would you take olives with a fork? How would you take celery—asparagus—radishes? Unless you are absolutely sure of yourself, you will be embarrassed. And embarrassment *cannot be concealed.*

Book of Etiquette Gives Lifelong Advice

Hundreds of thousands of men and women know and use the Book of Etiquette and find it increasingly helpful. Every time an occasion of importance arises—every time expert help, advice and suggestion is required—they find what they seek in the Book of Etiquette. It solves all problems, answers all questions, tells you exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion.

If you want always to be sure of yourself, to have ease and poise, to avoid embarrassment and humiliation, send for the Book of Etiquette at once. Take advantage of the special bargain offer explained in the coupon. The Book of Etiquette give you complete self-possession; let it banish the crudities that are perhaps making you self-conscious and uncomfortable when you should be thoroughly at ease.

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

"The Live Wires are all right. They're a good bunch to play pool with. But be their president? Uh, *uh!*" Admah shook his big head. Too small potatoes.

ON a Thursday afternoon, about ten days later, a doldrum had settled over the store. Jo and his assistant were in the rear, sorting out peppermints; Admah was keeping books. Then into the shop stepped a figure unusual to the place. It was young, feminine, rather tall, and dressed in dull green. Clear gray eyes looked out from beneath a drooping brim and rested upon Admah, who didn't immediately recognize her. A scion, anyhow, he thought, and blushed as he arose to serve her.

"Yes, Ma'am." He leaned across the counter.

"I wonder if I might see Mr. Holtz?" she asked in the sweetest possible voice.

Mr. Holtz! His heart went pitapat, for at that instant he knew her. She was the older one—the one he had first seen standing on a stone lion in Helicon Park. He had seen her many times since, usually at a distance. Close up, he decided, she wasn't quite so pretty.

"Which Mr. Holtz, Ma'am?" he inquired after a blank silence.

"Well, I really can't say." There was no coquetry in her smile; it was engaging and natural. "You see, I saw the sign—"

"Candy Holtz," cried Admah, emboldened. "Then I reckon it's me you want."

Out back Jo might have been seen to stir restlessly, for he was jealous of prestige, and he had recognized Miss Peake.

"What an original name!" she was saying to Admah, and laughing.

"It's the trade-name I go by," he explained good-naturedly.

"Of course," she said. "And it's really a very clever one. Only I have Mr. Admah Holtz down on the list—"

She had opened her hand-bag and brought out a sheet of writing-paper with a column of names running down one side.

"That's me," admitted Admah, and was on the point of saying, "And I know who you are, too," but a saving caution forbade such familiarity.

"You're going to think I'm an awful nuisance," she told him, "when you hear what it's all about."

"Oh, no, Ma'am." This was amazing, too. A Peake sister—the second prettiest one—coming into his store and calling herself a nuisance! It was like one of those funny dreams where you wake up laughing.

"Well, be just as rude as you please. I'm here to beg." For the first time he noticed a faint sarcasm in her smile. It wasn't unkindly. "You see we need a hundred thousand dollars for a new wing to the St. Theresa Nursing Home—"

"I see. A sort of place for nurses to stay—"

"Probably." She smiled again. "But incidentally it's a place where they raise babies that mightn't otherwise be raised. Anyhow, the old place is falling into the river, and the prominent citizens of our town couldn't do a better work of charity."

The prominent citizens of our town! Prominent Citizen Holtz swelled inside his padded coat. The delusion of magnificence was spoiled only by Jo's shuffling footsteps, coming out of the candy-kitchen. He stared an instant at Miss Peake, then went to the desk and pretended to examine the books.

"We've got a list of names," she went sweetly on, "and Mr. Wilder of the *Evening Democrat* has promised to print the donors on the front page every day until we've raised the entire amount. That's an interesting idea, don't you think?"

"I should say so," Admah agreed through dry lips.

OVER by the desk Jo coughed once, consumptively.

"They gave me a short list," said she, "because they don't think I'm much of a beggar. But I'm proud of myself this mawnin'."

She spread the sheet of note-paper across the counter, and with a small gold pencil pointed out the names. Admah's head was as close to hers as the width of a hat-brim. Hats were wide that year. Their shoulders were not far apart; their eyes were focused upon a common interest.

"Samuel Weltermeyer & Co., $1,000," she read aloud. "Purley & Jones, $1,000. They're big game, and I've put them at the top as a noble example. P. H. Strong, $500; New York Shoe Company, $500; Henry G. Camm, $500, Southern Motors Company, $500. That's the five hundreds. Now here are the two hundreds: Hersinger's, Philip R. Gratz, F. R. Cummins."

"They're down for two hundred?" asked Admah thickly.

"Yes, Mr. Holtz," he said suavely as he could. "Just give me time to get my check-book."

"Oh, I beg your pardon." Her face was wreathed in rewarding smiles. "I knew you'd want to give something. And how much shall I put you down for, Mr. Holtz?"

"Two hundred dollars, I reckon," drawled Admah.

Over in Jo's corner a silence seemed to reverberate.

"Oh, that is generous," said Miss Peake, genuinely pleased. Opposite the name of Admah Holtz she jotted down the figures, then thrust the paper into her hand-bag.

"This is just a pledge, you know," she explained. And as the clasp of her bag snapped shut, "Don't you think I'd make a good book-agent?"

"I reckon you would, Miss Peake," said Admah. "Anyhow you'd be powerful successful in the candy business."

"How?" Her look was not challenging; merely interested.

"Well, if I had a dozen young ladies like you workin' behind the counter we'd sell right smart of candy."

"I'm afraid I'm too lazy to sell candy," she said, and seemed to consider the point. Then with a rush of confidence, "Mr. Holtz, a young girl I know wants to go into business. I don't know how to advise her; I've had no experience."

"What can she do?" was Admah's practical question.

"Absolutely nothing. But she wants to learn something that will make her a little money."

"You can't make money sittin' round the parlor, Miss Peake," he said. And because being called prominent citizen had swollen him temporarily out of his usual reticence, "You've got to take what's comin' or else make a job for yourself. It ain't very pretty, gettin' started."

SHE was about to go, but turned suddenly with an impetuous question.

"How did *you* get started, Mr. Holtz?"

"Peddlin' candy in a basket round Miss Blanchard's school."

"Oh." Recognition came into her clear eyes.

"I reckon you've forgotten the time," he went on, for a light madness possessed him, "when I was peddling in Helicon Park and you were standing on one of the gate-posts—"

"I would be," she smiled.

"And you couldn't buy my pep'mints because your brother wouldn't loan you a nickel."

"Sweet Heaven, are you the boy?" she cried, and her eyes flashed brilliantly around the new store. There was curiosity in her look, and humor, too. Behind it all Admah saw the same disdain that had driven him from her to her tender little sister so many years ago.

"Well, good afternoon, Mr. Holtz," she smiled. "And when my friend wants work, I hope——"

"Just send her round to me."

"Thank you." She should have gone, but again she stood fussing with her hand-bag. "By the way, when your name is printed in the list how shall we put it? Admah Holtz—"

"Candy Holtz," he corrected her. "That's the name I'll be goin' by—for a while, anyhow."

Then she was gone, leaving the establishment to frank and acrid discussion.

"Ad," whined Jo, as he ran his finger through thin locks, "I don't know what to do with you. I reely don't."

"What's on your mind now, boy?" Jo's storms were of small importance.

"Did I heah right when you said two hundred dollars? *Two hundred dollars* for an asylum?"

"That's what the lady put down, I reckon."

"What for? Who's goin' to pay it?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

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It Is in Costume Detail, as Pictured Here, That Newness Lies

THE straight-line dress of the season has many ways aside from the introduction of panels, plaits, and godets in which to display its originality. And it is in trimming detail that most of these costumes achieve their smart distinction. Buttons are used extensively.

"Teach the Children to Sew"

1975—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Tiered Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch gray flat crêpe—1⅜ yard rose silk bias trimming. The embroidered tiers, which are finished with scallops, are applied diagonally.

1818—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch India red check—⅞ yard 54-inch plain India red broadcloth—2¼ yards gray bias trimming. A smart utility frock for street wear is this simple one-piece dress.

Beltless Tiered Dress 1975

Dress 1818

Russian Blouse Dress 1977

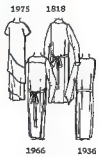
Coat Dress 1927

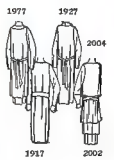
Dress 1966

Beltless Coat Dress 1936
Embroidery 12867

Coat Dress 1917
Embroidery 12715

Tunic Blouse 2004
Bodice Skirt 2002





1966—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅔ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Flemish blue Canton crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch figured crêpe—⅓ yard 4-inch fur banding for sleeves—⅝ yard 6-inch fur banding for panel. The plastron front of figured crêpe lends contrast and smartness to this frock.

1936—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Coat Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch Sakkara (taupe) duvetyn—¾ yard 40-inch green crêpe for trimming neck, sleeve facing, and bow. The attractive embroidery, design 12867, may be carried out in one-stitch embroidery with colored silk floss.

1917—Ladies' and Misses' Coat Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch tan suède cloth—⅝ yard 6-inch vari-colored silk braid—1 yard 36-inch lining. Silk floss is employed for carrying out the design, 12715, which is applied on the trimming-band.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

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Reproductions of the Latest Successful Paris Creations

WHAT Paris dubs "La Petite robe," an informal type of costume in which the sports element figures largely, is the plaid frock that is scoring such a success both at home and abroad in company with gowns of rep, twills, silk alpaca, and satin. For the new plaid frock a gay design is selected in imported wool woven either in Scotland, England, or France.

Dress
1811

Tunic
Blouse 2007
Bodice
Skirt 1956
Monogram 521

Tiered Dress
2003
Embroidery 12830

Coat Dress
1910

Beltless Dress
1982

Coat Dress
1908

Bordered Dress
1997

Wrap-around
Dress 1991
Embroidery 12864

"Teach the Children to Sew"

2007—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 18 and 20 years. No. 1956—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch olive charmeen —1½ yard black ribbon for tie—¾ yard 36-inch lining for bodice. The long tunic blouse combined with a bodice skirt rivals the coat frock in popularity this season. The skirt is a three-piece wrap-around affair. Raised satin stitch may be employed for carrying out the monogram, design 521.

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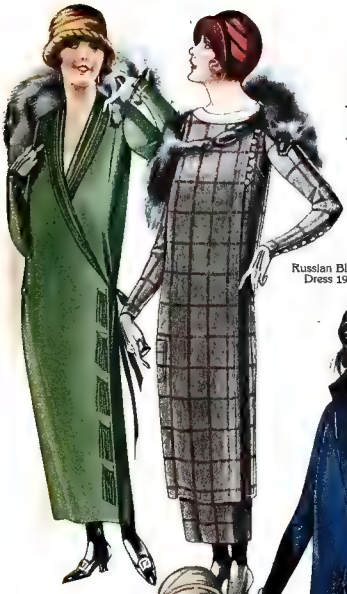
Tunic Frocks Enter the Mode as Rivals to Coat Dresses

A PENCIL straightness and slenderness characterizes the tailored mode, and one of its newest creations is the Russian tunic frock which consists of a slim tunic in varying lengths from the finger tips to that reaching almost to the skirt hem. This skirt, by the way, which is tight and rather short, is attached to a bodice.



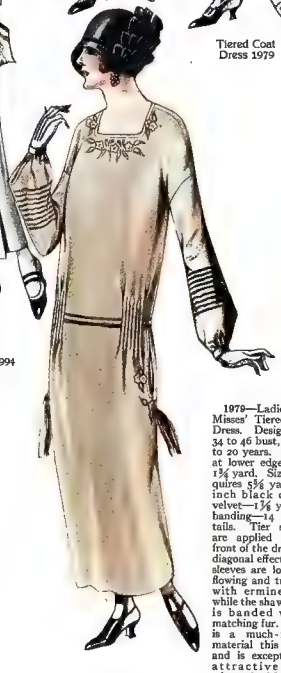
Coat Dress
1910

Russian Blouse
Dress 1977

Dress 1999

Tiered Coat
Dress 1979

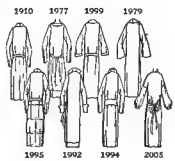
Coat Dress
1992
Braiding 11558



Dress 1994

Tiered Dress
1995
Embroidery 12810

1910—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Coat Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch tarragon (green) duvet de laine—2⅛ yards green gros-grain ribbon for trimming—2⅛ yards orange satin ribbon for trimming—1 yard 36-inch lining. The dress crosses and closes at the left side in coat effect and the neck is finished with a long shawl collar trimmed with two rows of ribbon. Fringes of beads or silk are applied along the closing. The sleeves are long, plain and close-fitting, flaring slightly at the wrists. Tie-strings are attached to the fronts of the dress and tie at side.



"Teach the Children to Sew"

1979—Ladies' and Misses' Tiered Coat Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 40-inch black chiffon velvet—1⅞ yard fur banding—14 ermine tails. Tier sections are applied to the front of the dress in a diagonal effect. The sleeves are long and flowing and trimmed with ermine tails, while the shawl collar is banded with a matching fur. Velvet is a much-favored material this season and is exceptionally attractive when trimmed with fur.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

Dress 2005
Appliqué 12571

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Fringe and Fur Trimmed Frocks for the Gay Dance or Dinner-Hour

THE sumptuous elegance of the evening mode expresses itself in delightful fur and fringe trimmings and in satin, crêpe, and brocaded fabrics, and the Chinese idea of using embroidery and beading motifs.

"Teach the Children to Sew"

2014—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch black flat crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch lotus blue crêpe de Chine. Two of fashion's newest notes are embodied in this attractive afternoon or dinner frock—the plastron blouse, and the applied flounce which falls in soft folds at the sides revealing a lotus blue facing.

2006—Ladies' and Misses' Flounced Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of flounce about 2¼ yards. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe meteor—2¾ yards fur banding. The beltless flounced effect is just as popular for evening wear as it is for afternoon and street frocks. This sleeveless model is shirred at the sides, giving it a soft drape. Fur bands the gathered flounce, and the large beaded motifs are worked with glass beads.

2004—Ladies' Russian Evening Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 1608—Ladies' Gathered Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¾ yards 40-inch feldspar (green) satin crêpe—⅓ yard 10-inch silver banding for underarm shield—1⅝ yard fur banding—1¼ yard 36-inch lining for bodice. For formal as well as informal occasions the Russian tunic blouse costume is a popular choice. Crystal or glass beads are applied horizontally on the blouse, and a large cabochon is placed at the waist-line.

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Modish Youthful Lines Are Expressed in These New Stout Styles

1971—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—¼ yard 40-inch satin for collar—8 yards silk braid—½ yard 40-inch Georgette for ruffles. The closing is arranged at the left side of the inserted vestee, which is trimmed with plaited ruffles of Georgette crêpe. The sleeves are long and close-fitting, and the narrow belt is of self-material.

Dress 1971 Coat Dress 1897 Braiding 12869

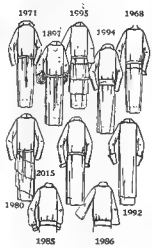
Dress 1968 Braiding 12715 Tiered Dress 1980

1897—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Coat Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch charmeen—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeve puffs—12⅝ yards silk braid—1 yard 36-inch lining. Soutache braid may be employed for carrying out the design, 12869, which is worked along the closing of the dress.

1968—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch satin—3⅛ yards 40-inch black chiffon velvet. For carrying out the braiding design, 12715, which is worked on the tabs, flare cuffs, and around the oval neck, soutache braid may be used.

Tiered Dress 1995 Embroidery 12857

Dress 1994



"Teach the Children to Sew"

Jacquette Blouse 1985

Dress 2015 Embroidery 12830

Coat Dress 1992

Jacquette Blouse 1986 Beading 12878

1980—Ladies' Long-waisted Tiered Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch taffeta—¼ yard 18-inch lace vesting—5¼ yards narrow fur banding. The diagonal tiers are a smart feature of the new mode this season.

1995—Ladies' Tiered Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 40-inch satin. The flowing sleeves and collar are given a smart touch by the embroidery, design 12857, worked in flat satin stitch.

1994—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch check—½ yard 54-inch white flannel—5 yards novelty trimming.

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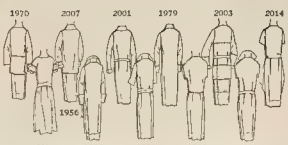
A Longed-For Need Is Met in These "All-Day" Misses' Dresses

1970—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Tiered Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch knitted silk—8¼ yards silk braid—1¼ yard 36-inch lining. The wrap-around skirt, in three sections, has a one-piece flounce laid in plaits at the right side, and is attached to the long waist.

1978—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch taffeta—¼ yard 40-inch Georgette. The deep appliqué border, design 12866, may be cut from contrasting taffeta and couched down in blanket stitch.

2007—Ladies' and Misses' Russian Blouse. Designed for 18 and 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. No. 1956—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The costume in size 18 requires 2½ yards 40-inch flat crêpe for blouse—¼ yard 40-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs—2 yards 40-inch satin for skirt—¾ yard 36-inch lining for bodice. The monogram, design 12755, may be carried out in raised satin stitch.

"Teach the Children to Sew"



2001—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch check—⅞ yard 54-inch plain flannel—4 yards banding—1⅜ yard ribbon for bow. The tight sleeves are long and finished with turn-back cuffs.

1992—Ladies' and Misses' Coat Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch dark duvetyn—1¾ yard 54-inch light duvetyn—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

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Misses' Costumes That Meet the Season's Modes in Every Particular

2005—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch charmeen. The only suggestion of decoration on this one-piece frock is the appliqué, design 12881, which may be cut from colored silk and couched down in blanket stitch. Blanket stitching also outlines the square neck and short kimono sleeves.

Dress 2005
Appliqué 12881

Beltless Dress 2009
Embroidery 12872

Dress 1711
Scallop 12567

Beltless Dress 1982

Jacket 1914
Bodice Skirt 1956
Embroidery 12830

Dress 2017

Apron Dress 2016
Appliqué 12812

2000—Ladies' and Misses' Beltless Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch satin crêpe —1⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting for underdress—3¾ yards frilling—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining. The allover embroidery design, 12872, may be carried out in outline and darning stitches.

1711—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch black taffeta—¾ yard 36-inch contrasting taffeta—6 yards ribbon—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. The scalloped outline, design 12567, is bound with lighter taffeta.

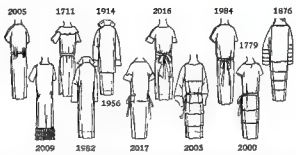
Tiered Dress 2003

Dress 1984
Embroidery 12596

Overblouse 1779
Bodice Skirt 2000
Embroidery 12820

Coat 1876

"Teach the Children to Sew"



1982—Ladies' and Misses' Beltless Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool jersey—¾ yard 54-inch contrasting jersey. Plaits at the sides are stitched to hold in the fulness.

2017—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅔ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch linen—⅓ yard 36-inch white linen for collar and cuffs—2⅝ yards ribbon.

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1442—Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires ¾ yard 54-inch light wool jersey—1⅜ yard 54-inch dark wool jersey. Very practical is this smart little composé frock of wool jersey for school wear. The quaint appliqué motif, design 12883, is cut from contrasting material and couched down in blanket stitch.

1669—Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch satin—1 yard 36-inch velveteen for skirt section—1¾ yard ribbon for sash. The velveteen is joined to the satin a few inches below the waist-line and along the joining are embroidered appliqué squares.

1390—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch wool crêpe—2¼ yards grosgrain ribbon for sash. The dress is slashed at the center-front.

Coat 1932

Dress 1803 Appliqué 12848

Coat 2008

Dress 1442 Appliqué 12883

Dress 1669

Dress 1390

Sleeveless Dress 1842 Embroidery 12868

Dress 1382

Dress 1824 Appliqué 12881

Dress 1774 Scallop 12177

"Teach the Children to Sew"

1842—Girls' Slip-on Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2¼ yards 2½-inch lace banding—1 yard ribbon. The front and back of the dress are gathered and joined to bands of lace which also finish the armhole edges. The attractive embroidery border, design 12868, worked along the hem of the dress, is carried out in darning stitch with silk floss.

1382—Girls' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch French serge—2½ yards ribbon for sash. For school wear, the one-piece serge frock is incomparable. Loose bands of self-material are slipped through slashes in the front and back of the dress and are caught up underneath the hem.

Dress 1941 Embroidery 12864

1932 1803 2008 1442 1669

1774

1390 1842 1382 1824 1941

1824—Girls' and Juniors' Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅝ yard 32-inch lining for front. The waist and tunic are in one piece. Contrasting taffeta may be selected for the appliqué design, 12881, couched down in outline or chain stitches.

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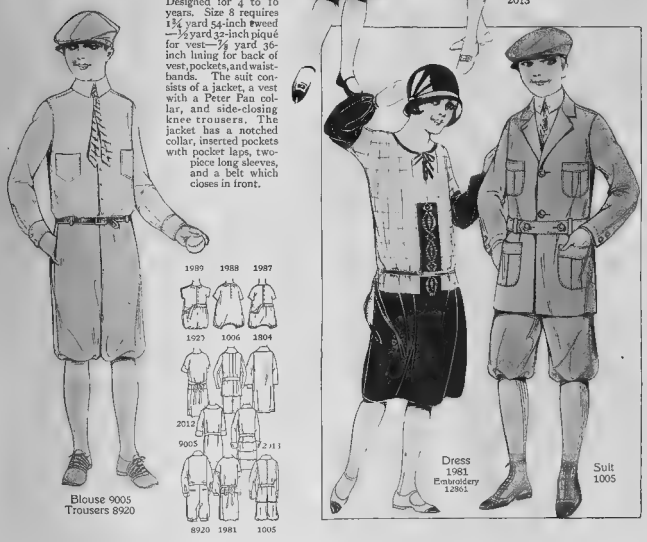
Juvenile Fashions as Set by Smart Midwinter Modes

1920—Girls' and Juniors' Slip on Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 19 years. Size 12 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1½ yard 40-inch chiffon velvet. The dress has an oval neck, short kimono sleeves with turn-back cuffs, and an attached two-piece skirt with an extension on the front gore. The stitching, design 12871, is carried out in rope silk or silk floss

1804—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch velours—¾ yard 7½-inch fur banding—2 yards ribbon for tie-strings—2¾ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining. Following the mode of the grown-ups, this coat closes well to the left side. The sleeves are flowing and lengthened with deep cuffs, but extend beyond the cuffs, forming loops.

"Teach the Children to Sew"

1006—Boys' Suit. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch tweed—½ yard 32-inch piqué for vest—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for back of vest, pockets, and waistbands. The suit consists of a jacket, a vest with a Peter Pan collar, and side-closing knee trousers. The jacket has a notched collar, inserted pockets with pocket laps, two-piece long sleeves, and a belt which closes in front.



9005—Boys' Sports Blouse. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch madras. No. 8920—Boys' Knickerbocker Trousers. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 1 yard 54-inch men's wear serge—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for pockets and waist-bands. The blouse has a convertible collar. Straight cuffs finish the long sleeves. The trousers are laid in plaits at the lower edges and finished with bands.

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4942—Infants' and Children's Sleeping-bag. Designed for ½ to 3 years. Size ½ requires 2¼ yards 36-inch eiderdown—3½ yards ribbon—3 yards 36-inch lining.

8402—Infants' Kimono. Designed for one size. Requires 2 yards 27-inch challis—3 yards pointed edging—1½ yard ribbon for tie-strings. For the dainty embroidery, design 12413, satin and outline stitches may be used.

"Teach the Children to Sew"

9980—Ladies' Slip. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch satin—1 yard picot-edge ribbon for shoulder straps. The slip is slashed in from the underarm edges and the lower slashed edges gathered.

1964—Ladies' Lounging-robe. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 36-inch eiderdown—3¾ yards braid—2¼ yards ribbon for tie-strings.

1666—Ladies' Step-in Combination. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Outline stitch may be used in carrying out the fruit motif, design 12811, in mercerized silk floss.

1495—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch radium silk—1¾ yard edging—1⅛ yard ribbon for shoulder straps. The front of the combination is embroidered in design 12182, carried out in raised satin and stem stitches.

1170—Ladies' Brassiere. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch coutil—1⅛ yard edging—1 yard ribbon for shoulder straps. No. 1240—Ladies' Two-piece Step-in Drawers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 2 yards 36-inch handkerchief linen. For carrying out the embroidery, design 12367, raised satin and stem stitches may be employed.

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Apparel That Clothes from Top to Toe Wee Folks and Grown-Ups

1374—Infants' Cape and Hood. Designed for one size. Requires 1¼ yard 36-inch cashmere. The cape and hood are cut in one piece with a casing adjusted around the neck, with ribbon inserted to regulate the fulness. The dainty embroidery motifs, design 11751, may be carried out in raised satin and stem stitches, while the scallops, design 11659, which outline the cape are buttonhole stitched.

7621—Child's Leggings and Puttees. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires ⅜ yard 48-inch khaki for puttees—½ yard 48-inch flannel for long leggings—⅜ yard 36-inch velveteen for short leggings.

6999—Child's Bonnets. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch broadcloth—¼ yard 40-inch satin for facing—2¼ yards ribbon—¼ yard 27-inch lining for bonnet at left—1 yard 36-inch satin—⅜ yard 27-inch lining for bonnet at right—½ yard 36-inch velvet—¾ yard ribbon—¼ yard 27-inch lining for lower bonnet.

"Teach the Children to Sew"

9834—Ladies' Kimono Dressing-sack. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch crêpe—2¼ yards ribbon for bows. The embroidery motif, design 12572, may be carried out in outline, stem, or darning stitches, while the scallop, design 11661, which finishes the edges may be buttonholed.

1532—Ladies' Dressing-sack. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch voile—4½ yards frilling—2¾ yards ribbon for sash. A long shawl collar finishes the V-neck.

9212—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch outing flannel. For cold Winter nights, a flannel nightgown with long sleeves, as illustrated, is a good choice.

2017—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—1½ yard 32-inch plain gingham—3½ yards bias binding.

1470—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Apron Dress. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch chambray—¾ yards ribbon for sash. The floral appliqué motifs, design 12831, may be cut from contrasting chambray or gingham and couched down in blanket stitch.

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Youth learns the secret of prolonging youth

NO matter what their actual years, youthful people are always attractive. Vivacious and happy-spirited they are invested with an irresistible charm. Life accords them a full measure of interest and enjoyment.

Only in recent years have we learned that *Time* does not cause the departure of youth and attractiveness, but destructive poisons that originate and remain in the body.

Medical science is today giving its attention to the insidious and deadly poisons that form in sluggish intestines, says a noted health authority. Many bodily and mental ills, he adds, arise from this condition. Dizziness, headache, biliousness and excessive nervousness have their almost certain origin in clogging of the intestine. It is the commonest source of premature old age.

The skin soon registers the effect of intestinal poisoning in pimples, sallow, muddy, roughened or blotched complexion. Still worse conditions make their appearance after a time, and according to eminent physicians, this continual poisoning often results in the gravest diseases of life.

Do not sacrifice your youth and attractiveness by neglect of internal cleanliness. Every headache, bilious attack, or sleepless night leaves its aging mark on your body. They warn that you are subject to faulty elimination.

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome faulty elimination, says a noted authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury.

How To Overcome Faulty Elimination

Through knowledge gained of the intestinal tract by X-ray observation and exhaustive tests, medical science has found in *lubrication* the best means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste. Thus it enables Nature to secure regular, thorough elimination. Nujol is not a laxative. Nujol hastens the rate of flow of the intestinal stream, preventing intestinal sluggishness.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world for the relief of faulty elimination in people of all ages.

Remember, continued youth and attractiveness depend upon internal cleanliness. Maintain it by taking Nujol as regularly as you wash your face or brush your teeth. Nujol is not a medicine and cannot cause distress. Like pure water, it is harmless. Nujol promotes the habit of internal cleanliness—the healthiest habit in the world. Keep a bottle of Nujol in the bathroom cabinet as a daily reminder. For sale by all druggists.

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For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet "Faulty Elimination." (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.) Write name and address in margin.

This Ribbon-Embroidered Dressing-Table and Accessories May Be Easily Made

No. 12720 Illustrated on Pillow

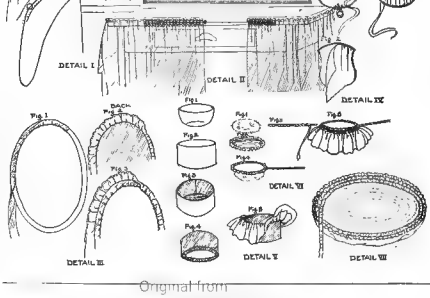
No. 12752—Basket Design on Front of Table
No. 11901—Bowknot Design on Flounce and Shields

IN THE dressing-table set illustrated, orchid, mignonette, and a soft shade of green taffeta were used, but any color scheme which harmonizes with your room will be just as attractive.

A kitchen table preferably is used as the foundation, altho a packing-case will suffice. Glue a layer of cotton flannel padding over the top of the table; over this sew or glue a layer of sateen. Next attach a sateen foundation to the sides of the table, starting it at one side of the drawer, carrying it around the back and ending at the other side of the drawer, allowing room for the drawer to open. Cover the sateen top with orchid-colored taffeta; for the taffeta flounce, cut 2 pieces of taffeta 1½ yard long and deep enough to reach from top of table to floor; finish 1 long end and front short end with a row of gathered green ribbon ⅛-inch wide; sew purple ribbon shirred through center along gathered edge of green; stamp a basket from The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12752, blue or yellow, 40 cents —2/—, in front corner of each piece 8 inches from center-front. Work basket, handle and leaves in green ribbon No. 1. Work flowers in purple and rose. Stamp bowknot from The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 11901, blue or yellow, 20 cents—1/—, on handle of basket. Work in purple. Gather top edge of taffeta and fasten to sateen foundation, leaving ½ yard of taffeta free at front of table (A in detail 1). Face top edge of free end of taffeta with ⅛-inch ribbon. Sew 18 brass rings on facing at 1-inch intervals (A in detail 1). Place an eyelet screw in center-front edge of table (B in detail 1) and run cable cord through the brass rings of one side, through center screw and through rings on second side. Fasten cord at both ends securely (See detail II showing cord and rings in place). The ruffle above the flounce is made of taffeta and is attached to the flounce as it is fastened to the table. The ruffle is 3 yards long and 8 inches wide. Stamp bowknots from the Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 11901 16 inches apart along strip. Cut wide scallops with the bowknots forming center of scallops. Work bowknots on shirred purple baby ribbon containing line of bowknots as in illustration.

CONT'D ON PAGE 71

No. 12752—Showing Detail of Basket Design (below)



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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

1977—Ladies' and Misses' Russian Blouse Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch Flemish blue velours—4⅛ yards fragonard (rose) silk braid—2⅝ yards 36-inch lining.

1987—Ladies' One-piece Coat Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch sakkara (tan) wool Jersey—⅜ yard 40-inch sakkara satin—2⅝ yards green bias trimming—¼ yard vesting.

2002—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 2002—Ladies' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch figured silk—3⅝ yards 40-inch black satin.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

1811—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch plaid—⅝ yard 54-inch blue satin.

1892—Ladies' and Misses' Belt-less Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch navy blue Poiret twill—1¼ yard 54-inch red broadcloth—5 yards silk braid.

1908—Ladies' and Misses' Coat Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch white crêpe de Chine—4½ yards 40-inch black satin. The embroidery, design 12830, may be worked in darning stitch.

1910—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Coat Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 40 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch withered rose brocaded silk—4⅛ yards novelty banding—1 yard 36-inch lining.

1997—Ladies' Bolero Costume. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 58-inch white bordered cotton—2⅝ yards figured banding.

1991—Ladies' Wrap-around Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch black flat crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch blue Canton crêpe—1¼ yard 36-inch lining. Satin and darning stitches may be employed for the border, design 12864.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

1977—Ladies' and Misses' Russian Blouse Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch plaid—⅝ yard 36-inch white linen.

1992—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch navy blue Poiret twill—2⅝ yards 40-inch black satin —⅝ yard 36-inch lining. For the braiding, design 11558, soutache braid is used.

1994—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch white flat crêpe—⅞ yard rose ribbon—4 yards blue ribbon—⅝ yard 14-inch vesting.

1999—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch red brocaded crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch zinc crêpe.

1995—Ladies' Tiered Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch wistaria taffeta—1⅝ yards fur banding. The embroidery, design 12810, may be worked in satin and darning stitches.

2000—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch sand (tan) duvetyn—10⅜ yards silk braid. The appliqué, design 12571, may be cut from silk and couched down in blanket stitch.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

1984—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch brocaded silk —2⅝ yards 40-inch black satin.

2009—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of overdress about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch sistine (blue) flat crêpe—1¼ yard 40-inch rose flat crêpe—4 yards rose fringe.

1996—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch black knitted silk—1 yard 40-inch sistine (blue) crêpe. The border, design 12857, may be worked in darning stitch.

1995—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 1766—Ladies' Two-piece gathered Bodice Skirt. Designed for 37 to 51 hip. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 1¾ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine—4⅝ yards 40-inch black satin—4½ yards narrow velvet ribbon. For carrying out the beading design, 12718, seed beads may be employed.

1991—Ladies' Belt-less Evening Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch white satin—8¼ yards bead fringe—1¾ yard 36-inch lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

1985—Ladies' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch satin—⅛ yard 1-inch ribbon—1⅝ yard ⅛-inch ribbon.

2015—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 38½ to 54½. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 42½ requires 3½ yards 54-inch French serge—2 yards braid. Darning stitches are used for the embroidery, design 12830. See table of measurements below.

1992—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—7½ yards silk braid—¾ yard Georgette frilling—1⅝ yard 36-inch lining.

1986—Ladies' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—⅝ yard of each ribbon. The scallop, design 12878, are worked in darning stitch.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

1004—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch wool crêpe. A cross-stitch design, 12746, is applied along the skirt closing, collar and cuffs.

1070—Ladies' One-piece Coat Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch black cloth—1½ yard 36-inch linen—1⅝ yard of each ribbon for trimming.

1006—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch crêpe meteor—2 yards banding.

2003—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch satin. Flat satin stitch may be used for working the embroidery, design 12600.

1998—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—2⅜ yards banding—¾ yard 40-inch satin for facing.

2014—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch knitted silk—2½ yards fur banding.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

1914—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. No. 1956—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The suit in size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch velours—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for bodice—⅝ yard 36-inch silk for lining jacket. The embroidery border, design 12830, may be carried out in darning stitch.

2010—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch dark linen—1¾ yard 36-inch light linen. The appliqué, design 12812, may be cut from contrasting linen and couched down in blanket stitch.

2003—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch flat crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch figured crêpe.

1994—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—2⅝ yards 40-inch darker Canton crêpe. Raised satin stitch may be used for carrying out the embroidery, design 12506.

1779—Ladies' and Misses' Kimono Overblouse. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. No. 1956—Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch knitted silk—1⅝ yard silk bias trimming—1 yard 36-inch lining for bodice. The novel motif, design 12820, may be worked in outline stitch.

1876—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 54-inch Gerona cloth—3⅝ yards 36-inch silk for lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

1932—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch broadcloth—1⅝ yard 36-inch silk for lining.

1803—Child's Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 2 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch voile—2¼ yards frilling. Organdy is used for the motifs, design 12848.

2008—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires ⅞ yard 40-inch chiffon velvet—¼ yard 54-inch fur cloth —1⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining.

1778—Girls' and Juniors' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 6-to 16 years. Size 12 requires 3 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—10¾ yards frilling—2 yards ribbon for sash. Frilling finishes the scallops, design 12177.

1941—Girls' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch linen—⅝ yard 40-inch voile. The band is embroidered in design 12864, carried out in outline stitch.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

1989—Child's Rompers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen. An attractive embroidery design is included especially cut to fit each size (in yellow), worked in outline and raised satin stitches.

1986—Child's Rompers. Designed for ½ to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 27-inch chambray. The attractive embroidery design, especially cut to fit each size (in yellow), which is worked in raised satin and outline stitches, is included.

1987—Child's Rompers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch light linen—1⅜ yard 36-inch dark linen. The embroidery design, which is included, is especially cut to fit each size (in yellow) and is carried out in outline or darning stitches.

2016—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch wool Jersey—1⅝ yard braid.

2014—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch wool crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch linen—1⅜ yard ribbon for belt.

1961—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch check silk—1¾ yard 40-inch chiffon velvet. Rope silk may be employed in carrying out the embroidery design, 12861.

1004—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch serge—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for pockets and waist-bands.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

1857—Child's Bath-robe. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch plaid blanket cloth—½ yard 54-inch plain —3⅝ yards braid—2¼ yards cord.

8108—Child's Night-dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch outing flannel.

8390—Child's Bath-robe. Designed for ½ to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch eiderdown.

7567—Children's Caps. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires ¼ yard 54-inch fur cloth—¼ yard 27-inch lining for upper crown—¼ yard 4-inch headband—1¼ yard fur banding—¼ yard 27-inch lining for lower view.

6997—Child's Legging Drawers. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1 yard 54-inch flannel.

1968—Girls' Pajamas. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3½ yards 36-inch cotton crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting. The facial, design 12564, may be carried out in raised satin stitch.

1950—Girls' and Juniors' Slip. Designed for 10 to 17 years. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch batiste—2 yards edging. Raised satin and outline stitches are employed for the embroidery, design 11569.

1780—Ladies' Pajamas. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch nainsook—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting.

1057—Ladies' and Misses' Kimono. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust, and 16 years. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1⅞ yard 40-inch contrasting—4½ yards lace.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

1730—Child's Combination. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch nainsook—4⅜ yards edging. Raised satin and stem stitches may be employed for working the embroidery, design 12827.

1818—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch sateen—⅞ yard 36-inch contrasting.

8055—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch linen.

1818—Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 36-inch striped percale—¼ yard 36-inch plain percale.

1388—Girls' and Juniors' Bath-robe. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch eiderdown—½ yard 36-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs, and sash.

1878—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 32-inch chambray—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting. The embroidery, design 12871, may be carried out in darning stitch.

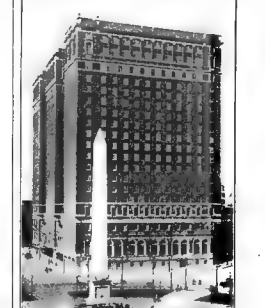
2016—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust,and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch black sateen. The combination of appliqué and embroidery, design 12883, is very attractive.

Pictorial Review's New Department for Stout Women

Table of Measurements for Stouts

Order by the size that corresponds to your bust, waist, and hip measure.

Size	38½	40½	42½	44½	46½	48½	50½	52½	54½	56½
Bust	42	44	46	48	50	52	54	56	58	60
Waist	35	37	39	41	43	45	47	49	51	53
Hip	42	44	46	48	50	52	54	56	58	60



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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

Tossin' money away like a drunken millhand. Who's goin' to pay it?"

"This is my party, Jo," said Admah soothingly. "Not a cent of it comes out of the firm's money. It's just a little ideer of my own."

"Then you *have* got an ideer?"

"For two hundred dollars Candy Holtz gets on the front page of the *Evening Democrat*. It's a prominent citizen, ridin' in the parade with the best in town. For two hundred dollars Candy Holtz rides in the same hack with Hersinger, the confectioner; Gratz, the clothier; Cummins, the jeweler. That's my ideer."

"It sounds right loony to me, but it's your money, not mine. You'd better look out, that's all."

"I reckon I had," agreed Candy Holtz, and went forward to wait on a customer.

SATURDAY afternoons Admah often found time to exercise with the Live Wires Bowling Club, which enjoyed the weekly privilege of playing on two undulating alleys in the basement floor of Palfer's. He was welcomed, but not for his skill. Sim Jackson and Abie Moss were the champions. Both had passed the 240 mark and, as a consequent distinction, acted as captains and chose their teams. Invariably Admah found himself at the foot of the list, and never played his ninth and tenth frames unless the score was almost even and he had a chance of knocking down the deciding pin.

One Saturday Admah missed the fun at Palfer's for several very good reasons. First, Saturday afternoon trade had grown so heavy that every hand was needed at the red-front store; second, Jo had been called home to attend Mrs. Jo, about to present Admah with another nephew; third, his day was interrupted by a visitor.

Miss Mae Hannigan, who had learned her trade at Hersinger's, appeared to take charge of counter. She commanded a large salary and had evoked many a "Look out!" from Jo. But her arrival brought order to the establishment; so completely that Admah was tempted to put on his hat and slip over to Palfer's, if only for a half-hour of refreshing racket. He was moving toward his hat-peg in the rear when a roaring voice, coming from the front of the store, turned him back.

"Holtz! I want to see Holtz!"

Miss Hannigan stood palsied, peppermints dropping from her candy-scoop. Several customers turned open-mouthed toward the bawling intruder. A big, stubby block of a man stood in the entrance, long silvery hair showing under a wide black hat, wore a greasy suit of heavy broadcloth and across his rounded stomach a large gold chain with a heavy Masonic charm.

"Holtz!" he bellowed again.

"I'm Holtz," said Admah with a sort of savage dignity; he was never less than proprietor in his own shop.

"Well, I'm Ulric Lafe, gone in my body!" demanded the formidable person and came striding in. He was a dissolute-looking old man with a tobacco-stain in one corner of his mouth. His nose and cheeks were veiny; he exuded Bourbon. Yet with it all he bore a disreputable resemblance to Benjamin Franklin.

"Which one are you?" he asked in a harsh Yankee voice, clapping the younger man on the shoulder. His eyes were not unkindly. Something stirred in Admah's heart. He was seeing a ghost.

"I'm Admah Holtz," he said, suddenly tamed.

"Well, there's a handful for you!" merrily roared the Franklin caricature. "And I guess you don't know who in blazes you're talkin' to."

"You ain't——"

"That's jest who I am, my lad. Captain Lafe Holtz, late of the Sally Ann."

And there stood Admah shaking hands heartily with one whom he had for years regarded as a mere figure, like a cast-iron statue

"Gosh A'mighty!" whispered Admah. "Surprized?" asked Captain Lafe with a wheeze that was louder than any other wheeze. "Well, now, where's the other one?"

"The other what?"

"Ain't there two of you boys?"

"Yes. Me and Jo. He's home to-day."

"Where you set down?" asked the old man abruptly. Somewhat relieved, Admah led him into the back room and brought out two kitchen chairs. Uncle Lafe creaked under his dead weight.

"I've often heard ma talk about you," said the nephew, for his visitor was gazing into space as if awaiting the next move. "She's been dead over ten years."

"Don't say so!" He tried to cross his legs, but changed his mind because the major portion of Captain Lafe was in the way.

"Pa's dead too; I reckon you know that"

"I guess I do." Uncle Lafe spat into a waste-basket. "I ought to know. I paid for the funeral."

This should have touched Admah's pride, but he only smiled. In this quaint personality he seemed to see his father, whom he had known and loved so short a time.

"I guess I've passed this place a dozen times," said the old man as the nothing else was in his mind, "and it's the first time I looked up. And when I seen the name Holtz I says, by ginger, I wonder if them ain't Matty's boys gone into business. Holtz is an odd name round this town. Hum." He wheezed and spat again. "So Matty's dead. God rest'er bones; she was a *woman!*"

I only seen 'er once after marriage, but say! She had Henry mewin' like a kitten under a stove. Why didn't you folks look me up when you come to town?"

"I went to your house once. They said you'd moved."

"That stone shack on West Innes Street? Ho!" He laughed until the candy-makers turned, giggling nervously. "Why, I ain't been in that place for thirty years. Sold out to a real-estate shark who thought the town was movin' that way. I knew it wasn't. So I pocked up and went into the hog business. Ever heard of Dell's Landin' hams?"

"Why, Captain Holtz——"

"Uncle Lafe, now." He cracked his nephew painfully on the knee.

"Uncle Lafe, everybody knows about Dell's Landin' hams, I reckon. You don't mean to say——"

"Yep. And Dell's Landin' country sausages. We ain't no rivals to the Peake family when it comes to wealth and social refinement, but I guess yer aunt Brownie can show 'em a few tricks about cookin' ham. Got a car?"

"Yes, I've got one," Admah admitted. "Good. Married?"

"No, sir."

"Other one married?"

"Jo? Yes, he's married."

"Don't cotton to yer sister-in-law, do you?"

"Why, she's a very nice lady——"

"Come, boy! I guess if she 'mounted to much you'd ahaulied 'er into the conversation before this. I don't think I'll ask Jo to supper on the farm till I've looked over his wife. Wives, you know—" here he dug his nephew with a crafty thumb, "have got to be handled with kid gloves."

"I reckon so," said Admah.

"You'd *know* so if you had one."

Uncle Lafe closed one eye slowly, carefully, like a lid over a hot coal.

ADMAH chose Tuesday for his evening with Uncle Lafe Holtz. Tuesday was favorite grocery night, so, thanks to the trained nurse whom Admah engaged and paid, had released her husband for night duty at the store. The hog farm occupied a twenty-acre tract five miles beyond the factory of Georgian and Tudor houses with which a new plutocracy was crowning the hills along the River Boulevard. Cold stars were hanging low and the October breeze rustled dry leaves in the stark waterside groves as the little car rushed northward toward a supper which—so Uncle Lafe had warned him—would be laid at six. Aunt Brownie, it would appear, was a stickler for promptness.

The River Boulevard was off Admah's beat, but he always admired the air of spaciousness and worldly comfort. It had the best road in the district, and the roofs of fine houses, showing through bare, twilight boughs, satisfied some unexpressed longing in his heart. Power was falling away from the Real Swells. Already hustling men—nobodies in origin—were amassing fortunes and living among the hills like landed gentry.

In a wide brick mansion with clustered chimneys and curving drives mellow lights shone from many windows. There, as everybody knew, dwelt Mr. Stacey de Long, proprietor of the Hamilton Hotel. He had once been head waiter in the same establishment. Further along Admah passed the Sycamore Club and slowed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

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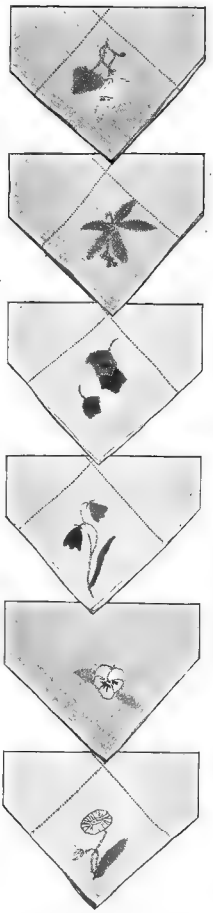

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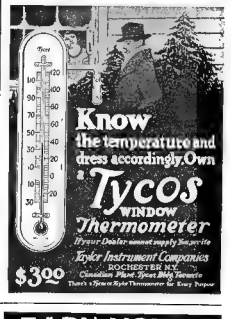

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

down, indulging his curiosity. "Somethin' doin' there," he decided, for around the club-house, which nestled on a high bank overhanging the yellow stream, many motor-cars were parked. Others were coming up. Through half-open windows he could see the heads of couples circling in that fashion which to the non-dancing men always seems inane.

Beyond the club-house the Boulevard degenerated into a dirt road. It was a notoriously bad road, but it answered Uncle Lafe's description and brought him to a decent white gate with a well-painted sign:

DELL'S LANDING FARM
HOGS—HAMS—SAUSAGES

UNCLE LAFE, in his shirt-sleeves, stood on the porch of an Indian-red house and defied the autumnal breezes.

"You're late," he howled forbiddingly, altho he crushed his nephew's hand. "But I've brought up a jug of Anderson Pearl that'll turn yer hair red. Hey, Brownie!"

This last in the voice of a deep calling unto a very deaf and very distant deep. The response was birdlike.

"Oh, Cap'n, has he came?" And out of the house waddled a little, round woman with a little, sharp nose and a little, red blister on either cheek. "Land of love, is this Admah?" she cried, and kissed him twice, smack—smack.

He stood blushing like a rose, for decent women always scared him a little. But he recovered when Uncle Lafe hauled him into a big homely living-room which smelled of lard and ripe tobacco.

"Here's wishin' you," said the captain, luring guests to chairs that all full of whisky. "And look here, Brownie! Ain't you havin' a sip? Jest to wet yer lips, baby."

"Jest a little bitty," begged Aunt Brownie. Uncle Lafe brought out a third glass and poured substantially.

"Cute, ain't she?" he roared, encircling his little wife with a beam of an arm.

"You'll git ust to him," the good woman assured his nephew. Then toasts were drunk to the family reunion. Admah took his hastily, choked, and reached for water.

"Well, kiss my foot!" invited Lafe. "Yer pa never took water with his. But shucks, Brownie. What can you expect? That boy's in the candy business."

"It's better'n runnin' a saloon, I reckon," said Aunt Brownie. "You men folks set a spell and I'll put a snack on the table. We ain't got much to-night, but what we got—"

She vanished into the kitchen, leaving Admah to stare at a faded photograph on the wall. An archaic group posed starchily on a river pier. The gentlemen wore tall hats and long side-whiskers. The ladies' skirts bulged in the back and their headdresses were curiously small. Behind them all, circling a gaudy, many-white rainbow, stood the wheel-box of an old river steamboat. *Senator Clay* showed plainly on its side.

"Oh, that's the boat—" Admah began, but his uncle broke gruffly in.

"That *was* the boat. On 'er maiden voyage. This one here with the cap's me"—his stubby finger was pointing out figures in the photograph—"and the tall one with the stovepipe hat's the Mayor. There's the Lieutenant-Governor—that little shrimp hidin' behind the big lady with the parasol. Yes, sir, the *Senator Clay was* a boat. Built for gentlemen and ladies to travel in. None o' yer Sunflower Social Club picnic tubs paddlin' upstream for a sasparilla party in the woods. We carried *folks*. Yes, and we carried tobacca and corn and Presidents of the United States."

"Bah! What the *Senator Clay* now? A cozy-corner ferry-boat with a lot o' love-sick counter-jumpers holdin' hands while a callyope—a steam-callyope, mind ye!—plays 'Every Morn I Bring Thee Violets.' Phew! It makes me sick. If I had a million dollars d'you know what I'd do? I'd buy old *Senator Clay* and take 'er out and sink 'er. Yes, sir. Sink 'er on a mud-bar right off Pier One, where she'd obstruct shipping and hold up a few of these Florida-water junks—"

"Supper's ready, sweetheart," chimed Aunt Brownie in a tiny voice. "And, Admah, you mustn't notice what he says about the *Senator Clay*."

"I traveled on her once," said Admah, "and she was carrying freight then, and passengers too."

He failed to mention how he had taken passage or where his voyage had ended.

Supper was served country fashion, with everything from soup to pie on the table. Aunt Brownie kept a cook in the kitchen, but all the work of the dining-room she managed with her own hands. Uncle Lafe mixed a toddy for everybody; he ate enough for three and boasted like a pirate.

"Boy, did y' ever taste ham like that?" he volleyed. Indeed, his nephew was doing more than lip-service when he praised the pink meat with its coating of cloves and bread-crums. It was drier than other hams, and Aunt Brownie cut it into paper-thin slices. It had a forest flavor of nuts and aromatic roots and sweet herbs. With fat-fried chicken it was adorable, and Admah could easily see why Uncle Lafe weighed his good three hundred pounds.

"I'm a hog, boy," explained the captain over a huge helping of spoon-bread, "and Brownie's a Johnnie Reb. But it took a little feller like me to come down here and teach the South how to cure hams."

"A pow'ful lot you knew till I told you," smiled Brownie. "And he always forgets that cookin's half the secret."

"There ain't a rich man in the State gets the ham and sausage we have every day. The Peakes and the Barlows and the Rodneys have to put in their bids a year ahead o' time to git my hams. That's somethin' to be proud of. Hey?"

"I should say so, Uncle Lafe."

"Better than sellin' gum-drops over a counter, hey?"

"Don't mind what he says, Admah," whispered Aunt Brownie.

"You could o' floored me with a straw," the captain went on. "To find Henry's boys sellin' gum-drops over a counter! Why don't they raise hogs, boy?"

"Ma used to raise hogs," said Admah, not at all offended. "She was glad enough to sell out and go into the candy business."

"Nobody wants to feed the world any more," said the captain. "Nobody wants to stay in the backwoods and raise things that are healthy and natural—"

Uncle Lafe made an absent-minded move for the Bourbon jug, but his hand clutched empty air. Aunt Brownie had quietly removed it. Even this failed to check his flow of speech.

"Just look at the Peakes, f'r instance. I knew General Horatio Peake after the Civil War. I wasn't much for the South in them days, but you bet your bottom dollar I admired Horatio Peake. The war would have wrecked him, but he pulled his fortune back, right out o' nothin'. He was a strong man, and he walked like a king—one o' them kings that you're willin' to vote for. He was worth watchin' jest to see the way he took off his hat to a lady.

"And what now? Here's Judge Peake locked away in his mortgaged house like the world wasn't good enough for him. Looks like a colonial forefather and not worth his salt. And Garnett Peake. He represents the hole in the doughnut. Nobody ever hears of him except when he goes out to renew the mortgage. He's got a boy that's married a girl for the money she ain't got, and a pair o' daughters—well, ladies ain't my specialty. One of 'em's goin' to marry some kind of an Eyetalian cook, and I guess that's all right. I bet she can't boss the blacks and wash the china the way her grandma could. Brownie, where are you keepin' the jug?"

"Now, Lafe—" she began with affectionate firmness.

"Ain't she cute?" he asked with a wink toward Admah as he enclosed her short fingers in his ham of a hand. "Now, Brownie, just a short one. Remember, little girl, I don't greet my nephews more'n once in thirty years. Come to think of it, I ain't *ever* greeted my nephews—"

"Well, then, you've got to let me pour it for you," she relented, taking his glass.

WHEN Captain Lafe Holtz was drinking doom to the younger generation some of that generation were amusing themselves expensively in the big room of the Sycamore Club, a few miles down the river from the hog farm.

The committee had come early, dressed for the evening, to supervise arrangements, they said, and had begun dancing at cocktail time. This was to be another dinner for the Marques de San Pilar, who had returned from Spain with his family's consent in his pocket, and on his arm another nobleman who had come to act as best man.

The affair was as informal as the young Satsumas dared to make it; the Marquis, who could dance and mime with the best of them, always brought with him a certain air of reserve which vanished with the evening's pleasures. Since the vogue of dinner dancing was new, it was regarded as a novelty to have the room set with small tables, like a restaurant. A colored orchestra occupied the platform and a mulatto comedian with an egg-shaped head sang songs and capered as he sang. The party was chaperoned by the youngest matrons in town. Between courses one discovered a partner and danced; new groups were continually forming and disintegrating. Food was left to cool on plates. The orchestra never grew tired and the dancers demanded encore after encore. "Oh Yew—Bee-oo-ti-full Dawl!" the colored soloist shouted above the din, rolling his eyes and mooning like a cataleptic.

"Amusing savages, are they not?" whispered Don Luis Guitterez y Lara, San Pilar's imported best man.

"Droll and beautiful!" whispered the Marquis. It was a pause in the whirl, permitting a word in Spanish.

"I have been to Morocco—"

"This is not Morocco, my friend. To every country its customs. And it is no worse than Paris."

"Ah! But which Paris?"

"Dance, little fellow," smiled the Marquis, and followed rapidly in the wake of Flora Lee. If her behavior had stirred his jealousy he concealed that unpleasant emotion and smiled blandly as he watched her from the arms of Hunter O'Neill, who had much of her attention that evening. O'Neill's boyish face was hot with excitement; she had broken her engagement with him a week before San Pilar came to town.

IN HER own corner Margaret Peake had sat out several dances with Jimmy Wilder. Since Jeff Carter's step out of her life she had faced a condition far more trying than widowhood. Had he been her husband and died honorably she could have put on a black veil and the world would have respected it. But a jilted girl has no simple refuge, she can become an object of pity, or she can disappear from the face of the earth, or smile and bravely live it out. Nobody, of course, ever mentioned Carter. Sometimes she wished people would, instead of persisting in their damnably offhand attitude which as much as said, "We'll pretend he never existed. That's the way to keep up a front, dear. We'll all help you deny him and go on laughing."

Jimmy Wilder was helping her deny him. Twice that week he had asked her to marry him. Looking around the room at the carnival scene which seemed to tear her every nerve, she grew sorry for Jimmy and his dogged love for her. If only she could make up her mind to do it. Jimmy was so patient and so fine; he had something better than a personal fortune, because he had developed his ability in a difficult profession. Already he had been mentioned for the editorship of a great paper in Chicago. She knew many girls who would have been glad to accept Jimmy for what he was and what he represented.

She glanced from the noisy scene to the man beside her. He wasn't handsome. That makes very little difference to a woman beyond the freshman stage of romance. His face wore a pleasant ugliness like that of a bulldog; an inspired bulldog, because his eyes were both keen and witty. She caught his look, intense, devoted, and a momentary pity in her heart turned her suddenly to whisper, "Jimmy, you've got to get over it."

"They said the same thing to a man with typhoid," he replied with a short, unhappy laugh. "He died next day."

"To-morrow we all die," she said, and her laugh was but an echo of his. Then with a calmness that was becoming part of her, "Jimmy, you don't want to marry a left-over,"

"I'll kill him if he ever comes back," he promised, his manner now as quiet as her own.

Her ill-considered remark had provoked this; never before, except to Flora Lee, had she referred to Jeff's defection. She regretted her impulse. "Let's dance," she suggested, starting to rise. But he stayed her by slipping a hand over hers.

"Peg," he said thickly, "I'll wait for you a thousand years."

"Don't!" she cried sharply, and sprang to her feet. "Don't ever say that to *me*. If you only knew how little it means!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

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Embroideries

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design included in Rompers No. 1989, designed for 2, 4, and 6 years, 30 cents —1/6. The transfer design (yellow only), to be developed in appliqué, is made to exactly fit each size.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12808, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/—, supplies 2 yards of a 3¼-inch floral border, 4 motifs 3 by 9 inches, matching the border; 4 and 4 reverses of a poppy motif 6¾ by 7 inches; 4 and 4 reverses of a single poppy motif 4 by 7 inches; 12 square motifs 4 by 4 inches with 24 separate flower motifs; 12 circular motifs 2¾ inches in diameter, with 24 small flower motifs and 24 large flower motifs matching the flower in the center of the motif with extra appliqué patches.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting and Crochet Directions No. 337, 15 cents—9d. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42. For both sweater and scarf, size 36 or 38 requires 9 balls of buff brush wool; 3 balls of brown brush wool; 1 ball of orange Shetland floss; and 1 ball of green Shetland floss. The hat to match is crocheted with 3 balls of buff brown brush wool and 2 balls of buff brush wool. A bone crochet hook No. 5 is used.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12877, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes wreaths and sprays with extra cutting guide for applying motifs in the following sizes: 2 of a 10¼-inch wreath; 2 of a 14-inch wreath; and 2 sprays 6 by 14½ inches. The pattern will be required if one desires to make both the luncheon set and bag, illustrated on Page 51.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12890, black only, 35 cents—1/6, furnishes 4 tapestry designs each 10¼ inches high, also color chart—for use on pillows, scarf ends, chair covers, shopping bags, etc.—stamped on canvas and developed in the old-fashioned tapestry stitch, directions for which are given with the design.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design included in Rompers No. 1988, designed for ½, 1, 2, 3, and 4 years, 30 cents—1/6. The transfer design (yellow only), to be developed in appliqué, is made to exactly fit each size.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12841, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, supplies 3 yards each of 3 small borders, and 6 each of 7 different sprays for use on lingerie, towels, luncheon sets, etc.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12887, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, supplies 4 motifs, one 15¾ inches high and three 13 inches high.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design included in Rompers No. 1987, designed for 2, 4, and 6 years, 30 cents —1/6. The transfer design (yellow only), to be carried out in appliqué, is made to exactly fit each size.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12787, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/—, contains 3 yards of an 8¾-inch and 6 yards of a 2-inch border, to be worked in ribbozine or silk.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12888, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/—, furnishes 2 yards of 11¾-inch border, also 8 motifs 4¾ inches high, to be carried out in one-stitch embroidery or bugle beads.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12891, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, supplies 3 and 3 reverses of 2 motifs 5¾ and 7¾ inches high; 2 and 2 reverses of 2 motifs 5 and 8¾ inches high; and 2 each of two motifs 6¾ and 10 inches high.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12894, blue or yellow, 60 cents—3/—, furnishes 8 yards of 5-inch eyelet border with 18 extra motifs each 4 inches high to be used as dress trimmings.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

When ruffle is fastened to table, finish upper edge with purple baby ribbon.

MIRROR

The mirror is made by first covering the frame with a plain ribbon binding (Fig. 1, Detail 3). This may be either glued or sewed on. Cut a piece of taffeta to exactly fit the back of the mirror and gather a ruffle of the taffeta all around the edge (Fig. 2, detail 3); gather narrow purple ribbon around the edge and the green ribbon 1 inch from the edge. Turn this ruffle toward the front and either glue or sew over the binding (Fig. 3, Detail 3). The strap for the mirror is made of 2-inch ribbon.

SHIELDS

In making the shield, the silk seam binding may be either glued or wound around the frame (Fig 1, Detail 4). Cover the front of the shield with taffeta (Fig. 2, Detail 4). Stamp a howknot from The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 11901 in center of shield. Work in shirred purple ribbon. Finish edge with ruffling of green edged with purple ribbon (Fig. 3, Detail 4).

POWDER JAR

Any box of suitable size may be used as a foundation for the container (Fig. 2, Detail 5). A glass bowl (Fig. 1, Detail 5) is placed at the bottom of the box, after the box is lined (Fig. 3, Detail 5), and the outside covered with taffeta glued neatly to the box (Fig. 4, Detail 5). A green ribbon-edged taffeta ruffle decorates the box (Fig 5, Detail 5). The powder puff (Fig. 1, Detail 6) is attached to a taffeta-covered disc (Fig. 2, Detail 6), made into a long-handled puff by having a long handle wrapped with ½-inch ribbon glued in place (Fig. 3, Detail 6), attached (Fig. 4, Detail 6). This covered puff makes the top of the box (Fig. 5, Detail 6).

PILLOW

The pillow is designed with an oval taffeta center, surrounded by tiny ruffles of shaded violet ribbon (Detail 7). A touch of contrasting color is lent by the rose-colored flowers from The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12720, blue or yellow, 20 cents—1/6, in center of taffeta oval. Ruffles, leaves, and flowers are all of ribbon.

Materials Required—Dressing-Table:
- 1 kitchen table or packing box, 15 x 30 inches
- 4 yards of lavender taffeta
- 1½ yard of lavender sateen
- 2 tubes liquid glue
- 13 yards ½-inch green satin ribbon
- 25 yards purple baby ribbon
- 10 yards green baby ribbon
- 4 yards rose baby ribbon
- 1 yard fine cable cord
- 1½ dozen small brass rings
- 1 Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12752, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/—
- 1 Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 11901, blue or yellow, 20 cents—1/—.

Materials—Mirror:
- 1 oval mirror, 20 x 16 inches
- 2½ yards of 3-inch ribbon
- 5 yards of baby ribbon
- 2½ yards of ½-inch ribbon
- 1½ yard of 2-inch ribbon for strap
- ½ yard of taffeta for lining back
- 1 tube of best grade liquid glue.

Materials—Pillow:
- 1 pillow, 22 x 15 inches wide
- ½ yard of taffeta
- 20 yards of 1-inch ribbon
- 1 yard of metallic braid, 1 inch wide, for oval in center
- 2 yards ½-inch ribbon for flowers
- 2 yards of ¼-inch ribbon for leaves
- 1 Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12720, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6.

Materials—Candle Shields:
- ½ yard of 6-inch taffeta ribbon for two shields
- 5 yards of baby ribbon
- 3 yards of ⅛-inch ribbon for edging
- 2 wire shields 6 x 5½ inches.

Materials—Powder Jar:
- 1 yard of 3-inch ribbon for frill, edged with
- 3½ yards of ½-inch ribbon and
- 5 yards baby ribbon for trimming
- 1 box with glass jar for foundation.

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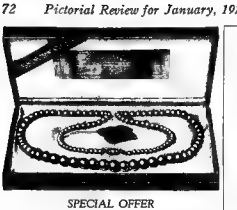

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AGENTS

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

Then he followed her to the dancing-floor.

Flora Lee was tangoing with Hunter O'Neill, her heavy eyes half closed, her lips close to his; her whole attitude expressed just such a teasing promise as she had given him at the beginning of their engagement. Her Spanish fiancé, teaching newer and more audacious steps to vivacious little Hebe Savage, kept his head and watched the American girl whom he had pledged in two languages to marry and establish in his several European houses.

Flora Lee had made him reckless up to a certain point, and there his Spanish sense of the proprieties stepped in and asked unanswerable questions. His rather limited view of our society had given him the impression that American girls drank a great deal and flirted noisily and remained chaste and married according to their own inclinations. For an uneasy moment he wondered just how this brilliant little snow queen would fare under the eye of his ceremonious mother, who had consented but grudgingly to his marriage with a girl who, as far as the old Marquesa was concerned, might have been Chinese.

HIS warring thoughts were no interruption to the acrobatics of a modern dance. Miss Hebe Savage was charming, and more than willing to be taught new steps. During their second encore, so absorbed had the teacher become in his pupil, he lost sight of Flora Lee. The orchestra stopped, exhausted by its own noise. Still smiling pleasantly, San Pilar gave the room a swift glance, presented his arm to Hebe Savage, and led her back to her table. His one look had assured him that Flora Lee and her partner had disappeared.

Out on the veranda, in the shadow of a tall pillar, he saw them standing very close together. His blood stirred murderously for an instant, then he controlled himself and stepped back. After all, he had seen nothing. American girls have their own ways—that he had found out. The cool, starlit night had invited them out for a breath of air—nothing more intimate. Moreover, this was no time or place for a scandalous scene.

His light step must have warned them, for the shadowy couple sprang apart. Flora Lee came toward him, her small figure erect with an arrogance that made her austerely tall. "Are you bored with the party?" she asked coolly. In the yellow light sifting through glass doors he saw her eyes, wide and unfriendly.

"How could I be," he asked politely, "with so much romance in the air?"

From the shadow of the pillar the tall young man turned and walked away. His withdrawal was in good taste, thought San Pilar.

"I don't thank any one for spying on me. Not any one," she said, her voice shrilling a little. "I'm not marrying a jailer—do you understand?"

"Ah, my dear Flora Lee—" there was supplication in his voice. San Pilar had succumbed utterly to his adoration. His pride was at home, with his mother.

"Bunny, I know you're jealous as you can be," she defied him, melting to her gamin manner. "Please don't you run dear little Hunter down and fight a duel with him? Knives or pistols or any old thing. I'll be a second and hold your coat."

"I think you should be with your father," he replied with the greatest possible dignity.

"You needn't tell me where I should be," she flared up. "We aren't married yet——"

"But, Flora Lee——"

"And I'll go or stay to suit myself. I think you'd better change your mind——" She started impetuously toward the door; San Pilar attempted to block her way.

"Where are you going?"

"Will you let me by, please?" she requested so majestically that he stood aside involuntarily and saw her flash past him, a picture of rebellion in a pink-and-silver gown.

He was offended; but his complicated experience with women, extending over fifteen luxurious years, had wearied him of the subservient, the cringing kind. This defiant little person, snapping her fingers under his nose, whetted his taste, aroused his hunger for her. She stung him, but not deeply. Before the evening was over, he felt, she would relent adorably and permit him to ask her pardon. For what? Not for demanding his rights. For suggesting their possible existence.

He danced again with Hebe Savage. A charming bit, this Miss Savage; charming but too obviously eager. Even at that he might have employed her as a lay-figure in the threadbare game of paying jealousy with jealousy. After the first encore he left her with a florid excuse and went out to look for Flora Lee. Mattie Green, the cloak-room attendant, gave him the first clue.

"She done gone home, Mist' Markus," she said, and retired into the sweet, smiling mystery peculiar to the dark-skinned races.

"Really?" He betrayed his surprize and asked, "When did she go?"

"'Bout fifteen minutes ago, Mist' Markus I reckon huh paw done telephone."

"Thank you." His air was casual, his lips smiling as he crossed the room to the table where Margaret Peake sat talking to Jimmy Wilder.

"Will you excuse me," he asked pleasantly, and when they were together on the floor he leaned close to her ear and spoke in French. "Mademoiselle, your sister has gone home," he said.

"But why?" she asked. "What's the matter?"

"How can I tell? But her car was not to call until twelve and she had no time to telephone for a taxi. Would it not be advisable to borrow an automobile and follow into town? The road is not safe, apparently."

THE night was big with romance for Admah Holtz as his car quit the dirt road by the hog farm and rolled softly on the River Boulevard. The introduction to Uncle Lafe's jug of Anderson Pearl had warmed the rivers of his blood until the sharp October night seemed bland, a scene for tropical island adventure. Unaccustomed to stronger drink than the watery beer at Palfer's, two of Uncle Lafe's toddies had mellowed him, thrown him into another dimension from the narrow ones he knew. The liquor had gone to his heart rather than to his head.

The smoothness of the fine, macadamized highway filled him with dreams of luxury. He could feel the presence of expensive houses with Leading Citizens sleeping in their carven beds. Occasionally rows of lighted windows would show beyond the skeleton spars; Leading Citizens were awake, pleasuring themselves after the manner of Leading Citizens. Leading Citizens. The Peake girl—the biggest one—had referred to him as that. It had cost him two hundred dollars; but wasn't it worth it? Jo thought not. Jo. Poor old "Look Out"—he had a five-and-ten-cent mind.

Leading Citizen. Why not lead and make the rest of them follow? Peakes—and the rest of them. Old man De Long with his stone castle on the top of the hill had started as a head waiter, and who cared now? Just to get the lead and hold it.

Such thoughts as these, rambling, pleasant, expansive, brought the driver within sight of the Sycamore Club's lights and within sound of its jazz-band. He slowed down his car, as he always did when he passed there. At a distance the music exhilarated him, worked upon his fancy like another of Uncle Lafe's strong toddies. Drawing closer, he could see coupled heads—a great many of them now—spinning round and round as they passed an open window. Admah wondered what fun they found in all that. He never could see anything in dancing. Then a delicate feminine face, turned up toward its masculine partner, floated by the light-flooded square and thrilled the spy with an unsuspected longing. He throttled down his engine until the car barely moved along the road. With a few hundred thousand in the bank or a rich father anybody could paper round like that with a dress suit on his back and a pretty blond head on his shoulder

Prize Competition for First Novels

To encourage new writers and to give them an opportunity to get their work before the public, Pictorial Review, Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc., book publishers, and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, motion-picture producers, have organized jointly a prize competition for a first novel for which

$13,500

and Royalties will be awarded

The winning novel will be published first as a serial in Pictorial Review and will later appear on the screen and in book form. The competition will be open only to writers living in America who have never had a novel published in book form. Write to the editor of Pictorial Review for details.

"I BEG your pahdon!" It came beseechingly out of the gloom, and a few yards ahead of the slow-moving car Admah could discern a light, ghostly figure, one arm raised beseechingly. It startled him, yet he managed to come to a stop.

"How dee do, Ma'am?" he said politely, for the figure was now close to the running-board, and he could see that she was slender and young and that a fragile evening cloak covered her shoulders.

"How do you do? . . . There might have been mockery in the tenuous voice, but it became wheedling with the request, "I'm away out here with nobody to take me in—could you?"

"Yas, Ma'am. Mighty pleased, I'm shore!" He would have alighted to help her in, but she developed a surprizing agility and leaped to the seat beside him. Because his dash-light was out of order—something was always a little wrong with his car—he was unable to catch more than a glimpse of her face. It was a faintly beautiful thing that seemed to cast a radiance in the dimness. In the confusion of his thoughts he sat like a lump and allowed his engine to stall.

"Oh, please hurry," she begged "I do hope you're a speed maniac. I *must* get back to town——"

"Once I'm started nothin' can stop me," he boasted recklessly, and hopped out to crank up. In the labor of turning the engine he paused once and peered up at the stars. Millions of them, wastefully scattered across the heavenly arch. A moon like a thread of silver was sloping westward. Queer that he should have thought of Mabel Stek at that instant. Then the motor began to vibrate furiously, and Admah sprang back into his seat. When they were on their way he turned and looked again. She was a smallish girl, no higher than his shoulder. Under the first arc-lamp he got an impression of shining hair and eyes that met his like pools of light. He could feel her warmth against his arm and catch a tender perfume.

"Cold?" he asked. They had gone nearly a mile and she had said nothing.

"Sort of," she responded, giving a little shudder that tempted him to put his arm around her and protect her as tho she were a little child. Instead he stopped the car again and removed his overcoat. "Just slip this on, Ma'am. I'm used to the wind. I was gettin' too hot anyhow."

"Oh, thank you," she purred in the sweetest voice he had ever heard. She bent her shoulders forward and permitted him to wrap her in his new hand-me-down. And when she had settled back and the car was again in motion she sighed and murmured sleepily:

"You needn't go so awfully fast."

"You said you wanted a speed maniac," he replied defensively.

"You've proved it," she drawled, settling more snugly against his arm. "I hadn't a notion you could go so fast."

"I pass most everything on the road," he lied recklessly. "Those big cars are clumsy to handle around the curves. Now take a car with a short wheel-base——"

"I never could learn anything about cars," she said, and her words implied an admiration that set the driver's heart to thumping. "It must be wonderful to know how to handle them. They're so much more complicated than horses."

Her tone, more than her words,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

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The NEW IDEA *in* Beauty

By HECTOR FULLER

MOST to be desired, in the hearts of a majority of women, is the gift of Beauty.

As men have sought for wealth and fame, so have women in all ages and in all climes and countries sought for Beauty.

From the tombs of the most ancient of the Egyptian princesses have come forth the rouge-pots and the ointment jars that held unguents for the complexion, showing that centuries before the Christian era women sought by paint and powder to enhance the beauty of their complexion.

But now, with the years, there has come a new idea of Beauty—the idea that instead of painting over and covering up imperfections of the complexion, they should be corrected. The new idea—which has been hailed by thousands of women as a godsend—is that through the use of nature's great product, MINERALAVA, all the impurities, pimples, wrinkles, flabby muscles, crow's feet and blackheads may be cleared away, so that the complexion of the face and neck may take on and retain the velvety radiance of Youth which is woman's crown of beauty.

Of course, there are some women who still cling to the idea of hiding their imperfections of complexion beneath the camouflage of cosmetics, but this number is steadily yielding to the advance of the new idea!

ALWAYS the world has been hostile to the new idea. They laughed at the steam engine; the taxicab had to fight against the hansom cab; the telephone was going to drive messenger boys to the poor house; the electric telegraph was the invention of the devil; the radio was, at first, too miraculous to be true. The new idea always had to fight.

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

implied that anybody could manage a thoroughbred and that Admah, like herself, had grown bored with racing-stables.

"I had a horse once," he confessed, thinking of old John, "but I sold him."

"I've sold mine, too," she murmured drowsily. Then there was another silence. Her sweet young body pressed against his arm; the wind had loosened a strand of her hair and it brushed delightfully against his cheek.

"Are you in the automobile business?" she asked at last, softly, admiringly.

"Gosh, no!" So she had thought him in the automobile business. "I sell candy."

"Oh."

"Maybe you've heard of me," he persisted, urged by the triple intoxication of the night and the liquor and the girl. "I go by the name of Candy Holtz."

"Candy Holtz." She did not say it mockingly. It rolled out sweetly like a strain of music. "Candy Holtz. So you're the man."

"You've heard of me maybe?"

"Everybody has. You make the sort of peppermints we used to buy at Miss Martincastle's school."

To this Admah might have said, "Yes. I was the boy who carried the basket." But instead he asked with the greatest possible dignity, "Then you went to Miss Martincastle's?"

"Oh, yes," drawled his passenger. "I helped kill the old dear." At that instant she might have produced the bloody sword and no one would have given it a second glance.

"I been buildin' up right smart of a business here the last four or five years," he resumed his boast, then checked himself. This being out of another world, this Diana who had dropped to him under her crescent moon, wouldn't approve of his vernacular speech. Even Mabel Stek had criticized it. But the lovely lady who snuggled against his arm, her hair just brushing his cheek, was no more critical than any other goddess in meeting with her shepherd lad.

"It must be right interestin'," she crooned. "I never could understand how business men make so much money—and keep all the figures straight." This last comment was infantile in its helplessness. "It must take a lot of brains. But you're in with lawyers, I suppose, and they help you work up your wonderful schemes."

Admah's ego rose to the bursting-point. In with lawyers—his wonderful schemes! "Oh, this is just a starter," he explained. "I'm projikin' round a little——"

"You're what?" There was no mockery in her voice. But Admah blushed in the dark and corrected himself.

"I'm looking over ground for new business all the time. The town's up to a quarter of a million now, and that oughta keep me busy for a while. But I don't want to be stopped by any city limits. I want my stores all over the State, then I'll cross the river and start another chain in Cincinnatta."

"How wonderful!" she purred.

EVEN then he wasn't sure that she was taking him seriously. A lady had walked out of the Sycamore Club and begged a free ride in his car. Was she paying her fare in blandishments? In the light of the first street-lamps on the verge of town he studied her little face. Languid, apparently, she had turned up to his, tempting him giddily. Her mouth was small and red—possibly she had dyed her lips, but in that dream he was not critical. As they passed the lights and swung into a calm byway he retained her picture in his mind, a faint, charming recollection.

"Tell me some more," she pleaded like a little girl.

"Well, there ain't much more to tell—yet," he assured her with a touch of modesty. "This town's been growin' up and there's a chance for any man that keeps his eyes open."

She sighed, and he began to realize that this little person had no ear for real-estate opportunities. He would have given the red-front store and all its future for a mouthful of small talk, just a few of the graceful words with which dress-coated men at the Sycamore Club must know so well how to pay attention. But she saved him that embarrassment.

"I'm so tired," she moaned. "I wonder if you'd mind my leaning on you, just for a minute."

"I'm—I'm delighted, I'm sure," he gasped, puzzled, enchanted, unsure that he had heard aright.

"I know it's dreadful of me," she apologized, and her garlanded head was resting on his shoulder.

For three miles and a half, before the city's lights burst upon them, it was a ride of terrible beauty for Admah Holtz. Prospero had whisked his world away, changing his car to a snow-white palfrey, himself to a splendid knight in heavy armor; out of an enchanted grove a voice had called to him; a captive maid had raised her arms, beseeching his protection. Disdaining the soft dandies of the court, she had chosen him, the Unknown Knight, to be her champion. How he would ride with her! How he would fight for her!

"Poor kid," he whispered, looking down into the childish face pillowed against his shoulder. In the dimness he could see that her eyes were closed, her lips upturned. It was as tho she had died in his arms, pathetic and helpless. Then he felt the cadence of her breathing. She had fallen asleep. Asleep against his shoulder.

HE BEGAN to wonder what knavery, what rank injustice had driven her out into the night, unprotected and pleading to be taken away. His gorge rose at the thought of it. Somebody—some man undoubtedly—had given pain to this angelic creature. How he wished for a little more social courage, just to get the truth from her and to offer his knightly services!

But upon the last high resolution the car bumped; she turned her head a little, and as the street-lamps grew brighter, opened her eyes and looked up at him.

"Comfortable, all right?" he asked thickly.

"Oh, it's lovely," she murmured, then blinked under the city lights and sat up. "I've had a splendid nap."

"I ain't much of a pillow, I reckon," he blurted.

"Who ever told you that?" she asked. Through his rough coat she had raised bare arms to arrange her hair, and she showed her dimples in a smile.

"Well, nobody——"

"You've been so sweet," she told him. "I don't know what on earth I should have done. And I was so cold and tired. I've had a horrid evening."

Her mouth drooped so deliciously that he had the courage to growl: "Look here. I don't want to butt in any of your business, but if there's anything I can do—"

"Oh, you're so good!"

"No, I ain't good," he blundered on. "But I'm pretty strong. And I'll lick any livin' man that even dares——"

"You would. I know you would," she said softly, and laid her jeweled hand on his arm.

Just then they swung into Grand Avenue, whose on-and-off electric signs, gong-banging trolleys, and uniformed traffic policemen awoke a tremor from his wanderings under the moon. The lady by his side was sitting straight and prim now, and her attitude so quelled him that he scarcely dared look around. As they passed the red-front store he was tempted to point it out to her and boast a little, but a glimpse through the lighted window revealed Jo in his shirt-sleeves playing with one of the children—the dirtiest one. Admah bent silently to his wheel, pointing the car down-town toward the residence section.

"Where shall I go, Ma'am?" he asked, looking at her in the full light.

"On Innes Street," she said crisply, formally. "But please don't bother. I can call a taxi at the Hamilton. And you've been kind——"

"Innes Street ain't a block out of my way," he lied. Innes Street. She lived on Innes Street.

The rest of their drive was through lighted, busy streets, past motion-picture theaters, past illuminated bill-boards, past gleaming automobile showrooms.

"We're gettin' to be right smart of a town," he ventured as they were turning the Innes Street corner.

"Isn't it dreadful?" she cried.

Two blocks further on she pressed his arm, merely as a signal, and pointed to the curb. "I live here," she explained.

He had slowed his car by the fine old horse-block and helped her out before he looked at the massive stone house with its Corinthian pillars and famous bayed veranda loomed to the stars. The Peake house!

"You needn't take me to the door," she told him sweetly, putting her hand in his. It rested there a full minute So she was the little one—and the hand he was now holding had once closed on his peppermints—the day her negro had scolded him for giving candy to Jedge Peake's sacred grandchildren.

"Good night," he said finally, and to make it more complete, "Pleased to meet you, I'm sure."

"You've been *so* good!" She admired him with her soft eyes. "And don't forget your overcoat. I left it on the seat. I can't tell you how I appreciate——"

"I'd do anything for you," he said, for she had made him quite insane.

"I bet you would," she called gaily back over her shoulder. "And you could too. Good night—Candy Holtz!"

He stood in the street on the sandstone block, a figure of chivalry. He would do anything for her, and she had believed him.

Finally, because she had gone in and shut the formidable door, he climbed into his car and drove slowly out to the Maxwell Addition. Not until he had turned on the light in the sheet-iron garage and backed his car in did he discover a souvenir of his angelic visitation. Brightly black on a shabby leather cushion it lay, a flat, silky square. Reverently he picked it up and saw that it was a tiny, F. L. P., in tiny diamonds. Its clasp was a little shield with a crown over it and a wavy ribbon engraved with foreign words.

Clumsily he opened it. A powder-puff fell to the greasy floor. The little case was full of queer gold containers for powder and lip-sticks and pencils, and there was a mirror inset so that you stared at your own face the instant the flap was raised. It carried a ghost of her perfume faintly as tho the reflection of her beauty in the little mirror had stolen something of her loveliness. This thing was valuable, he supposed, and he'd have to return it right away.

He picked the powder-puff from the floor and shook out until a cloud of pinkish, fragrant motes danced under the electric light. What a toy! Before restoring it to its case he touched it appraisingly to his nose and then, swiftly, foolishly, to his lips.

JIMMY WILDER drove Margaret and Sam Pilar back to town. When they had stopped at the horse-block and the Spaniard had already started impatiently up the walk Jimmy leaned across the wheel to volunteer, "I'll hang around, if you think I'm needed."

"It's all right, Jimmy dear," said Margaret, giving him her hand. "You're just as sweet as you can be. But I'm sure she's home. Now you go to bed and to sleep, dear Jim, and I'll see you in the morning."

"Good night, Peg."

"Good night, Jim." That was all their farewell on the first night of their betrothal.

Because colored servants, even in the best regulated of houses, are seldom home evenings, save on gala occasions, Margaret opened the door with a latch-key and showed the Marquis into the big, dark-browed drawing-room.

"She'll be in her room," said Margaret; "and if she sees I am asleep I'll make her come down and apologize."

"May I smoke?" he asked, bringing out his case and bowing as tho to beg indulgence from the ghosts lurking under the pompous cornices.

"Of course. And if you're not comfortable here stroll into grandad's library and find yourself at home."

"Beauty and sense—how rare in a woman!" he said with unusual earnestness as he touched her fingers to his lips. "What a wife you'll make for somebody!"

She laughed rather inanely and went rapidly up the stairs. At the oval chamber's door she knocked and was rewarded by a drawling, "Come in, Peg."

Between panels of yellow brocade, under candelabra that dripped crystals like a lady's earrings, Flora Lee sat at her Venetian toilet-table, trying her hair in the "new way" which had just been seen in town. She was humming softly, tunelessly to herself. Thus sat the Lorelei, combing her long golden locs, baiting sharp rocks with her destructive fascinations. "You home?" she crooned, not taking the trouble to turn, but smiling at Margaret in the mirror.

"I see you have," Margaret replied, nettled by her casual behavior.

Flora Lee removed several hairpins from her mouth. "Everybody's so cross about my staying up late. I should think you'd all be gloriously happy when I go to bed on time."

"You ran away like a spoiled child.

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To-morrow's Bread

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Everybody noticed it, of course, and Carlos was in a dreadful state."

"Really?" The girl turned suddenly, dimpling.

"The car wasn't there. We thought at first you'd been crazy enough to walk. How in the world did you get home?"

"Oh, that wasn't hard," drawled Flora Lee. "I found a candy man coming down the road in a car."

"A candy what?"

"Man. He runs a taffy-store on Grand Avenue. He told me all about how he was going to be the John D. Rockefeller of the peppermint business. I couldn't listen to all he said—my drinks sort of died on me and I went to sleep. He didn't mind. He talked right on. He's crazy about me."

"Flora Lee," said Margaret with all the severity at her command. "If you can keep your mind on anything for twenty minutes, I wish you'd try and show a little consideration for Carlos. He's dead in earnest, if you're not."

"Oh, I'm in earnest, all right," laughed Flora Lee, a little harshly. "Do you think I'd let him go—with all those titles and castles in Spain and everywhere else? I'm crazy because it's convenient, but I have my lucid intervals."

"Well, you'll have to turn over a new leaf. Carlos isn't going to stand much more——"

"How do you know how much men will stand?" In that question there was an implication that brought a sting to Margaret's cheeks. A tart reply was on her lips when Flora Lee broke in:

"I can't get peeved with you, Peg. I wish I could be as good and sweet as you. And you've got twice my looks. Only you don't put any science into your game."

"He's down-stairs waiting for you to apologize," said Margaret coldly.

"Carlos?" She fussed with her hair a half-minute. "I thought he would be."

"Well, you'd better dress and go."

"Oh, give him time to get sorry for himself. He's got to get over a few things. He told me to-night that I had a vulgar taste in men. Wasn't that sweet?"

She sat contemplatively, touching the edge of a brush to the hair over her temples. Suddenly she turned on her gilded stool, her face glowing.

"He's got such funny ideas, Peg. Do you know what I'd like to do? Invite somebody's chauffeur to lunch and pass him off as one of my nearest and dearest. It would give Bunny something to talk about for ages and ages. I think I shall ask that candy king, if I can find his address. He stole my vanity-case, you know——"

"The lovely one Major de Pinzon brought you?"

"Yes," said Flora Lee absent-mindedly. Her thoughts apparently were not on her loss. She sprang to her feet, threw aside her negligée, and picked her pink dress from a chair, all in one long, swooping movement.

"Oh, well," she drawled, "I s'pose Bunny's cooled down by now and can be reasoned with."

AT THAT Margaret went to the door and closed it softly behind her. Halfway down the stairs she could see San Pilar in Judge Peake's library, bending studiously over a book he had taken from the shelves—shelves that were growing emptier as their owner grew older. Time and again the old man had ordered his volumes reassembled, their ranks closed like remnants of a proud army gathering for a last stand.

Margaret sighed as she watched him. Two duties oppressed her: her own and that of her family. The picture of the cultivated, rather fine foreigner, lost in reading just as her grandfather had been lost so long, served somehow as an illustration of the difficulties which beset the degenerating Peakes. The surface of their world had turned over, once at least, since Judge Peake got his M.L. and his M.A. Under the stones he sat and read, and read, and read. And when the new breed of earth's inhabitants dug down to disturb the old man's dream he sold his books to pay them for giving him a little air under his big, pompous stones. Down in the library San Pilar represented a civilization that never turned over. Perhaps it petrified into narrow grooves that were just as bad. Maybe Flora Lee was right in lampooning his horror of vulgarians. After all, she *did* understand men.

The door-knob of the oval chamber rattled. She saw her sister, dressed as for an occasion, descending the stair and taking her time about it. Margaret ran up the steps, past Flora Lee, without a word and closed herself into her bedroom and fought against the impulse that was always with her: a desire to cry her eyes out, to lose her nerve and give up utterly.

But when she was ready for bed and the lights were out and her balcony windows open to the west-ward-faring moon, she did a thing which she had not done for many years. She knelt beside her bed and prayed. First the Lord's Prayer, because that pure supplication, learned by rote, served as a password to a gate long closed to her. Then came her tears as she drooped with arms outstretched across the coverlid and asked brokenly:

"Father in heaven, how can I? He loves me. He's so good, and I've promised. But how can I, Father, when I don't love him? I've tried so hard. But I don't. I don't——"

SINCE Jo had been on duty the night before it was Admah who opened the store next morning. He was earlier than usual, having slept feverishly, waking and tossing between dreams of an enchanted lady who came from the moon and lay against his shoulder, sighing in her sleep. In the practical light of morning her vanity-case worried him. Perhaps he should have returned it the night before. Time and again he turned the foolish, costly trifle in his hand, wondering what to do about it.

Had he cared less he would have thought nothing of running his car up to the Peake house, ringing at the big front door, and handing the thing in to a servant with his compliments. But a memory of last night's magic aroused his self-consciousness. Perhaps if the lovely gift—the little one—should herself come to the door? Nothing could have been more to his taste; he made up a number of handsome speeches with which to lay the precious square of silk in the hand which had once closed on his peppermints. Then the idea would fill him with bashfulness. He couldn't do it gracefully, he felt. He knew so little about women—nice women. After his mother, Mabel Stek had been the nicest, and she, events had proved, wasn't too nice.

Down at the store, having scolded the colored roustabout for laying his dirty mop on a new show-case, he went to the telephone and called the Peake residence. A haughty African voice answered his request for Miss Peake.

"Which Miss Peake, suh?"

"Oh." Up to that instant Admah had given them the simplest possible classification: "Miss Flora Lee" the little one. So he thought for an instant, then asked, "How many are there?"

"They's two, suh, I reckon," said the voice. It was immediately suspicious. "Who is this talkin'?"

"I'm Mr. Holtz." Then, because an uncordial silence greeted his explanation, he went on, "I wanted to tell you about a purse she dropped in my car last night."

"Oh," decided the voice, and grew warmer, "that would be Miss Flo Lee."

"Well—" he cleared his throat—"could I speak to her?"

"Miss Flo Lee? Law, Mistah Holt, she ain't outa bed yet."

"Then I'll call her later, buh?"

Come what would, Admah was determined that his conference should be with the young lady herself. Like many another knight, he was anxious to claim a share of credit for his exploit.

"She generally gits up 'bout 'leven o'clock, suh."

"I'll call her then," persisted Admah, and hung up the receiver, wondering vaguely at the customs and habits of aristocracy.

Promptly at eleven—he had laid his dollar watch on the counter in order to keep close track of the time—he went again to the telephone and gave the Peake number. Because he was in ignorance of how, after he left her, the little one had kissed her noble fiancé, then snapped her fingers under his nose with a boast that she associated with hooligans if she wished and could show him a few of her friends that would make his hair curl, Admah was not prepared for the cordiality which greeted him that morning.

This time he had no difficulty in speaking to Miss Flora Lee.

"Oh, hello, Candy Holtz!" she cried in a tone of sweet familiarity.

"Good mawnin', Ma'am," began Admah, and rummaged his poor mind for a way to continue the conversation.

"I hope you didn't catch cold, lending me your coat and everything. I was worried about you."

"Gosh, no," he mumbled, and was at once ashamed of the inelegance. "I'm right tough, Ma'am—I mean to say—" Stalled like his car, he floundered.

"I never saw anything so sweet in my life," she assured him; wherefore he took heart to go on.

"Say, Miss Peake. I got something of yours. I reckon you thought maybe I'd skipped away with it."

"How *could* you think such a thing?" Her voice mellowed him like the drunkard's first glass after a night's debauch.

"Well, I've been totin' it round in my pocket—" He failed to mention the article because he wasn't sure of its name.

"Oh, my vanity-case!" she cried, enraptured. "How *sweet* of you!"

"Not at all, Ma'am. I was only wonderin' should I send it round to you or would you stop in at the store——"

"Oh." Just an instant to consider, then the invitation which stopped the beating of his heart. "Could you bring it to me? I'll be here all afternoon. Suppose you come in to tea."

"I—I should be right glad to," he responded faintly.

"That's awfully nice. Then we'll see you at four, Mr. Holtz!" Maybe he replied to this. He was never sure. A little later he heard himself called by name and found Jo at his elbow, complaining that he could never use the telephone since Ad got chawin' the rag with the dames.

Only vaguely did Admah hear these reproaches. For a space of time he moved about in a dream, serving shadowy customers, weighing out fantom chunks of candy, answering questions which, as far as he understood them, might have been spirit messages. She had asked him to tea. Tea at the Peakes'. Tea with the young Diana, sipping out of a golden cup, bathing him in the liquid beauty of her eyes. Tea.

HE DIDN'T care for tea, not particularly. He always took coffee for breakfast and only accepted tea as a sort of medicine when he had a headache. But rich folks liked it. He had read about it in novels and on the society page. Over the counter Admah racked his brains for some recollection of how folks arrayed themselves for tea-parties. Dress suits? Probably not; at the Hamilton Hotel, where he had, up to then, received his social training, he noticed that only waiters wore dress suits in the daytime. A stove-pipe hat, maybe, and a long-tailed coat like a negro preacher.

He settled this point in the most practical way possible. When Jo's back was turned Admah walked out of the store and sought the establishment of Samuel Glick & Sons, who, by their own advertised admonitions, were the leading clothiers of the State. Monty Fernback, who played bowls at Palfer's, was a salesman at Glick's. Monty was the handsomest dresser in the Live Wire Club, and before he rolled the ball he removed the rings from his soft right hand.

With one idea in his fevered mind Admah plunged so recklessly through the Grand Avenue traffic that a policeman stopped him with a polite but firm, "Cahful thar, Mister Holtz!" Ordinarily the deference would have flattered his pride. But his thoughts were too busy to receive outward impressions. Tea at the Peakes'. The little one—what was her regular name? Flo Lee. The negro at the phone had said it. Flo Lee. He put the name on his rosary and said it over and over. Funny how they'd taken a notion to each other. She'd gone out of her way to be friendly. He wondered if he really had something about him that appealed to girls. The swells sometimes took up with his kind.

There was the case of young Carter and Mabel Stek, for instance. Flo Lee. She was engaged to that foreigner with the long name. He racked his memory, trying to recall the newspaper account of her engagement. This brought on a disagreeable train of thought. If she were engaged to that Spiggoty Count what right had Flo Lee to take moonlight rides with her head on Admah Holtz's shoulder? Crossing the sidewalk toward Glick & Sons' dressy show-window, Admah laid his hand on the shoulder which her lovely hair had brushed last night. Maybe she wasn't the right sort of girl. But like others, caught in the net of Flora Lee Peake, he had ceased to care about that.

At the door of Glick & Sons a natty

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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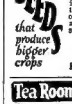

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

person in blue serge stepped forward and fondled his right hand.

"Hello, Ad!" exclaimed Monty Fernback. "You've certainly been a stranger round hya! Lookin' for a nice line of Fall suitings?"

"I reckon so," said Admah, and glanced shyly across rows of tables piled with stylish garments. "I just dropped in, wonderin' if you could rig me out in somethin' nice to wear to a tea-party."

SHORTLY after the telephone conversation that weighed so little on Flora Lee's time or conscience San Pilar sent his peace-offering in the form of orchids and one of his brief, pleasant notes to remind her that he was lunching with her. Carlos was lavish with such reminders, as people were apt to be on Flora Lee's winding trail.

A little after twelve, when she began dressing to receive her lord-prospective, her mind juggled with a program for the day. She had asked that candy man at four. What she was to do with him was another matter; that would come, she felt, upon the wings of inspiration. Already she was beginning to relent her mischievous plan—Carlos's orchids and his pretty note had cooled her desire for revenge. But Bunny must be taught not to do it again. Yes, she could use the candy man.

Her wandering mind wavered; first she was sorry she had asked the candy man at all, then she was sorry she hadn't made a job of it and asked him to lunch. It would have been delicious to watch poor Bunny's face when her strange guest attacked the asparagus. The picture, combined with thrills of things she might say to stir the oddly matched rivals, tickled her to a flurry of laughter. Old Linda was waiting with her dress. She had been waste twenty minutes; since one o'clock. Flora Lee let Candy Holtz go glimmering into the realm of romantic impossibilities and turned her attention to San Pilar. In a fortnight she would be off for Europe with a coronet on her luggage and a right to do what she pleased, with Bunny's consent, of course. But she had learned how to manage Bunny.

She had waited and played the game until she got just what she wanted. Money and position and a chance to get away. The Peakes, as a family, were losing ground. They were borrowing feathers with which to deck their pride just a little longer; long enough to get Flora Lee on an ocean-liner and away on her foreign adventures. After that the deluge of bills and foreclosures. Well, she thought with characteristic sophistry, when she was off their hands they would be free of their most expensive responsibility.

She was tired of this atmosphere; her grandfather shut away like a harmless lunatic; her father growing more hateful and pale and silent every day; Roland swaggering in with preposterous ideas for the restoration of the family fortunes. Roland, living and living on a precarious allowance, was taking on the airs of a family head to whom Peg and Flora Lee must defer. Poor Peg! Of all the life she was about to leave Peg was regretted but two things, the companionship of her sister and the suave luxury of her mother's bedroom.

A moment, knocking on the door, reminded her that it was half past one and the Marquis had come. Oh, well, she mused, let him wait; it's good for him.

It was a quarter of two when she joined her father, Margaret, and San Pilar in the drawing-room. Her fiancé's air was so pleasant and his face so beaming that she congratulated herself on her strategy. She was relieved, too, for Flora Lee hated trouble beyond its lively dramatic stage. His lips upon her fingers proclaimed his surrender. She could scarcely believe she had won so easily. Her father stood stiffly by his chair, and in Peg's face she caught a faint look of disapproval—the look that galled her spirit more and more.

"Late as usual," drawled Flora Lee.

"But I hope I'm in time for cocktails."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Garnett Peake with cheerless courtesy, addressing San Pilar; "will you have a cocktail?"

"No. Thank you very much." They were poison to him.

"We're not ready for mother, aren't we?" asked Flora Lee, somewhat nettled. She might have met Bunny at the Sycamore Club, where she could order what she liked.

"She's at the Country Club," explained Margaret, who assumed responsibilities naturally.

With luncheon there was a bottle of Sauterne from the Judge's depleted stock; for, like the Peake library, the Peake cellar was closing ranks for a last stand against an unconquerable foe. Flora Lee shared the bottle with San Pilar. The Marquis complimented the wine, a little patronizingly, Garnett must have thought, for his acknowledgment was as nearly curt as his breeding permitted.

Over her bouillon Margaret jested absent-mindedly, giving a corner of her mind to the engaged pair, who were in high spirits, their conversation racing inanely. Not a word of last night's distressing scene at the Sycamore Club. A flash in the pan, an incident forgotten. How blessed the power to forget like that! A flare, a scene, and a hilarious reconciliation.

"Daddy," said Flora Lee, darting mischief at her father, "after we're married I'm going to get a little blanket for Bunny and lead him round on a chain. He's so sweet and so ignorant. Do you know what he calls us?"

"Something polite, I dare say," ventured Garnett.

"Oh, no, it isn't. He calls us North-Americans."

"I have a little connection with the Royal Geographical Society of Spain," said the Marquis. "And if they've given me the wrong impression, please correct me."

"I'll not correct you there," replied Garnett Peake with a faint attempt to smile.

"Well, I will," chimed Flora Lee.

"I believe that as I believe in my salvation," San Pilar assured her.

Old Harris served sweetbreads and mushrooms, a queen of "company dishes."

"These mushrooms aren't wild, the kind that run around the country barking. They're tame things, raised in a cellar. I hate tame things," Flora Lee's undaunted chatter ran on.

"Ah, but aren't the North-American mushrooms all raised so—in cellars?"

"There you go again! Step forward, King, and join the Royal Geographical tin badge on Bunny here. He thinks that North-American mushrooms are grown in cellars."

"But these are delicious," said San Pilar.

"So is rubber. And these are like rubber—you can tell by the taste just where rubber comes from."

"Where does it come from, honey?" asked Garnett.

"Oh, Daddy, don't you jump me too," she begged. "If I told him he'd say I was wrong. He's studied geography. By the way, do you know what he said yesterday? He saw a little darky chewing gum and wanted to know if it was some sort of nervous disease."

"Our mushrooms may be tame," said Garnett, rising, "but I'm afraid, sir, that you'll not think the same of our young ladies. And if you'll forgive me, I'll be going back to my office. I'm a little—er—crowded——"

"I have been honored, sir," said the Marquis with a courtly bow. And as soon as Flora Lee's father was out of the room he resumed the mushroom discussion. Food always interested him.

"I do not say that I can not detect the flavor—or lack of flavor—of the cellar mushroom. But here in North America——"

"Where everything's sort of vulgar," teased Flora Lee with a glint of last night's resentment in her eyes. Vulgarity was a dangerous topic, so San Pilar stepped aside.

"THE North-American girl is not raised in a cellar, I am sure. No lack of flavor there. Imagine a divine mushroom, grown in the Elysian fields, with a dash of paprika."

"We have the finest mushrooms in the world right here in this State," persisted Flora Lee.

"How can I doubt it?"

"That's your Spanish way of calling me a liar. Peg, don't we grow the finest mushrooms?"

"You can find some awfully nice ones at this time of year," responded Margaret, a little bored with the theme.

"They grow as big as soup-plates, all over the hills. Right after a rain, when the sun comes out——"

"Why don't you go look for some?"

"Oh, *Peg!*" Flora Lee brought her

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

hands together, rapture on her face. "What a luscious idea!"

"The rain's clearing off," continued Margaret, "and we used to find lots of mushrooms on the Fort—just above Dutch Hill."

"You blessed, inspired love!" Flora Lee came around the table and planted a kiss above her sister's eyebrow. "Bunny, you and I'll go hunting mushrooms!"

"Mushrooms on the slope of Parnassus," he murmured, unable to suppress a grin.

"That's not a bit like Dutch Hill, is it, Peg?"

"Dutch Hill's a sort of slum," explained Margaret. "A nice, clean slum."

"And we ought to hurry or the white trash will be up there with baskets and beat us to it," urged Flora Lee.

But Margaret's mind was straying. She had promised Jimmy to meet him at the office that afternoon. She had never seen him at work, and if she were to become the wife of a newspaper editor, she thought she should inhale the odor of printer's ink. She had sometimes thought of that work for herself. Jimmy's quick judgment, his knowledge of men and affairs, had always filled her with admiration. If she could only love him—if she could only learn.

AT EIGHT minutes of four Admah Holtz paused at the corner of Inness Street and Prince's Avenue, where the Kozy Kar automobile showrooms, recently established, had a telegraph company clock in view of the window. In the shadow of his new brown coat he brought out the dollar watch, ordinarily sufficient, and compared it with the larger dial inside. He was two minutes fast; and this discovery meant another readjustment in his program. Miss Flo Lee had invited him at four. She had said it distinctly over the telephone, and Candy Holtz had built his success thus far on a cornerstone of promptness.

NO vainer than most unmarried men, he was yet unable to move away without another glance into the bright reflection of himself which the window cast toward the street. Never before had he cut so fine a figure; of that he was certain. But wasn't this suit a little bright—sort of loud and niggerish? Monty Fernback had recommended it as the latest. "Tobacco-brown," he called it, and convinced his customer that the slanting pockets and flaring tails were exactly like those affected by the best-dressed actors from New York. In the same breath Monty, as a fellow clubman, had weaned his customer away from the knob-toed shoes and argued his feet into something black and slippery like oilcloth. They were impressive, these new shoes, but they hurt across the instep. And because the new suit and the new shoes gave his hat a seedy look Admah had yielded to a round black derby which pressed on his skull like an iron crown and grew hot with exercise.

But in the window of the Kozy Kar showrooms he straightened up like an actor after the call-boy's knock. He reckoned he'd look as good as the Spiggoty Count or anybody else at Miss Flo Lee's tea-party. Or maybe

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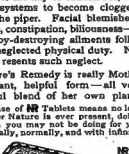

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

the Spiggoty Count wouldn't be there. Nobody but himself and Flo Lee.

The telegraph company clock said five minutes of four when he turned the corner and strolled magnificently toward the Peake house. By measuring the steps, he calculated, he could be there on the dot; he had already toured the block and inspected every show-window, trying to forget his smarting feet and to forgive the unexpected efficiency of the trolley-car that had got him there fifteen minutes too early.

The Peake house was two blocks from the avenue, and when he had covered one of those Admah again consulted his watch and found that he had still three minutes on his hands. Acting upon a Fabian impulse, he crossed to the other side of the street. From this side, he felt, he could get a better look at his objective and study his approach. Ridden by every hag that pursues the bashful man's imagination, he felt that mirthful eyes were upon him from every closed shutter in the block. He was glad he hadn't let Monty cajole him into buying a cane. Nobody but visiting Easterners carried canes, and he himself had sneered more than once behind the backs of these outland dudes, swaggering along as tho two legs weren't enough for a grown man to walk on. No, not Monty or any one else could wish a cane on Admah Holtz.

HE HAD come a few yards down the block and was slackening his pace still more when a figure, approaching him from the other side, reacted painfully upon his morbid state of mind. One of the Peake girls—the big one—had just come out of her yard and turned toward Prince's Avenue. Too shy to look directly at her, he had an impression of a straight, sensible suit, almost as brown as his own, and of a slender, vital body that swayed slightly with her walk. Step by step she came nearer, every step confronting him like a question-mark.

What should he do in a case like this? Tip his new hat? Stop and bow? Say how-dee-do? Or what? Perhaps she wouldn't know him. Why should she? He was in disguise. Had she flown at him and clasped him around the waist he could not have been more conscious of her, altho his eyes were held glassily upon the path before him. Then a mortal curiosity compelled him to turn. She was regarding him with a friendly smile.

"How do you do, Mr. Holtz?" he heard her say.

Then what a triumph! Easily, gracefully he raised his hard new hat and was thankful that it had been built for such a fine gesture. "How-dee-do, Miss Peake?" a voice which might have been his own was saying politely.

The lady paused an instant, as tho she would say more, but social inhibitions again overcame Admah Holtz and he sauntered on. Maybe she wanted to talk to him. He didn't know. But, anyhow, he wasn't going to take any chances; also it was getting on toward four o'clock. Upon this last thought he came opposite the Peake house and crossed toward the stone horse-block of pleasant memory. Once on the flagged walk leading up to the big house, he was surprized at his own coolness. That Peake girl—the big one—had given him courage, even as a flight of birds heartened Columbus in his dash for India. True, it was not India that Columbus found, but that's a quarrel for philosophers.

When the big front door swung open an oldish colored man in a dress suit regarded Admah suspiciously.

"Is Miss Peake home?" he asked.

"No, suh. She jes' went out 'bout two minutes ago."

"Miss Flo Lee Peake, I mean," explained Admah, realizing his mistake.

"Step in, suh," replied the man, "an' I'll see."

Proceeding warily, like a keeper, he conducted Admah into an overpowering room, big as a church and impressive with polished wood and stiff upholstery.

"Whut name, please?" asked his guide, and when Admah answered "Holtz," monosyllabically, the servant repeated his promise that he would see, and sank into the depths of the house. He was gone a long time, permitting Admah his first interior view of the local palace. Outside the rostrum of the First Baptist Church he had never seen such chairs, all carved in the back, and the wood so bright you could see your face in it. But they looked finer and more comfortable than the chairs which the preacher and his deacons sat in. He wondered if the chandeliers were covered with diamonds. Glass, he reckoned, but there must have been a ton of it hanging from the ceiling. A big picture over the mantel awed and attracted him. He wondered who the gentleman with the white pigtail could be. Astride a snow-white charger, whose head was small and pointed like that of a hobby-horse, the warrior grasped his sword and glanced haughtily across the room. He looked like that Peake girl—the big one—only his face was harder and stronger.

HERE the dress-suited colored man returned to say that Miss Flo Lee would be in presently. And again there was abundant opportunity for Admah Holtz, his fashionable figure propped without comfort against the carven back of a Peake chair, to note the details of Peake splendor. Finally he grew restless and looked at his watch. A quarter past four. There couldn't be any mistake about the time. He had heard her distinctly over the phone. From somewhere in the rear of the house voices floated toward him, indistinct, tantalizing. There were bursts of laughter, male and female, then pauses, then a light soprano tinkle. Her voice. He began to wonder if there *were* some mistake, if the colored man had failed to tell her he was there. Admah knew how it was with colored help. That man Sam who worked round the store——

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Holtz?"

An unexpected and completely revised Flo Lee stood in the doorway, a slight blond gentleman at her elbow. In that flash Admah noted with indignation that her escort carried a cane. As for Flo Lee, she was wearing a hat and pulling on her gloves with the air of a lady about to go somewhere. Admah was a long time rising from his chair, but when he accomplished the feat he murmured something unintelligible to the effect that he was sorry he didn't get there on time.

"Oh," she said in a voice that was so sweet and yet so patronizing that he could have slain her on the spot, "so you've brought my vanity-case, Mr. Holtz. Awfully good of you."

"Yes, I did bring it," he admitted, groping into his new pocket and hoping that he had left it behind. But when he had put it in her hand he was rewarded by the smile which she turned upon the blond gentleman with the cane.

"Bunny, I dropped that lovely vanity-case and this man—Mr. Holtz—found it and was good enough to bring it back. Have you met the Marques de San Pilar, Mr. Holtz?"

And because the little blond fellow held out his hand Admah took it and gave it a shake. Then they stood there, the three of them, apparently waiting for something.

"You were just in time, Mr. Holtz," she began, and he was encouraged for the instant it took to draw on her other glove. "We were just going out, and I did *so* want my vanity-case."

Another pause. Admah's inner self was clamoring, "How about tea?" But he stood mute. At last, having put on her gloves to her satisfaction, Flora Lee Peake took a suggestive step toward the door. "We're a little late, if you'll forgive us," she smiled.

"Oh, that's all right," he declared, audacity returning. "I'm going downtown too, so I'll just traipse along."

So down the marble steps of the bayed veranda they passed together, the three of them. Miss Peake and the Marques de San Pilar, it somehow happened, walked a few feet ahead. But a stubborn mood was on Candy Holtz as he sauntered behind them as far as the horse-block, against which a handsome automobile was waiting, its chauffeur attendant by the open door.

Flora Lee Peake had stepped in and motioned the Marquis to a seat beside her before she again remembered her invited guest. "Good-by, Mr. Holtz," she called out pleasantly. "And many thanks."

The Marquis's hat came off, and so did Admah's. It was as pretty a sight as you would wish to see on an Autumn day.

"Not at all, Ma'am," said Admah, and watched the big car slide away as smooth as oil. His inner self said, "Well, I'll be durned!" but the outer Admah, proudly conscious of Inness Street's battery of hidden eyes, carried it off with a flourish. If, behind the rows of closed shutters there were any one to watch, he might have beheld a young man in a brand-new suit pausing arrogantly to place a cigaret between his lips, to light it with fastidious care, and puff luxuriously ere he took his languid way toward Prince's Avenue. A puff for the world of fashion, said Admah's every gesture. And a fig for its customs. Admah Holtz, proclaimed the pantomimist, had called on Miss Flora Lee Peake in the afternoon, at tea-time. At her side—practically—he had progressed down the lawn, seen her to her car, exchanged salutes with her Spiggoty Count.

Good. But in the defiance that proclaimed an outraged pride and a bruised hope, one sharp regret kept digging him like a misplaced pin. He wished to God he'd let Monty Fernback coax him into buying a cane.

So much for the gambler who, as the saying goes, took a chance and lost his shirt. Admah Holtz was ever a gambler. When he played for money he studied his game and kept his head. But what chance had he in a game where, if there are rules, they are honored more in the breach than in the observance?

In the days that followed he hid his wounds as craftily as he hid his fine clothes away from an unsympathetic world. Only Miss Hannigan, the efficient spinster who more than earned her salary at the red-front store, remarked his coming in with a suit of tobacco-brown, stealing away into a rear storeroom, and emerging with his workaday apparel. She made note of it, and frankly expressed her opinion, for to Miss Hannigan the shadow of Candy Holtz was a thing to be worshiped.

"You did look mighty fine, all dressed up in them clothes, Mist' Holtz," she said with languishing glances from eyes that were too small for her nose. "When you come in like that you looked jest like a bridegroom after the weddin'."

AND next morning a note came from the Improvement Committee of St. Thomas Nursing Home, reminding Mr. Holtz that his subscription of two hundred dollars was due and payable.

So much for the Peakes and all they brought, thus far, into the life of Admah Holtz. But I who set down such scraps of his biography as I have been able to gather know this much of a man who took his education and his fortune out of the lap of opportunity. With a certain stedfastness of ideal he fought his way upward. It was an uneducated ideal, vague and spotty. Because the Peakes were the only eminence he knew, he had grown to gaze up at them with no more understanding than a shepherd has when he adores a high temple without knowledge of the conditions within.

Admah Holtz was stubborn, reticent, and uninformed. Like a reckless archer, he would draw his arrow to the head and shoot at the moon. Twice he had done that, and missed. A yearning for beauty, never satisfied in his hard early life, ruined his perspective regarding many things, notably women. But there was always bitterness in his ambition. Mabel Stek had shaken his boyish belief, yet his resentment toward her had bred in him a desire to climb, to place himself above a power like hers. In this last week Flora Lee Peake had outraged his pride in a way that shocked him more deeply than the dreadful sounds that had marked Mabel Stek's last night on Dutch Hill.

Above all things poor Admah was stubborn. It had taken him years to recover from the wound Mabel Stek's frailty had dealt his faith. How soon, then, could he forget the little empty head that lay for a while on his shoulder—under the enchanted moon at which his arrow flew again?

One afternoon in early November it was his ill fate to see her again in a picture nicely set for his undoing.

Outside St. Mary's Cathedral he was standing in the crowd, no less humbly than on the morning when a colored mammy had carried her on a pillow to her christening at All Souls'. Under a canopy a red carpet ran all the way from the curb to the Gothic door, and a special policeman was hard put to keep the crowd—mostly colored—from pressing in and despoiling the scene. Then the cry, "Hyah she comes! Bless Pat, she done got on de crown an' scepter!"

Then out of the door she comes, a beauty incomparable; walking in a cloud of silvery lace, she advances at her husband's side, and to the eyes of her odd lover she is celestial, a being who moves in its own luminous vapor. The bridesmaids come flocking out, roseate birds of identical plumage; Margaret Peake is carrying the bride's bouquet. Admah Holtz remembered that scene forever and forever; the bad angel of his destiny swaddled in pure light. Her little feet, so small he could have held them both in one hand, barely flicked the crimson carpet with their snowy satin toes. As she passed toward the bridal car she came so close that he might have touched her; indeed, a corner of her veil, puffing in the wind, flew out and whipped him across the face. If it were a portent the young Marquesa de San Pilar did not know it.

The third instalment of "To-morrow's Bread" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published January 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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